

Miss America

for Teen-agers

comics charm fashions stories movies

10¢

MAY



I'M PROUD OF BOBBY SOCKERS — *by Frank Sinatra*



MEET CHARMING, LOVELY PETITEEN
 THE BOYS ALL THINK THEY'RE MIGHTY KEEN.
 THEY DO NOT SING, OR EVEN CROON
 —BUT WHAT THEY WEAR WILL MAKE YOU SWOON.
 THEY'RE MUCH TOO SMALL FOR SIZE FIFTEEN
 (THEY NEED A SIZE THAT'S IN BETWEEN).

To look JUST RIGHT, they spread the news
 that PETITEEN'S the clothes to choose!



If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too
 small for teens, Petiteens are just right.

Petiteen sizes: 10, 12, 14, 14A
 IN DRESSES AND SPORTSWEAR

Dress made of DRAGONIA, an EVERFAST* fabric
 *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Exclusive with T. EATON CO., Ltd., in Canada

PETITEEN — 520 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Miss America

MAY, 1945 • VOLUME 2, NO. 2

MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher • BESSIE H. LITTLE, Editor
MELVIN D. BLUM, Art Director

JEAN GOODMAN, Supervising Editor
ETHEL BALLER, AILEEN FOGARTY
Editorial Assistants
ANNETTE BLACKMAN, Junior Advisory Editor
ELIZABETH HARDWICK, Advisory Editor
MAY MANN, Hollywood Representative
PAULINE O'SULLIVAN, Fashion Editor

Contents



COMICS

PATSY WALKER.....	19
DANNY.....	36
PRESENTING JOYCE REYNOLDS— SCREEN STAR.....	44

*



STORIES

MEET AUNT KATHERINE by Maxine Shore	4
SILENT TRIBUTE by Helen Richter (Teen-Age Story Contest Winner).....	26
THE ENCHANTED LIPSTICK by Rosalie F. Wilson.....	30

*



MOVIES

I'M PROUD OF THE BOBBY SOCKS GIRLS by Frank Sinatra.....	8
HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET by May Mann.....	15

*



FASHIONS

TEEN TYPES.....	10
FOR FUN, FEAST OR FORMAL.....	16
MAY MANIKINS.....	50
HERE'S YOUR HAT.....	52

*



CHARM

A YEAR WISER by Helene Wanderman....	7
SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN by Jan Jones....	18
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—YOURSELF by Tina Travers.....	43

*



SPECIALS

SO YOU WANT TO BE A STEWARDESS? by Martha Cummings as told to Kath- leen J. Norris.....	12
JAM SESSION by Pat Parks.....	14
TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS by Martin Panzer.....	33
DEAR BETTY ANN by Victoria Allen Dun- ford.....	34
MISS AMERICA SPEAKS.....	51
YOUR BOOGN' ON THE DOWNBEAT IF YOU.....	54
APPROVED BY MISS AMERICA by Bernice	55
FOR GIRLS ONLY by Nina Wilcox Putnam	58
TOPS IN UTAH by Olive Burt.....	64

HELLO, GIRLS:

YEP, spring is here and, as Tennyson so tenderly put it, "In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest; In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove . . ." You know, of course, the famous line that follows—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Sigh. Sigh.

Spring is such a dreamy, sighful, soulful season; it is also a season in which we are fired with ambition and—well, it seems life takes on a rosy tint, a more promising tomorrow.

The earth, the trees, so barren and hungry-looking, so forlorn during dreary winter months, begin to don gay colors, the very earth seems to throb with life and love. And, like everything else in the springtime, your own magazine, MISS AMERICA, is blossoming forth and shaping up just as you want it to.

I hope your magazine has helped you to make this springtime the happiest you have yet known. MISS AMERICA giving helpful hints and suggestions, encouraging the writers of tomorrow, adding to your charm, attractiveness, poise, your understanding of each other, filling your leisure hours with pleasant reading or useful effort.

We are proud of Helen Richter, winner of the \$50 manuscript contest, open to all teen-age girls. This is what Helen wrote after receiving word that her story was accepted for publication in MISS AMERICA:

"Dear Jean Goodman:

Indeed it was wonderful news, my story winning the prize!! I hardly dared hope for such luck, but when you say I can go "far in my field with work, patience, and practice"—well, I certainly felt like I was sitting on top of the world!

Thanks ever so much for the nice letter you wrote me. I know you mean it and you didn't have to write it, you know, so thanks!

Never mind about that picture business, for my "mug" would spoil the effect of the story, and it sure wouldn't help your business.

Gee, but am I glad my story won!! Oh, and how! My mom, dad, sister and brother are as glad as I am—and my friends—well, I sure am lucky!!"

We're the lucky ones, Helen, for the opportunity to publish your fine story.

Affectionately,
JEAN GOODMAN.

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy, \$1.00 per year, \$1.20 in Canada. Vol. 2, No. 2, May 1945 issue. Copyright 1945 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., September 7, 1944, under Act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Chicago Advertising Office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising Office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A.

“meet Aunt Katherine...”

Goodness gracious! Judy is in hot water again and all because of Chuck and . . . surely this is the most hilarious story of the season . . .

By MAXINE SHORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

At this final outrage, the leash was jerked from Judy's hand, the kangaroo was off with great leaps. Judy, Sheila, and the station agent gave chase . . .



BLONDE hair flying under pert green beanie, Judy Loring bounced through the door, blithely ignoring the swinging sign which warned, “Quiet—Brain at Work.”

“Look!” she shrieked. “It’s come!”

She waved a yellow slip excitedly under her roommate’s snub nose.

Sheila Vance looked up from her history book calmly. She ran her fingers through her tangled dark curls, and yawned.

“What’s come?” she asked vaguely.

“That present Chuck sent from overseas—the one I’ve been expecting for simply ages. Isn’t it wonderful?” Judy’s blue eyes sparkled—even the freckles dusting the bridge of her nose glowed with anticipation. “All we have to do is go down to the express office and pick it up.”

“Me,” said Sheila, “I’ve got to study.”

“Sheila!” Judy seized Sheila’s history book and snapped it shut. “You mean to sit there and tell me you’re not simply expiring to know what Chuck sent me?”

“I’m curious, yes,” admitted Sheila, “but not eager. Remembering some of the things Chuck has sent you from time to time—”

“Oh, the Service has toned Chuck down a lot,” said Judy confidently. “He hasn’t sent me any—any mechanical butterflies or trick squirt roses for a long time.”

“Maybe,” suggested Sheila, “he just hasn’t been where he could get them.”

“Sheila, how can you be so—” A sharp knock at the door interrupted her. Judy froze. “It—it sounds like Miss Norton,” she whispered.

“Certainly does,” said Sheila, reopening her history book virtuously. “Well—here we go again.”

“Wh-where’s—Luther?” croaked Judy, looking all over the floor.

“Under the bed—I hope,” said Sheila.

Judy swallowed, plucked a green thread off her jumper and doggedly arranged her features in a set smile. “C-come in, please,” she quavered nervously. “Oh, M-Miss N-Norton, h-hello!”

The head of Lynwood School for Girls entered purposefully. Through severe rimless glasses her steel-grey eyes searched the room with grim expectancy.

“Girls,” she said softly, “I—I thought I heard—peculiar noises up here.”

“Oh, no, Miss Norton,” said Judy positively, “I don’t see how you could have. I—I just came in and Sheila’s been just sitting studying all morning and—”

“You aren’t harboring another stray dog?” inquired Miss Norton.

Judy looked hurt. “Oh, no!”

“A hungry cat, perhaps?”

Judy shook her head, looking blonde and innocent, the picture, she hoped fervently, of a reformed character.

“After all I’ve said to you about—about your mania for bringing home strange animals,” went on Miss Norton, gently but inexorably, “I know you wouldn’t—wouldn’t bring in any more white mice, would you, Judy?” She shuddered reminiscently.

Judy looked properly repentant. “Of course I wouldn’t, Miss Norton. My goodness, I certainly felt just awful about their escaping

and running all over the dormitory—”

There was an odd choking noise from Sheila. The principal looked her way questioningly

“G-got something in my throat,” said Sheila hastily.

“Oh, Sheila—that reminds me,” said Miss Norton. “Have you taken those operetta receipts down to the office safe yet?”

“Why, no—”

“Well, I wish you’d do it right away. I don’t think it’s safe for you to keep them here in your room, what with all the robberies in the neighborhood lately. We’ll bank them Monday.”

“All right, Miss Norton. Judy and I were just going out and I’ll take the receipts down on the way.”

Miss Norton turned quickly back to Judy, who jumped nervously, and tried to look nonchalant.

“Judy,” said the principal softly, “please let me see what you just pushed back under your bed.”

“But Miss Norton—” protested Judy desperately.

Miss Norton met Judy’s wide blue eyes

sternly. Dismally, Judy lifted the bedspread, revealing a turtle with orange markings on his shell.

“Well—?” said Miss Norton.

Judy gulped. “His n-name is L-Luther,” she volunteered helpfully. “He was trying to cross the road all by himself and there were cars coming and I was afraid he might be hurt, so I just brought him here—temporarily, sort of, until I could find him a good home—”

Miss Norton picked Luther up carefully, but with purpose.

“Luther,” she said pleasantly, “has found a good home—in the school conservatory.”

“But—”

“And Judy—if I find any more—creatures—in your room, I shall be forced to take extreme measures. Lynwood School for Girls—” she spoke significantly—“is not in any sense a zoo. I’m sure you understand.”

The door closed like the thud of fate. Judy collapsed tragically on the bed.

“Poor, poor Luther,” she mourned. “He’ll be so lonesome.”

“Poor Luther, indeed!” Sheila straightened her plaid skirt, ran a (Continued on page 64)

It was very confusing. For instance, who were those two strange, tough-looking men lying on the floor by the safe—and what were they doing there?



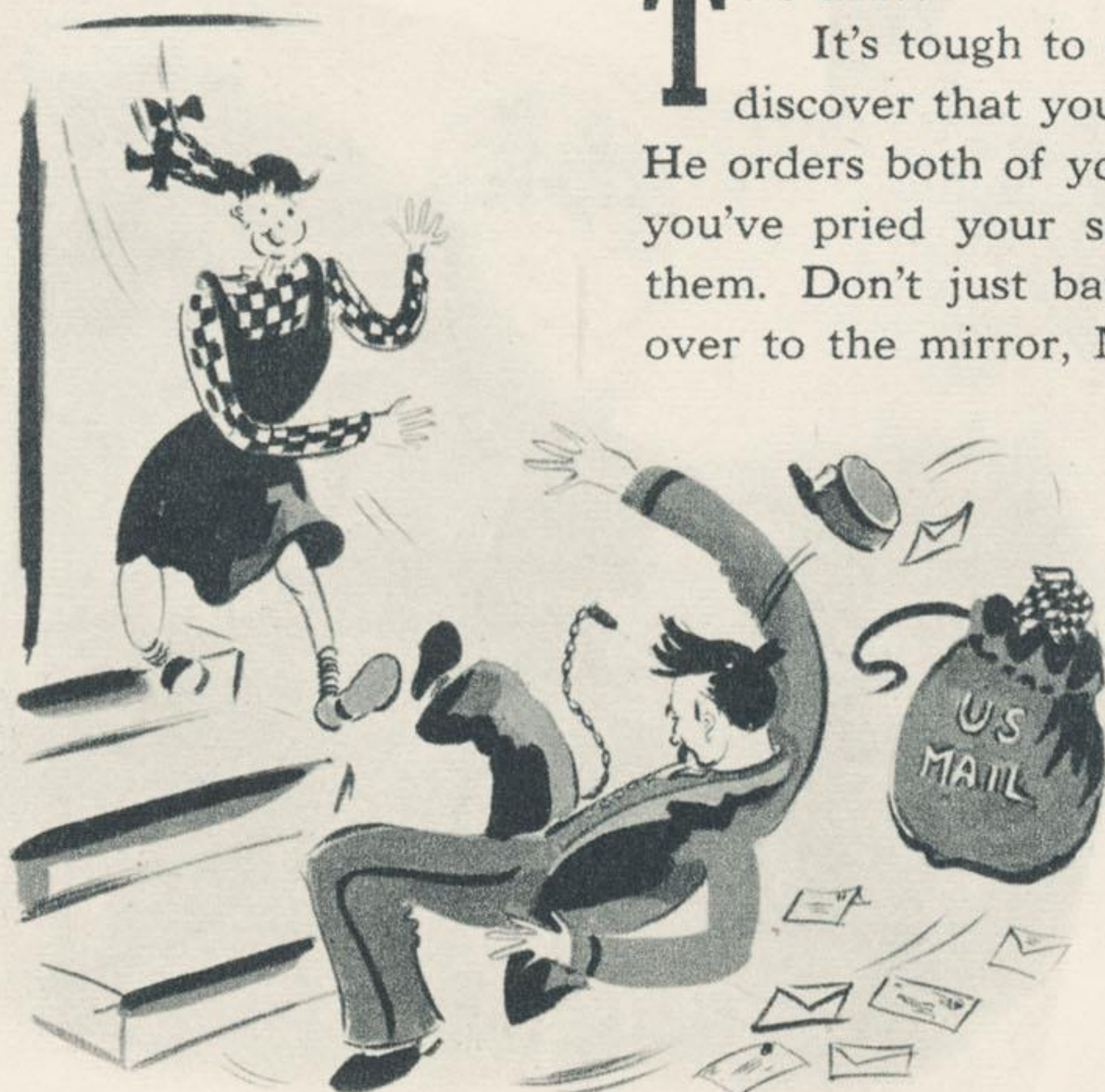


A YEAR WISER . . .

This is strictly for you, sweet-stuff. . . . We know all about your broken heart, those endless tears, and that "I-hate-men" routine . . .

By HELENE WANDERMAN

Sitting by the telephone all day isn't much fun . . . Waiting and wishing won't make that cruel, black instrument ring . . . So wise up, chick, life holds other joys, and also other boys . . .



TOUGH!!

It's tough to open your big blues one morning and discover that you and ice-coffee have a lot in common. He orders both of you, summertimes only. And now that you've pried your saucer eyes open, let's see you focus them. Don't just bat them around coyly. Waltz yourself over to the mirror, McGee, and take a good, long gander at the species called "summer romance."

I know. I know what you're thinking. This is hardly the time to unearth your mysterious past. What happened last summer makes ancient history look modern. Why go looking for June-moon-goon scars when the frost is on the pumpkin, ear muffs on your ears, and knee socks (Continued on page 26)

I AM PROUD of the

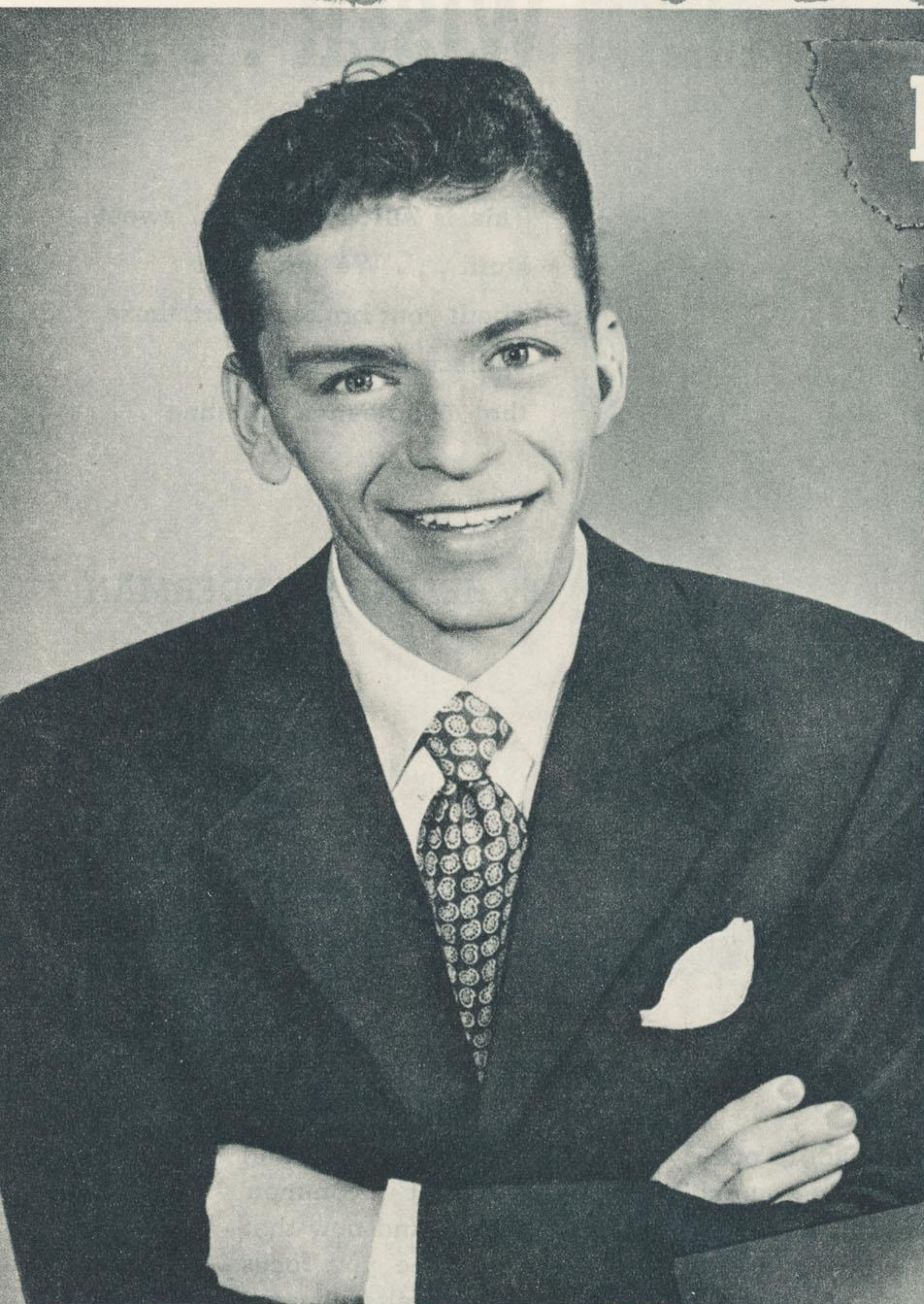
BOBBY SOCK

GIRLS...

By
Frank Sinatra

Mr. Frank Sinatra, idol of America's teen-agers, knows more about you than any man alive, including teachers and psychologists . . . He talks to you as a friend, a father . . .

A story to be read and reread . . .



Presenting . . . the author, and a mighty fine word-maker he is.

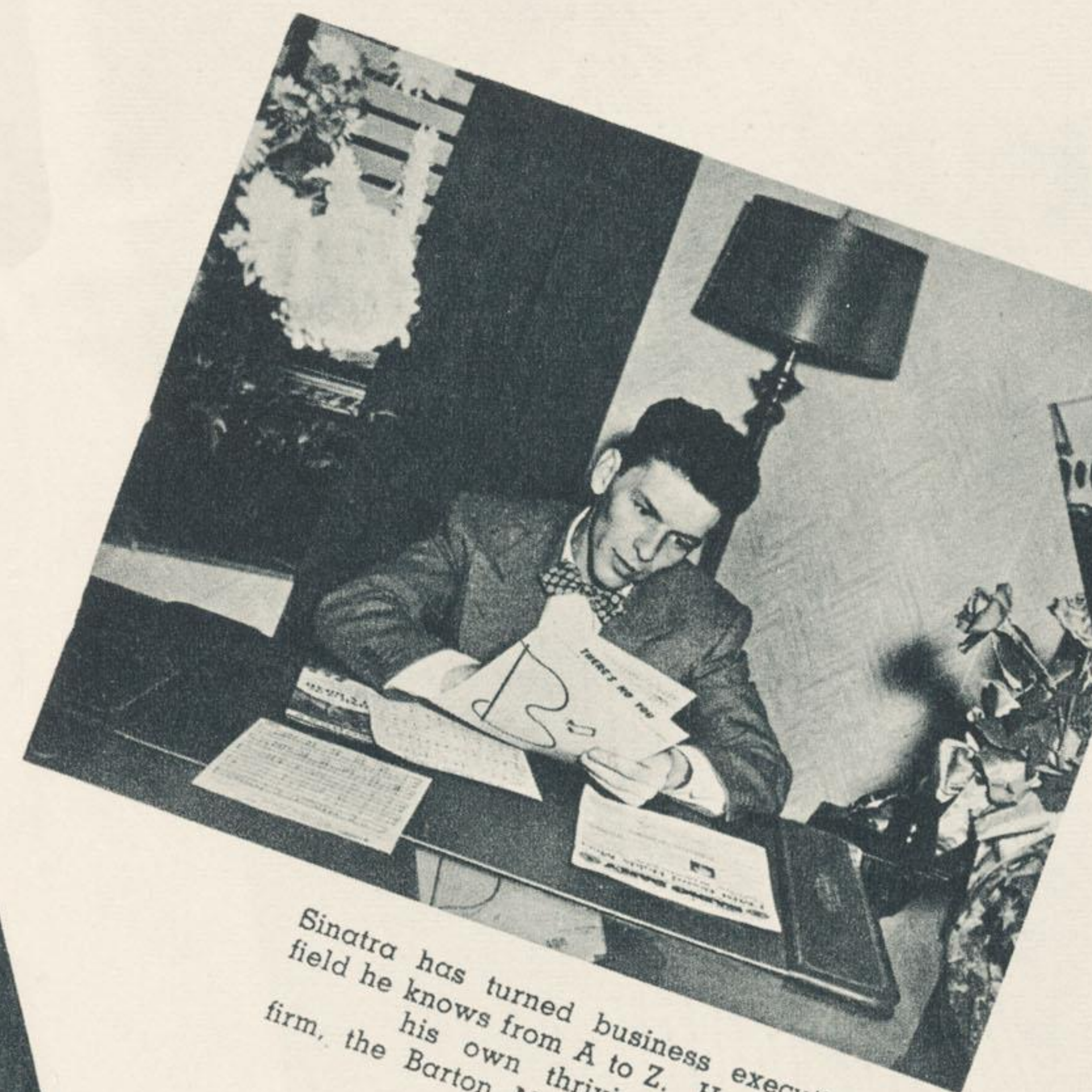
What a threesome! The smiling sweet-ies are Nancy Sandra, left, and star Margaret O'Brien; the man in the center, of course, of course, is F. S.



★ ★ ★ Miss America

I MUST admit I was flattered when your editor invited me to write for MISS AMERICA about Miss America—meaning you. I thanked her for the opportunity because for a long time I've been wanting to tell you right out loud in print, what a grand bunch you are. And good, too. That's a winning combination. Oh, I know there's been a heap of comment about the "bobby socks brigade" and what a silly lot of scatterbrains they are. To those who wail and yell and go in for spectacular screaming, I'd like to say, take it easy. Enthusiasm is characteristic of youth and is one of its nicest qualities. But a lot of ear-splitting noise only reflects on the noise-makers. I think you will all agree that yells and screams are hard on those trying to hear what's going on. This type of demonstration, you all know, can be pretty offensive. To those who complain about (Continued on page 60)

Sinatra's heart interests—little Nancy, Mama Nancy and adorable Frank, Jr. This pix was taken in the cozy nursery of their happy Hollywood home.



Sinatra has turned business executive in a field he knows from A to Z. He now heads his own thriving music publishing firm, the Barton Music Co.



A scene from MGM's "Anchors Aweigh," starring Gene Kelly and Frankie, as his fans call him. Your hero dances in this rib-tickling film, and, of course, exercises those magical vocal chords.

teen types...

MISS AMERICA FASHIONS MAKE YOU STYLE-
RIGHT AND CHARM-BRIGHT. AND THESE,
SHOWN HERE, ARE BUDGET-RIGHT, TOO . . .



Perfect for school and after-school get-togethers,
this one has a collarless slashed neckline,
full skirt, one pocket, and novel side-opening
with button trim. A Yippi fabric by Dumari.
Sizes 12-20. All pastels. At B. Altman,
N. Y. \$9.

A Peerless Dress in pastel colors of
striped Myrna sheer. Neat as a pin
with bow-tie neck, buttons down front,
full cap sleeves and simulated leather
belt. Sizes 12-20. At Franklin Simon
& Co., N. Y. \$9.





A coin dot dress is always gay and bright. This one is rayon and cotton with classic lines, a soft roll collar, full, flowing cap sleeves and flared skirt. And, a fob belt! In pastels. Sizes 12-20.
At Stern's, N. Y. \$9.

Tailored, yet feminine, with new cap sleeves and shoulder saddle-stitching makes this one a serviceable item in any teens' wardrobe. Buttons, belt and stitching are white on pastels. A Yippi fabric by Dumari. Sizes 12-20. At B. Altman, N. Y. \$9.



*All prices approximate

So you want to be a Stewardess?

By **MARTHA CUMMINGS**

as told to Kathleen Norris

Presenting the second article in our
inspirational career series . . .
Lovely Martha Cummings' wonder-
ful wordage should prove a
great help to those seeking a ca-
reer in the skies . . .

Beautiful, vivacious, intelligent neatly
sums up in words, Martha Cummings,
American Airlines Stewardess and
author of this fine article to help you.

These attractive photos give you an
idea of the daily life of a stewardess.
It's fun, wholesome, remunerative, as
our author happily indicates here.

MISS MARTHA CUMMINGS is a vivacious
little brunette with a degree from the Univer-
sity of Akron, a Zeta Tau Alpha sorority pin, a pair
of American Airlines stewardess wings and a passion
for flying.

Well, that's all right with us, Martha, but what's
your favorite sport?

"Next to flying, golfing."
Favorite pastime?

"Next to flying, reading."
Favorite amusement?

"Next to flying, dancing."
Hmmmm, we aren't getting too far. How about

your favorite men?
"Next to flyers, well—they're all alike, besides
flyers."

We decided to stop asking questions and let her
do the talking. She did a lot of it, and in her article
you'll find out how to become (Continued on page 62)



Jam Session

Lots of news on the music front, as rendered by Pat . . .

By PAT PARKS



Idol chatter: It was a warm California night when I first saw the long, lanky Texan rise from his chair in the brass section, puff out his cheeks, and blow his brilliant trumpet.

The notes which tore themselves from the bell of his horn electrified the ballroom and its audience and, finally, I am sure, blasted through the roof of the old Palomar ballroom and bounced down Vermont Boulevard in Los Angeles.

That day in the mid '30s, when the general public was still looking down its collective nose at this new music called "swing," gave me my first glimpse of Harry James, then an obscure sideman with Benny Goodman's band playing beside an equally obscure drummer named Gene Krupa. From the start, though, when



Pat tells of the Harry James he knew when the latter was unknown. The great maestro and his beauteous bride, Betty Grable.

Harry James disengaged himself from his cramped spot among the mutes, music stands, lighting wires and hat-racks in the trumpet section, unravelled himself and pointed his horn towards the ceiling, you knew that besides being a torrid trumpeter this man had the makings of a great band maestro! There was something in his horn, something else in his personality, in his bearing.

Well, of course, time has proved us right, for today Harry is at the top of the ladder, but the thing that strikes me now is that with all his success Harry James is the same easy-going Texan he was as a sideman with the "King of Swing," Benny Goodman. It has been great to talk to Harry through these years and see him always the same.

James has a gracious, ready smile and is still shy . . . and personable because of that shyness. Wrapped up in his music, Harry loves to talk jazz, (*Continued on page 56*)



Popular Kenny Baker, star of that Saturday nite ear-caressing radio show, practising with brilliant guest-star pianist Diana Lynn.

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET

By May Mann

May takes us on a gay tour of the fascinating Cinema City . . .

BILL EYTHE is so tied up making "Col. Effingham's Raid," that he isn't having much time for dates these days. But now and then you see him with pretty Louise Allbritton.

* * *

What a to-do when Richard Crane took his new bride, Kay Morley, for a visit to



Mona Freeman, who gave such an adorable performance in "Together Again," is keeping her escort, handsome Robert Presnell, mighty amused with her chatter.

It was a big night for this foursome when they dined and danced at the Mocambo. L. to r.: Jimmy Lydon, Freddie Bartholomew, Joan Leslie and Lt. A. C. Lyles.

Yep, Judy Garland is the center of attraction (understandable, of course), as Peter Lawford and Vincente Minelli, Judy's hubby-to-be, listen admiringly.

the 20th Century-Fox Studio lot. Driving in the Santa Monica gate, and without his car pass, he did some tall talking to convince the gateman that he was Actor Dick Crane. The gateman eyed the Crane Rolls Royce—which is actually a 1939 Ford—with suspicion. "If I'd had a car with chrome, red leather and a flashy paint job—I'd had no trouble," said Dick. "But I'm keeping my car. She's all paid for. And that's important!" And you can say that again! (Continued on page 54)

for **FUN**
FEAST
or **FORMAL...**

*To look right at the right time, a
gal's wardrobe should contain
all-occasion clothes...*

1 Just to wear this butcher linen Rainbow jumper, is fun. Its rayon polka dot blouse has a fetching, flattering bow. Comes in green and brown. Sizes 10-16. At Wanamaker's, N. Y. \$8.00.

2 Perfect for basketball spectators is this two-piece Joan Miller sports dress of rayon Whippet cloth. Belt is simulated leather. In pastels. Sizes 9-15. At Oppenheim, Collins, N. Y. \$9.00.

3 For campus events a Petti flannel blazer suit is smart. This one, superbly tailored and lined, with deep pleats, back and front, comes in toast, red, navy, green. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. \$30.00.

4 You'll be dancing in the clouds with this darling evening dress. Has feminine, shirred bodice. A Starlight Fashion in rayon ninon. White, pink, blue, maize. Sizes 10-16. Saks-34th St., N. Y. \$11.00.



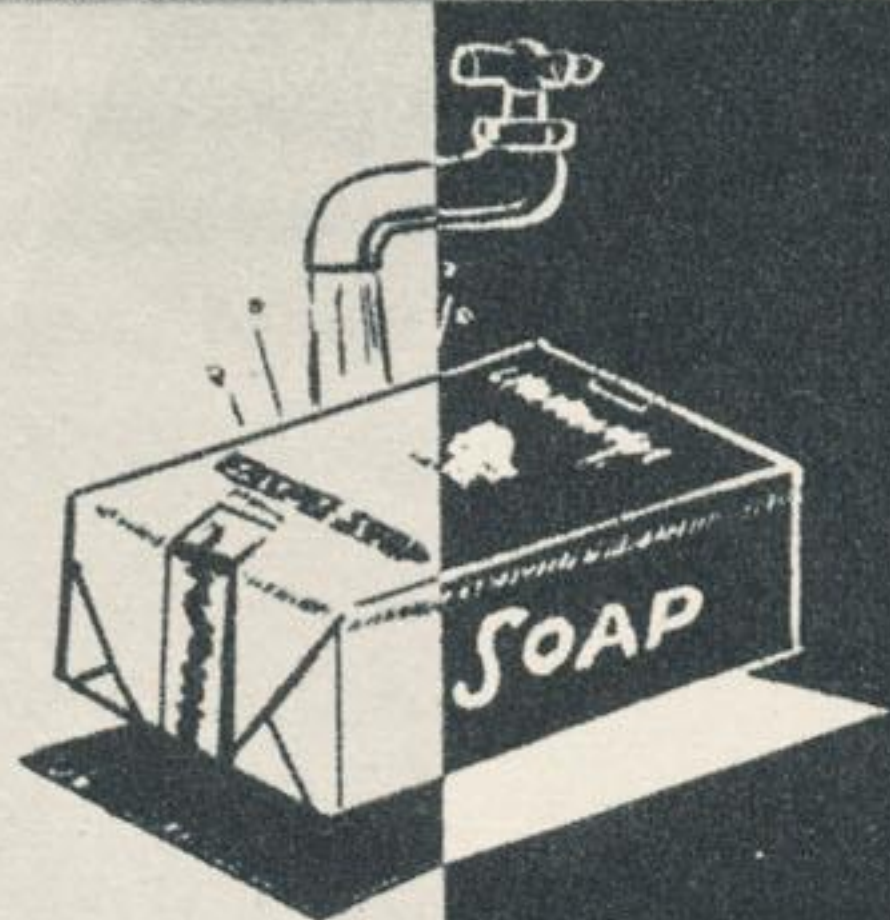


sisters under the skin...

... YES! ...

By JAN JONES

... NO! ...



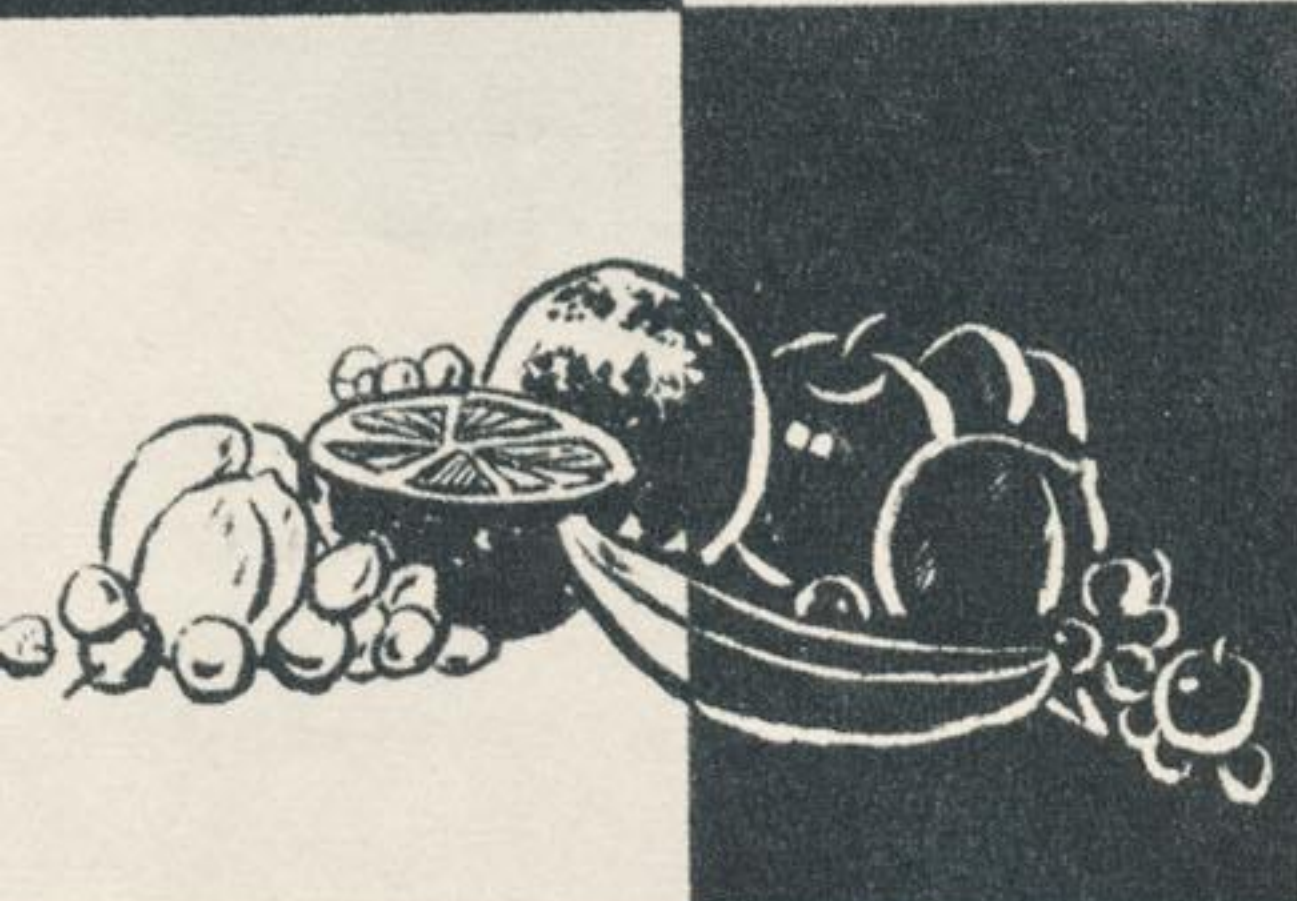
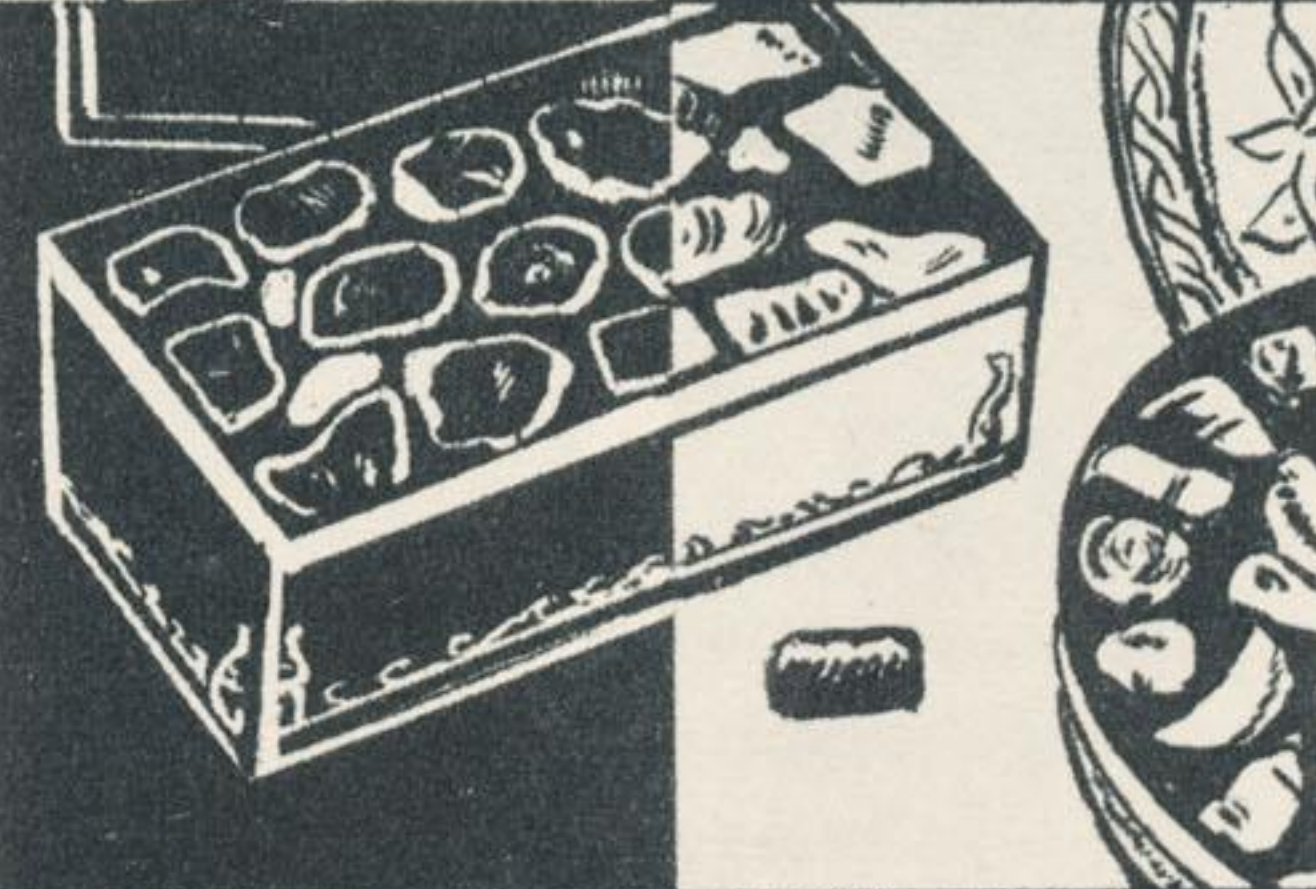
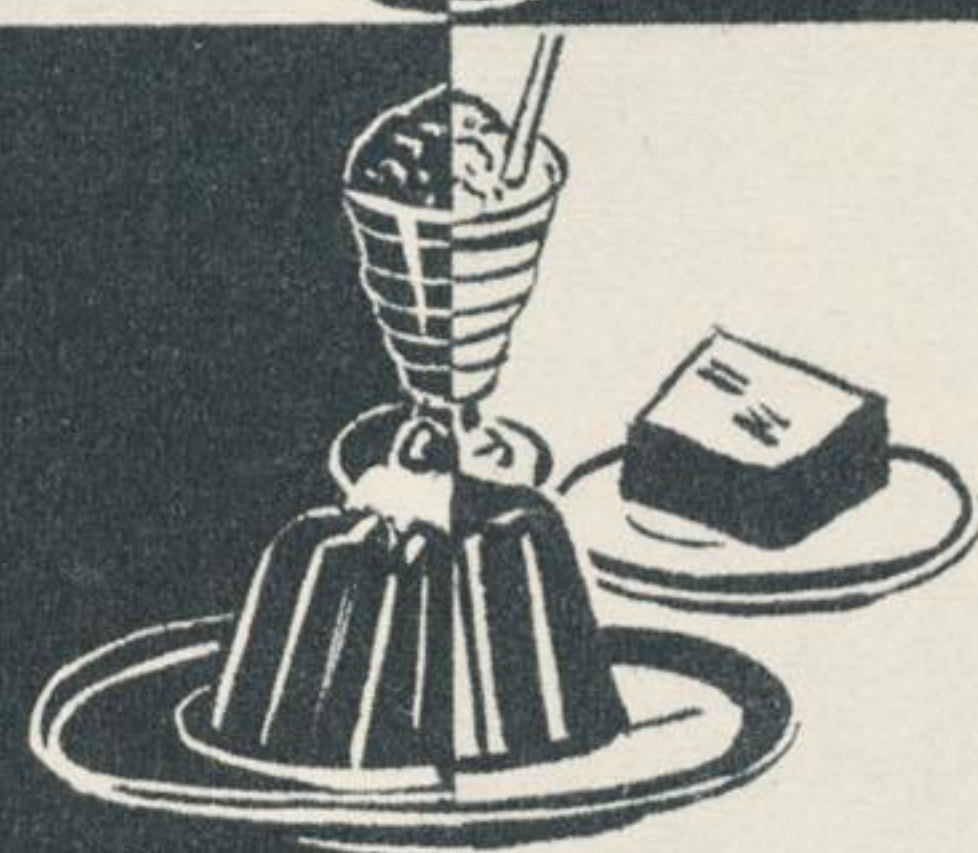
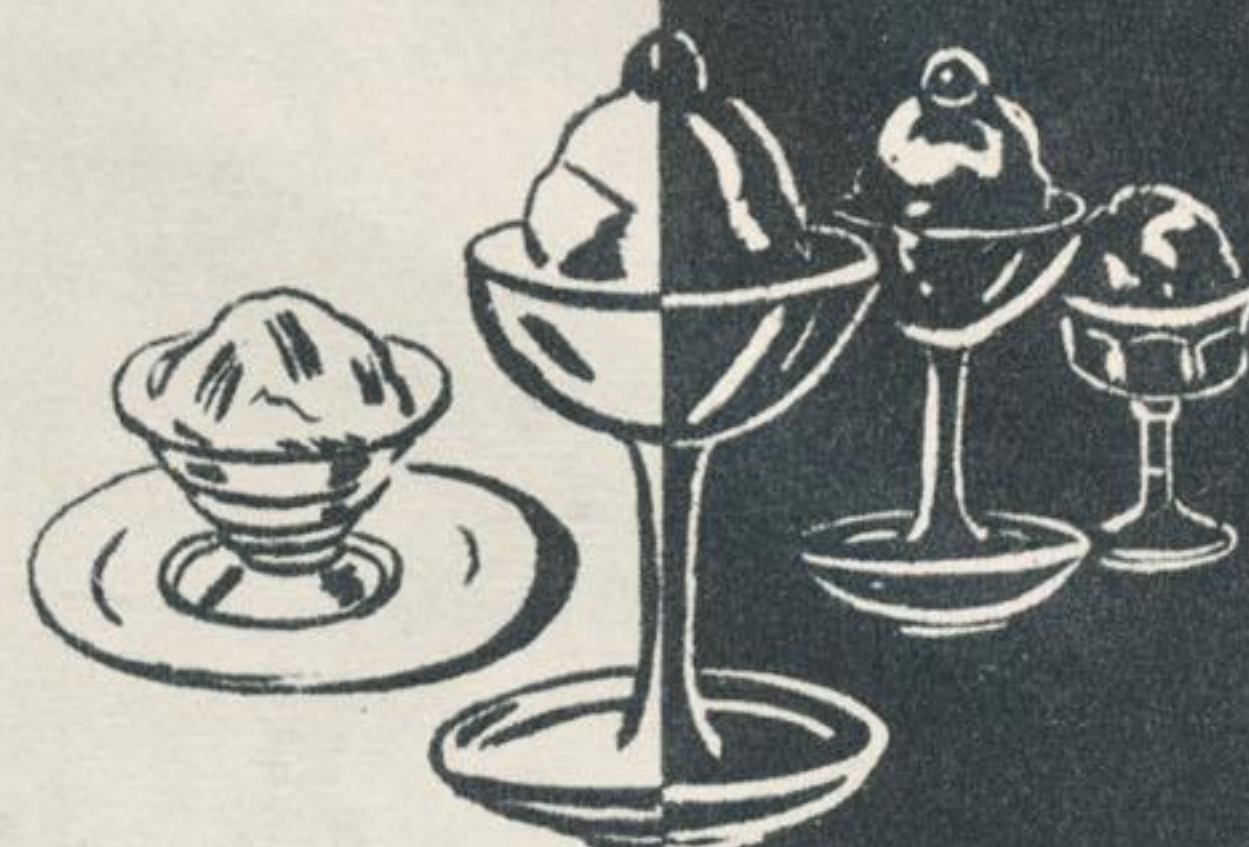
A girl's dearest possession is a radiant complexion. . . . If you've got it, learn to cherish it, if you haven't, start to acquire it . . .

UNTIL about a year ago, hardly anybody could tell my twin sister Nan and me apart. But it's no trouble to tell who's Nan and who's Jan now. Why? Because Nan's complexion is fresh and smooth, while mine looks like I'm trying to win a prize for cultivating the most disgusting crop of pimples of the year.

It's been awful. I've actually been a social outcast. Boys would constantly ask Nan to go out—but they'd just ignore me. Nan was an angel about it and helped all she could. We'd pool our allowances to buy new beauty preparations, but they didn't help. I just seemed to get worse. Then yesterday something happened that *really made me mad*. Nan was given the lead in the school play, opposite the Man of the Year—my Secret Passion!

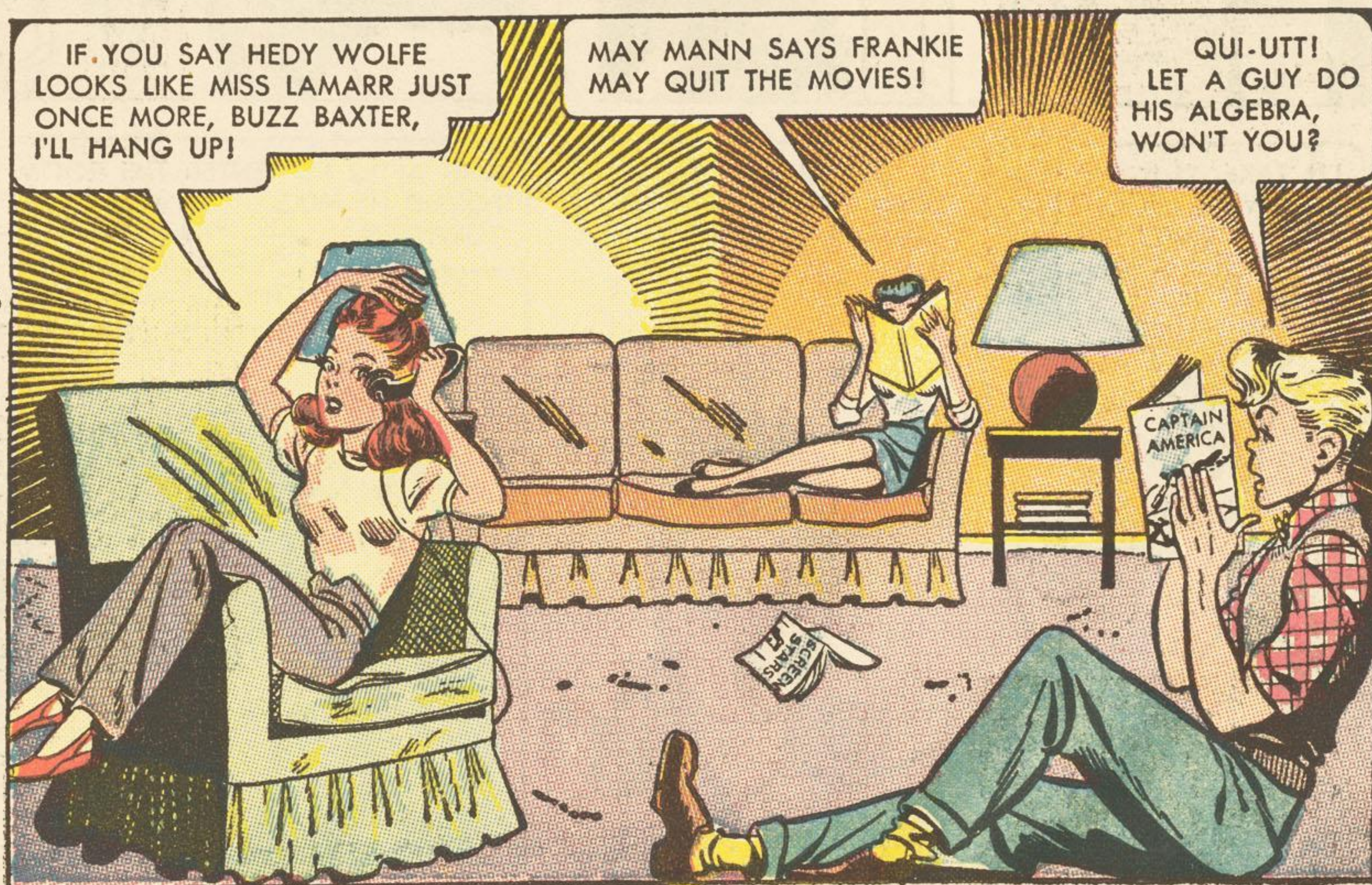
Well, that was the end. I walked right into Dr. Graham's office and told him my troubles and asked him what I should do. Dr. Graham, our family doctor, has a habit of treating me like a child. He sat me down, scowled at me for a second through his glasses. "Jan, do you have any idea what the skin is?" he asked finally.

"All I know about it, Dr. Graham, is that it's the (Continued on page 61)





IT IS LATE AFTERNOON AND THREE YOUNG STUDENTS ARE BUSILY PREPARING TO-MORROW'S SCHOOL LESSONS!



WHILE OUR FRIENDS PORE OVER THEIR STUDIES, A HANDSOME STRANGER APPROACHES THE WALKER HOME!



AH! THIS IS IT!



DING DONG!
DING DONG!

GOODBYE, BUZZ! THE FRONT DOOR-CHIMES ARE RINGING!



I'VE JUST TAKEN A JOB AT THE ANTI-FRICTION BEARING PLANT AND I CAME TO SEE ABOUT THE ROOM YOU ADVERTISED!

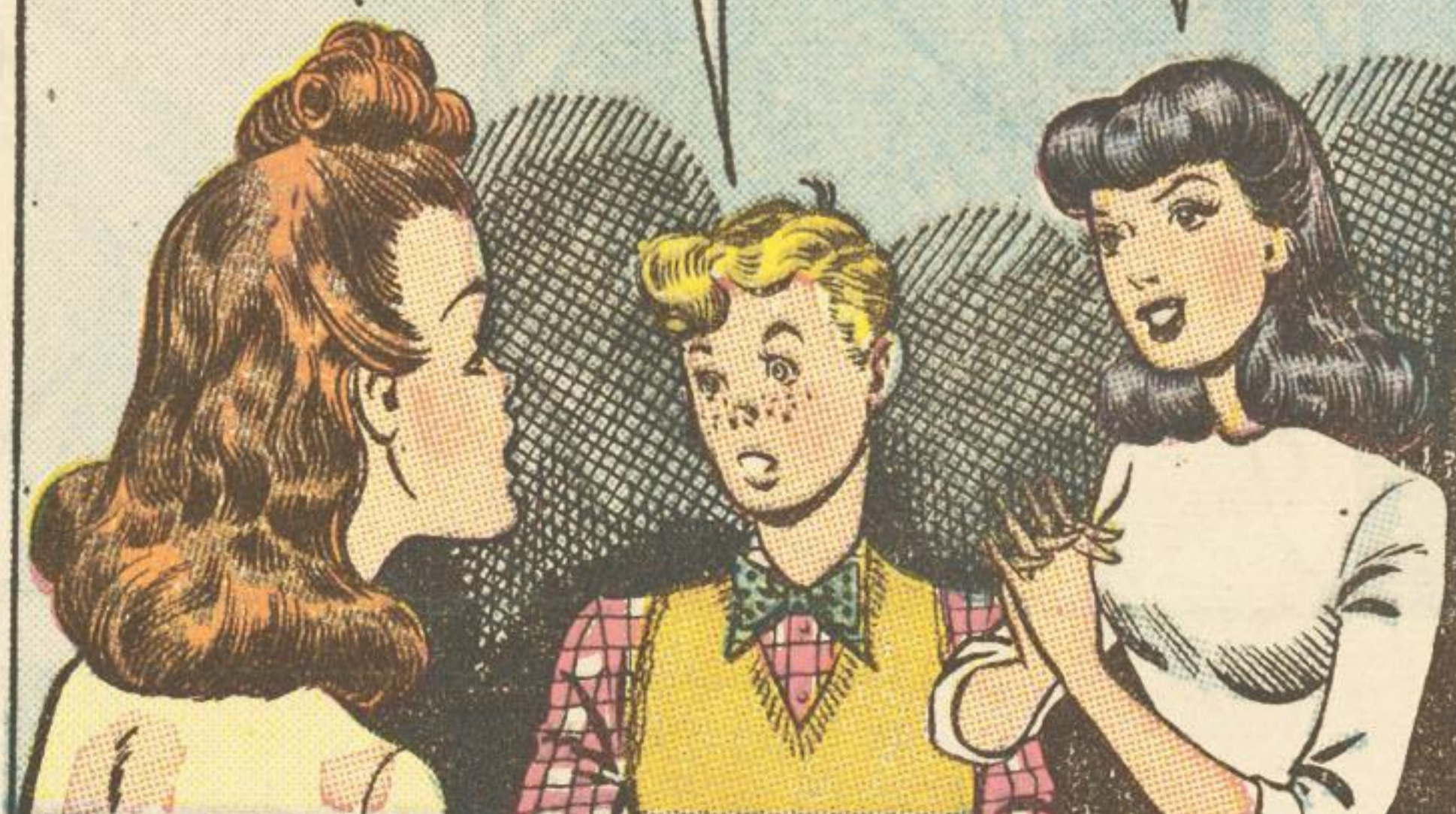
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE — ER — WAIT A MINUTE!



DID POP OR MOM SAY ANYTHING ABOUT RENTING THE GUEST ROOM, MICKEY?

NOPE!

IS HE UTTERLY, UTTERLY GOOD LOOKING?



I'LL TAKE IT! I SURE WAS LUCKY WHEN I CAME TO 177 SOUTH TOWNSEND AVENUE!

SOUTH TOWNSEND? SOUTH? OH, M'GOSH!



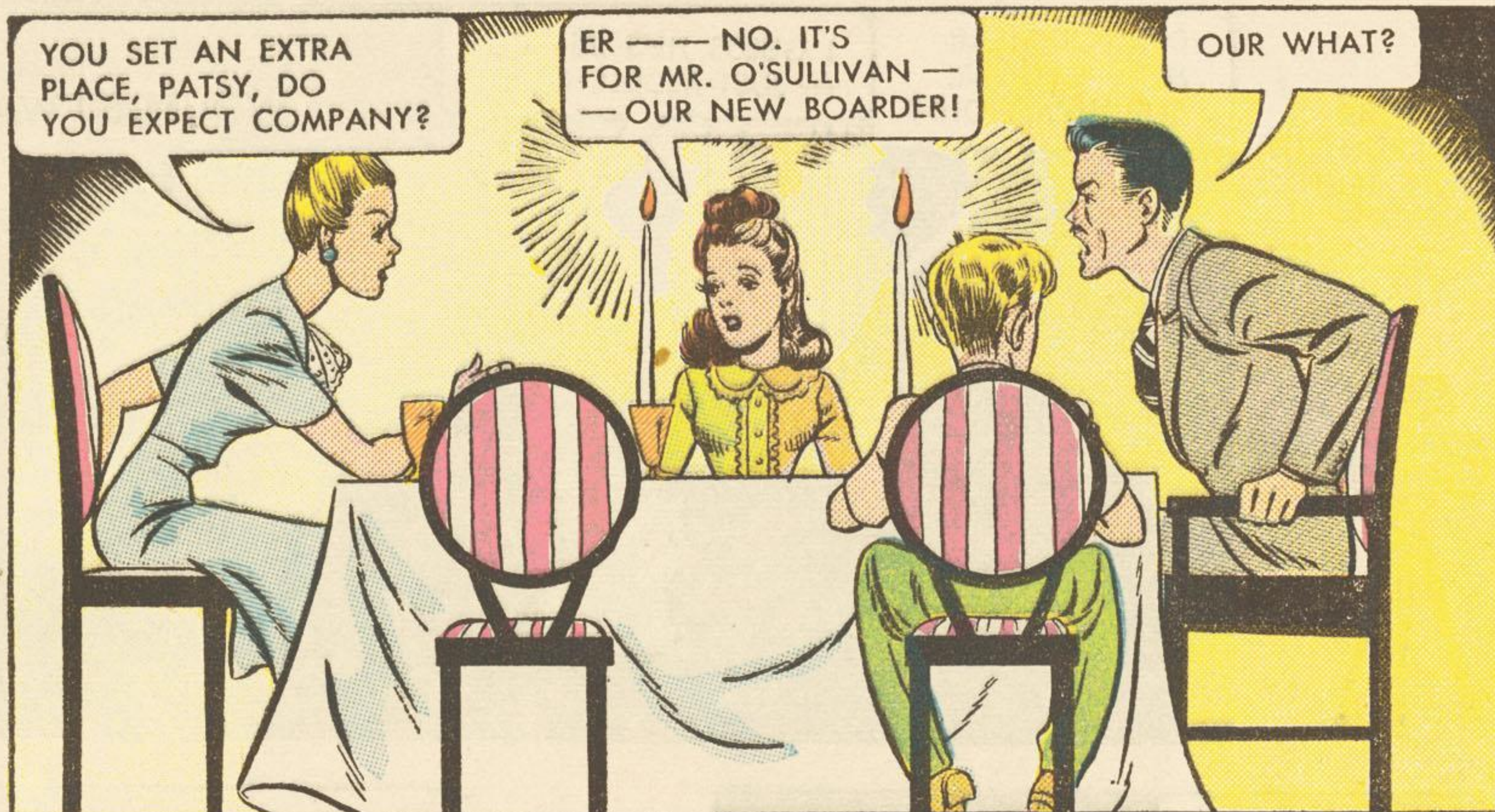
AND AFTER I'D RENTED THE ROOM I FOUND HE WAS LOOKING FOR 177 SOUTH TOWNSEND!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THIS IS NORTH TOWNSEND!

A STRANGER WOULDN'T!



MR. AND MRS. WALKER HAVE A NEW BOARDER BUT — THEY DON'T KNOW IT — — YET!



YOU SET AN EXTRA PLACE, PATSY, DO YOU EXPECT COMPANY?

ER — — NO. IT'S FOR MR. O'SULLIVAN — — OUR NEW BOARDER!

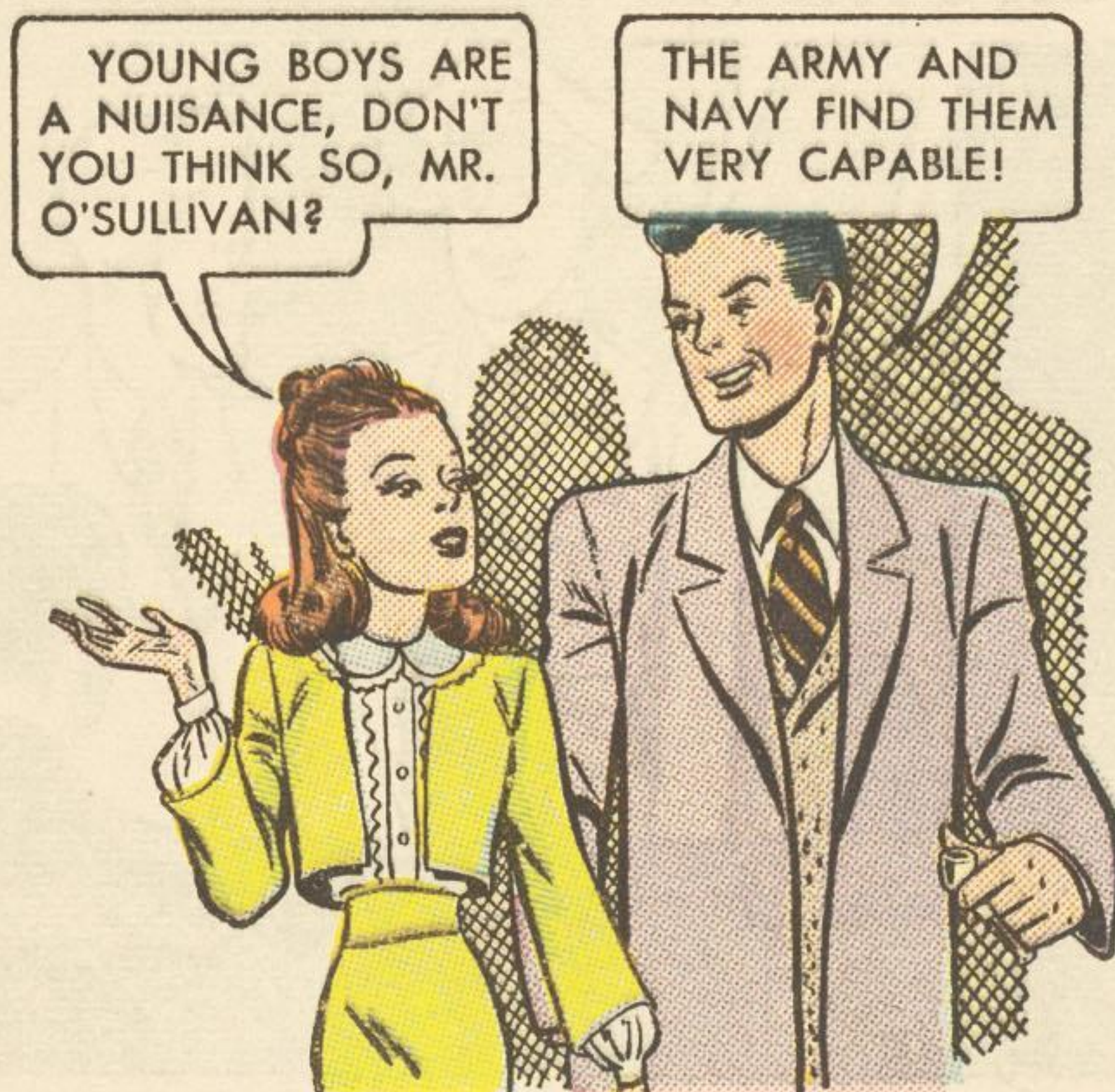
OUR WHAT?

AFTER POP AND MOM HAVE COOLED OFF A LITTLE, WE FIND PATSY ON THE TELEPHONE



I BET HE'S GOOD-LOOKING — THAT'S WHY THE MOVIE DATE!

NO, BUZZ DEAR — — JUST SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY — — SOUTHERN TOWNSEND AVENUE! BYE!



YOUNG BOYS ARE A NUISANCE, DON'T YOU THINK SO, MR. O'SULLIVAN?

THE ARMY AND NAVY FIND THEM VERY CAPABLE!



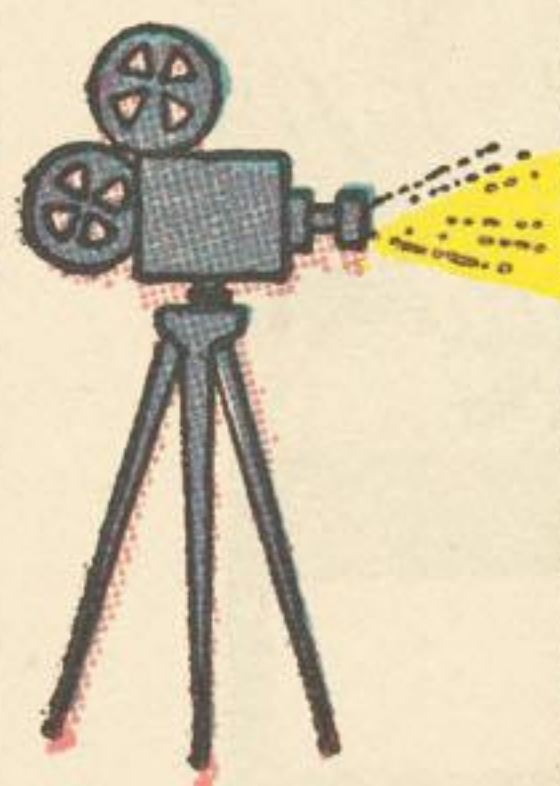
WE'LL MEET NANCY IN THE LOBBY! SHE'S JUST A CHILD! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!



WHO'S THAT LAME OLD MAN WITH PATSY?

LET'S GET INSIDE!

WELL, HERE
WE ARE IN THE
MOVIES WITH
THE NEWSREEL
JUST STARTING!



DID YOU HEAR
HEDY CALL MR.
O'SULLIVAN OLD?

I GUESS HE'S 25 — —
— JUST MIDDLE-AGED!

WOUNDED WAR HERO
GETS D. S. C.
DISCHARGED
TAKES A DE ARMY
JOB

MR. O'SULLIVAN!

WHEN
THE MOVIE
IS OVER,
OUR LITTLE
GROUP IS
NEXT SEEN
IN THE
THEATRE
LOBBY!

OH HELLO —
DEAR LITTLE PATSY!
— OH! I DIDN'T
MEAN TO INTRUDE!

A GROUP OF WE MORE
MATURE GIRLS MEET
EVERY SATURDAY
EVENING! DO COME
MR. — I MEAN,
LIEUTENANT — —
O'SULLIVAN!

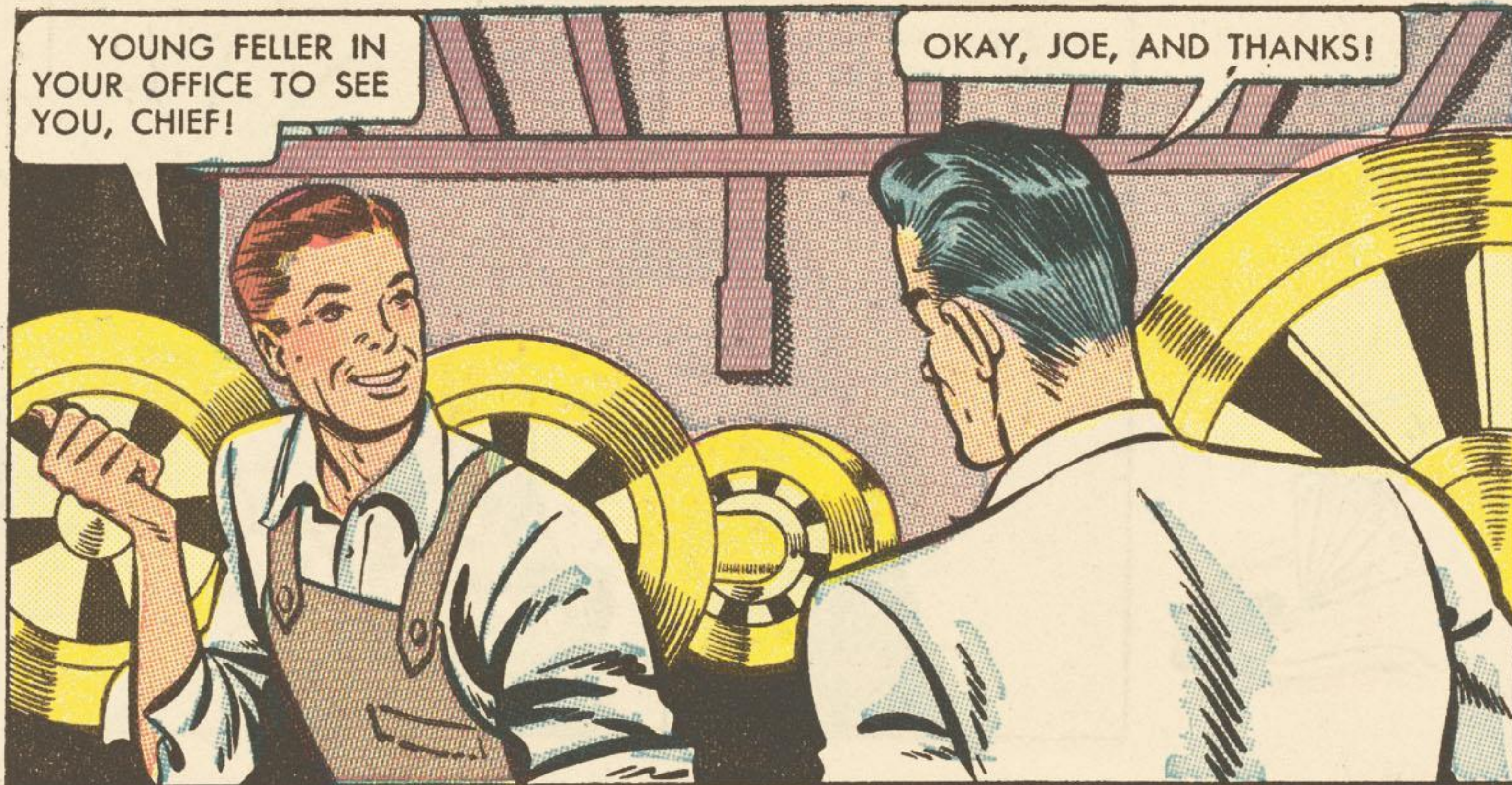
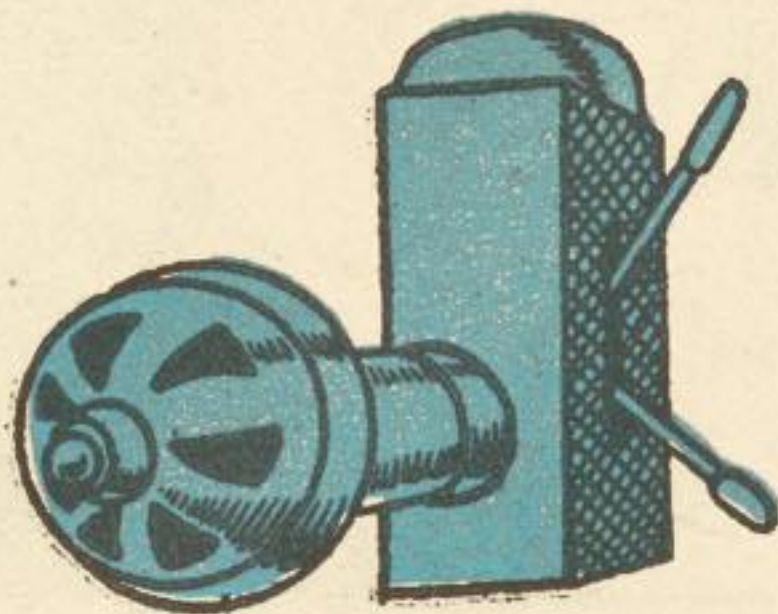
DELIGHTED, I'M
SURE!

I'LL EXPECT
YOU SATURDAY,
DANNY!

ER — — YES! BUZZ,
DROP INTO THE SHOP
SOME DAY, WILL YOU?

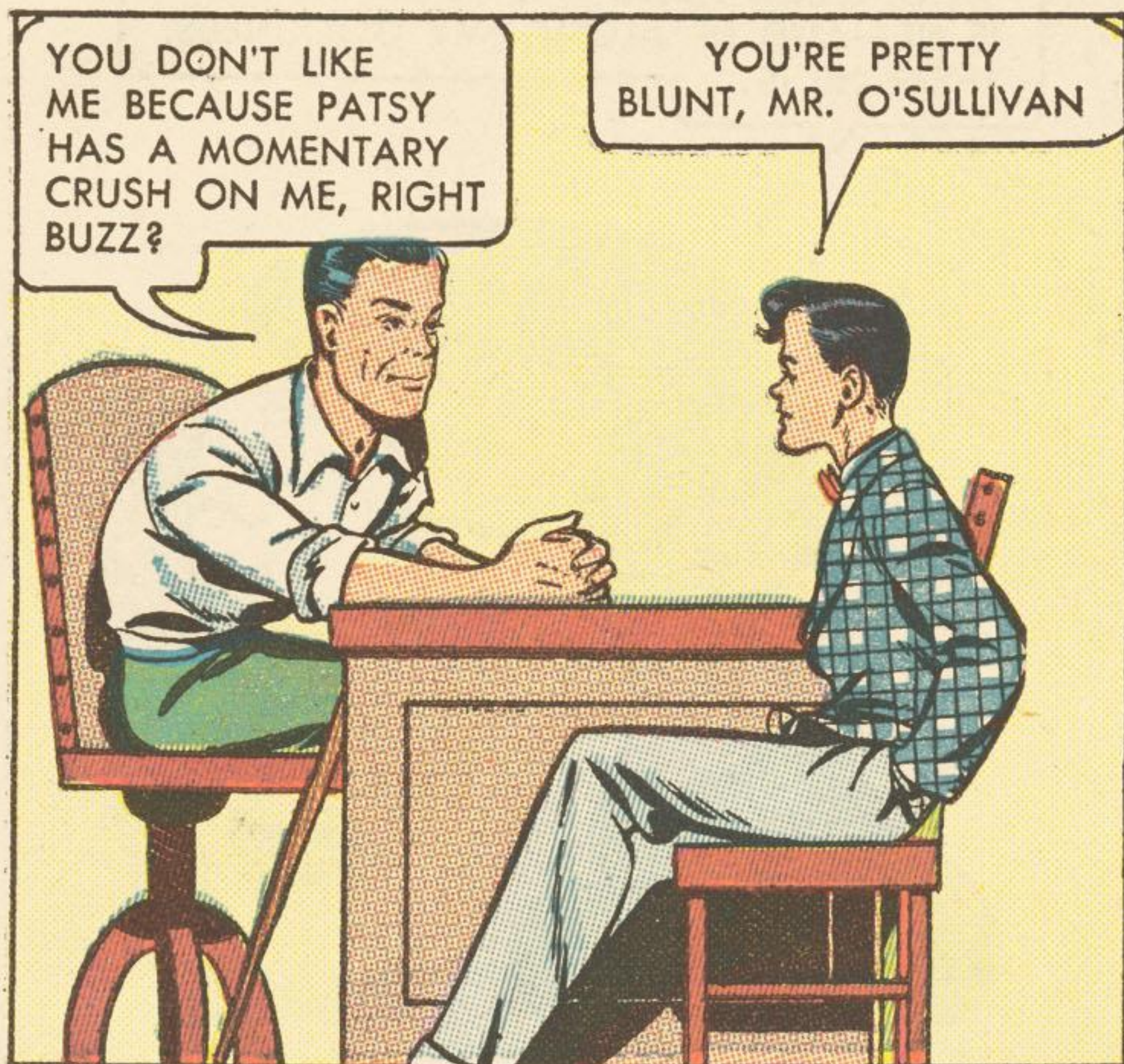
OKAY!

HERE IT IS SATURDAY
ALREADY, WITH HEDY'S
GATHERING OF THE
"MORE MATURE" GIRLS.
BUT FIRST, LET'S VISIT
DANNY O'SULLIVAN!



YOUNG FELLER IN
YOUR OFFICE TO SEE
YOU, CHIEF!

OKAY, JOE, AND THANKS!



YOU DON'T LIKE
ME BECAUSE PATSY
HAS A MOMENTARY
CRUSH ON ME, RIGHT
BUZZ?

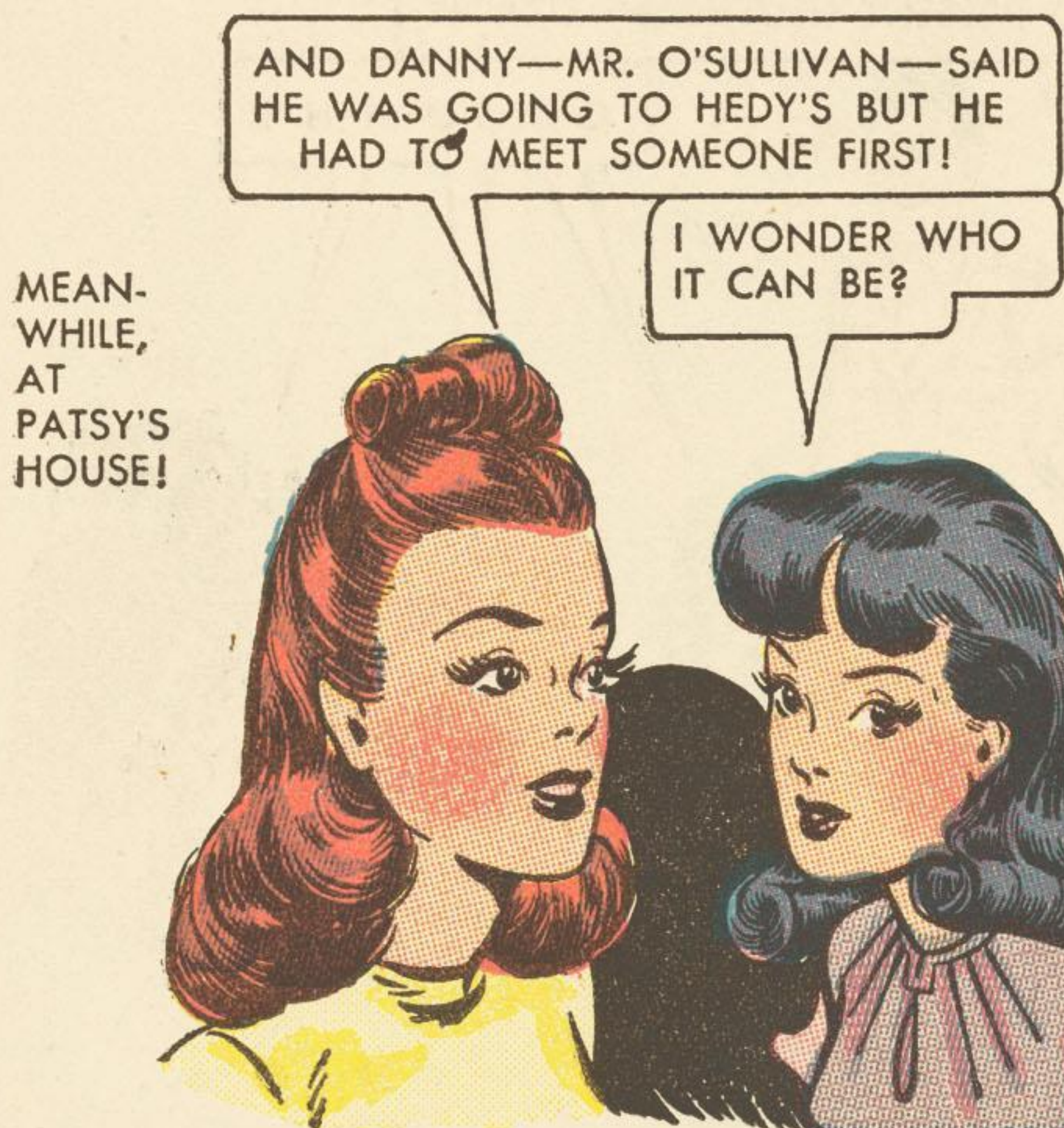
YOU'RE PRETTY
BLUNT, MR. O'SULLIVAN



THAT'S THE WAY
IT IS AND YOU
DON'T HAVE A
THING TO WORRY
ABOUT!

OH, THANKS, MR.
O'SULLIVAN—DANNY—
YOU'RE A SQUARE
SHOOTER!

A
HALF
HOUR
LATER!



MEAN-
WHILE,
AT
PATSY'S
HOUSE!

AND DANNY—MR. O'SULLIVAN—SAID
HE WAS GOING TO HEDY'S BUT HE
HAD TO MEET SOMEONE FIRST!

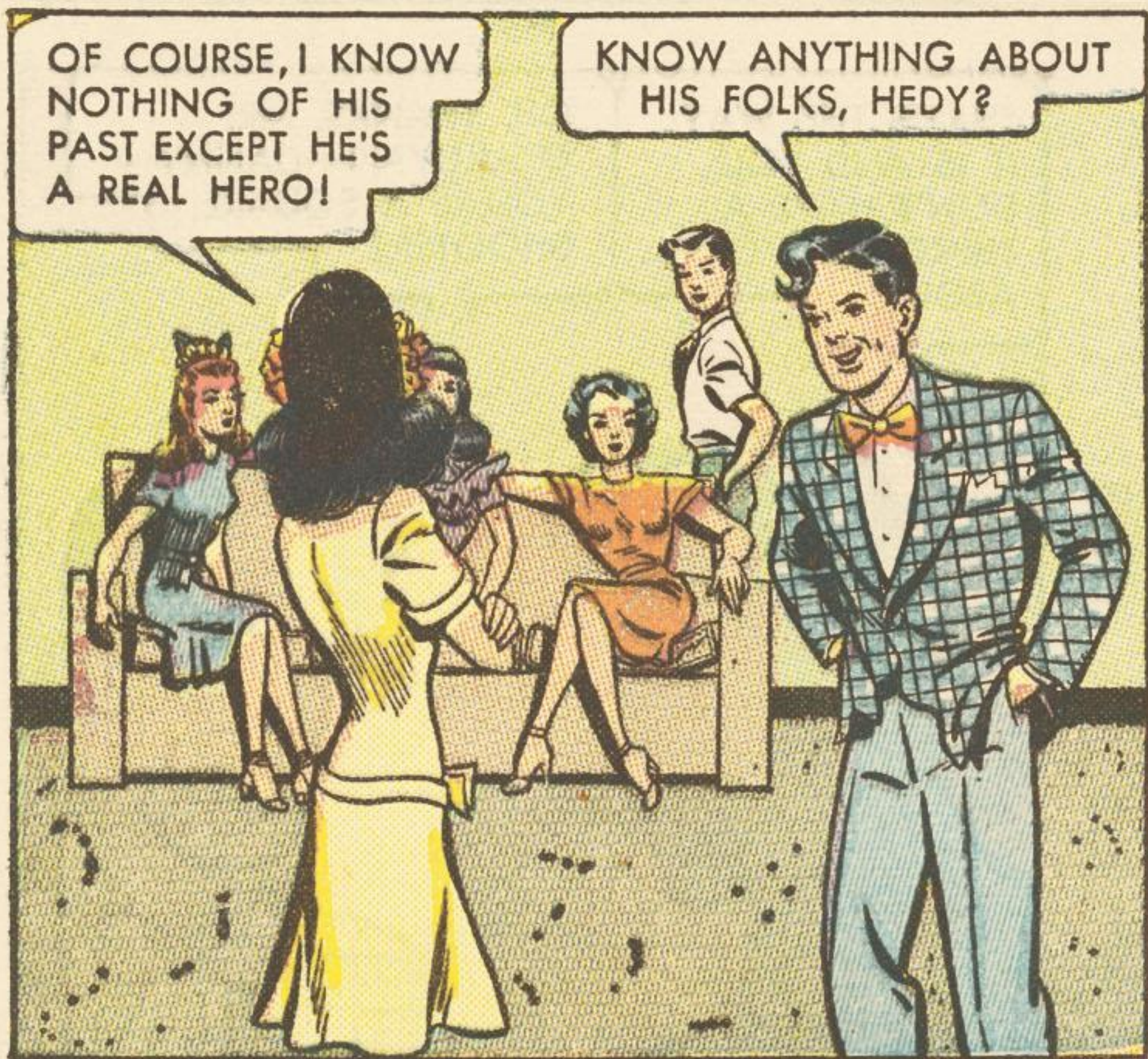
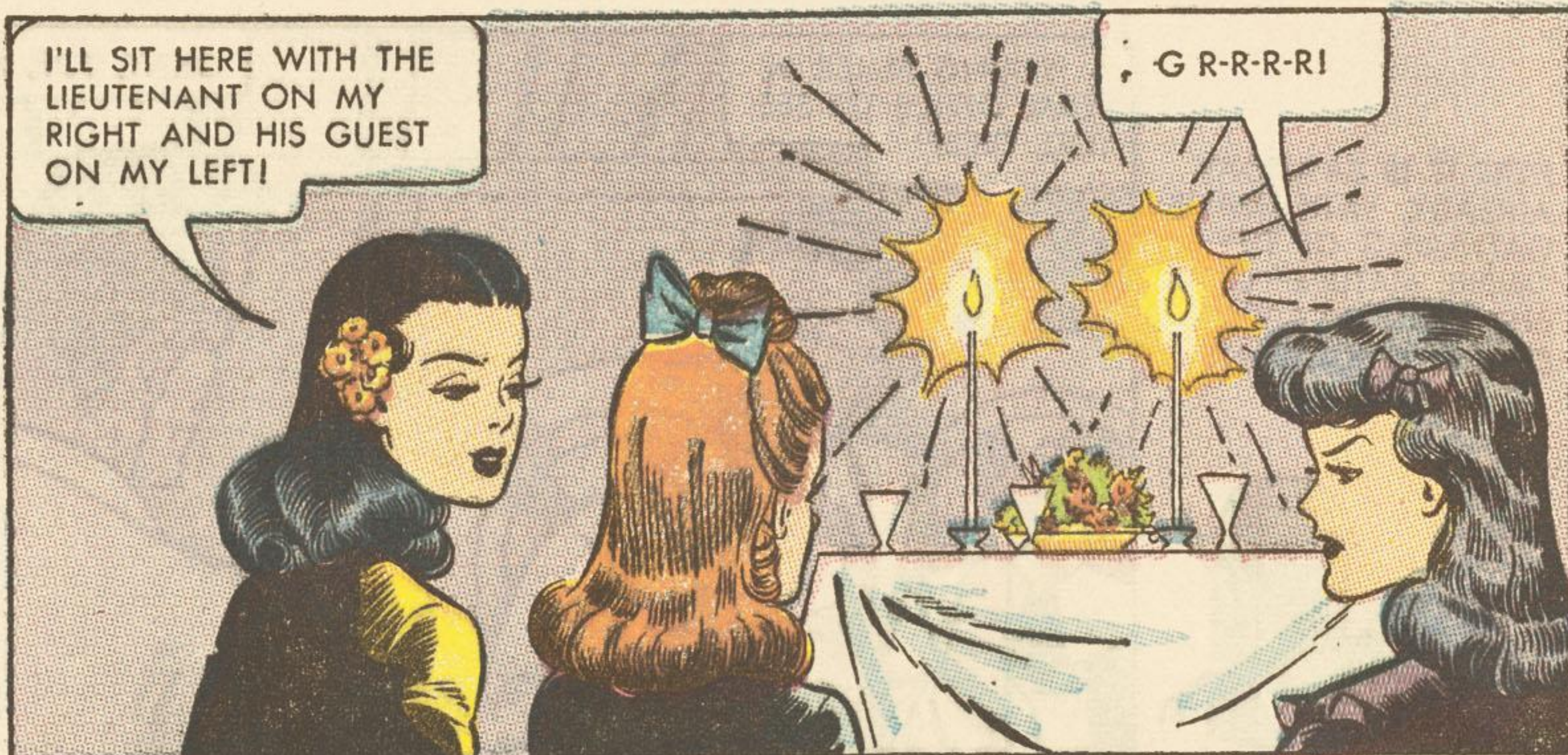
I WONDER WHO
IT CAN BE?



I'M GOING TO
HEDY'S WITH
BUZZ!

I'M GOING TO GO TO
SEE WHO MR. O'SULLIVAN
IS BRINGING!

SATURDAY
EVENING AND
HEDY WOLFE'S
PARTY IS ABOUT
TO GET UNDER
WAY!



OF COURSE, I KNOW
NOTHING OF HIS
PAST EXCEPT HE'S
A REAL HERO!

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT
HIS FOLKS, HEDY?

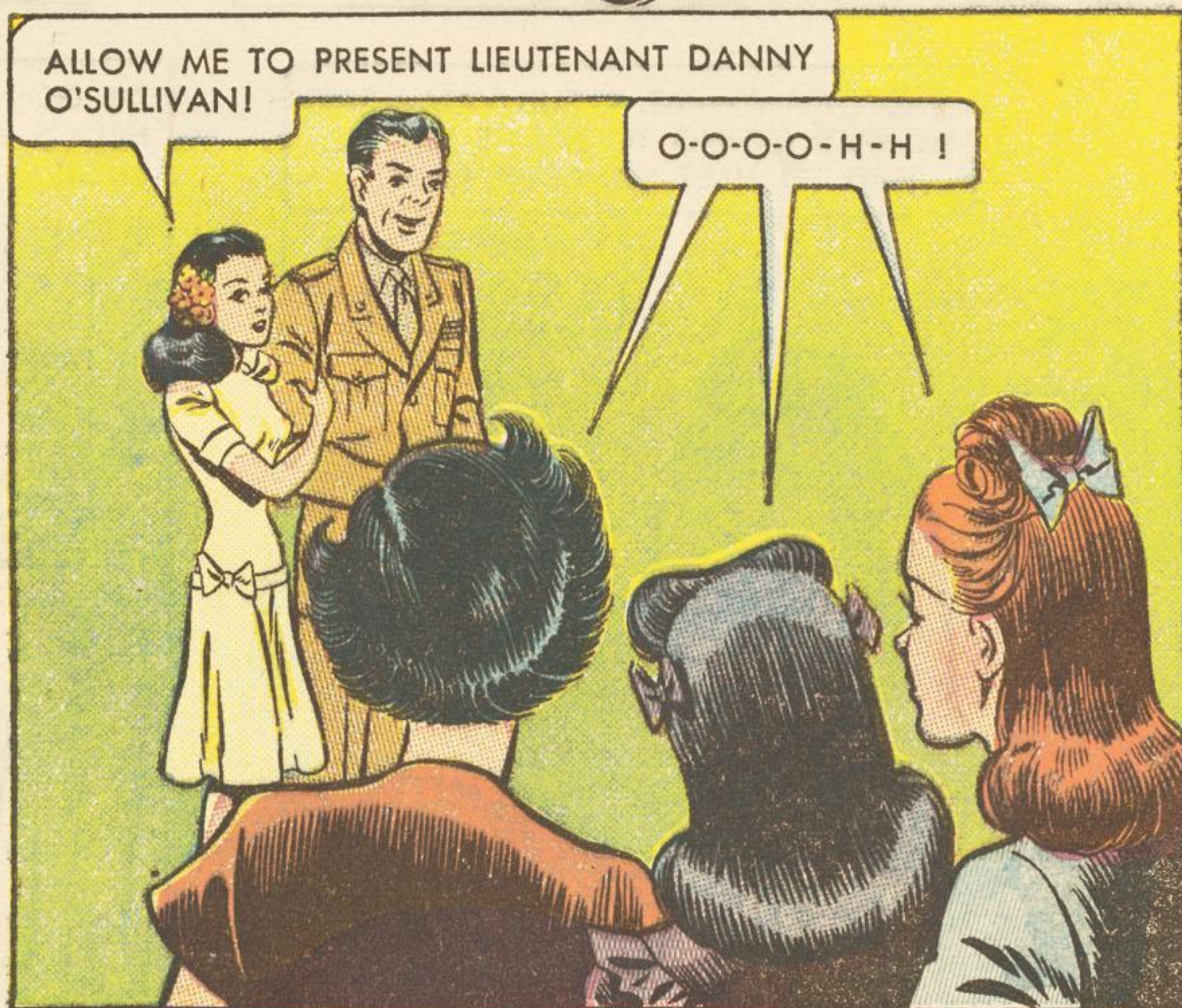
WHO CARES ABOUT HIS FOLKS—IT
IS HE—AND HE ALONE—MY GOODNESS,
THERE HE IS!

R-I-N-G
R-R-I-N-G!



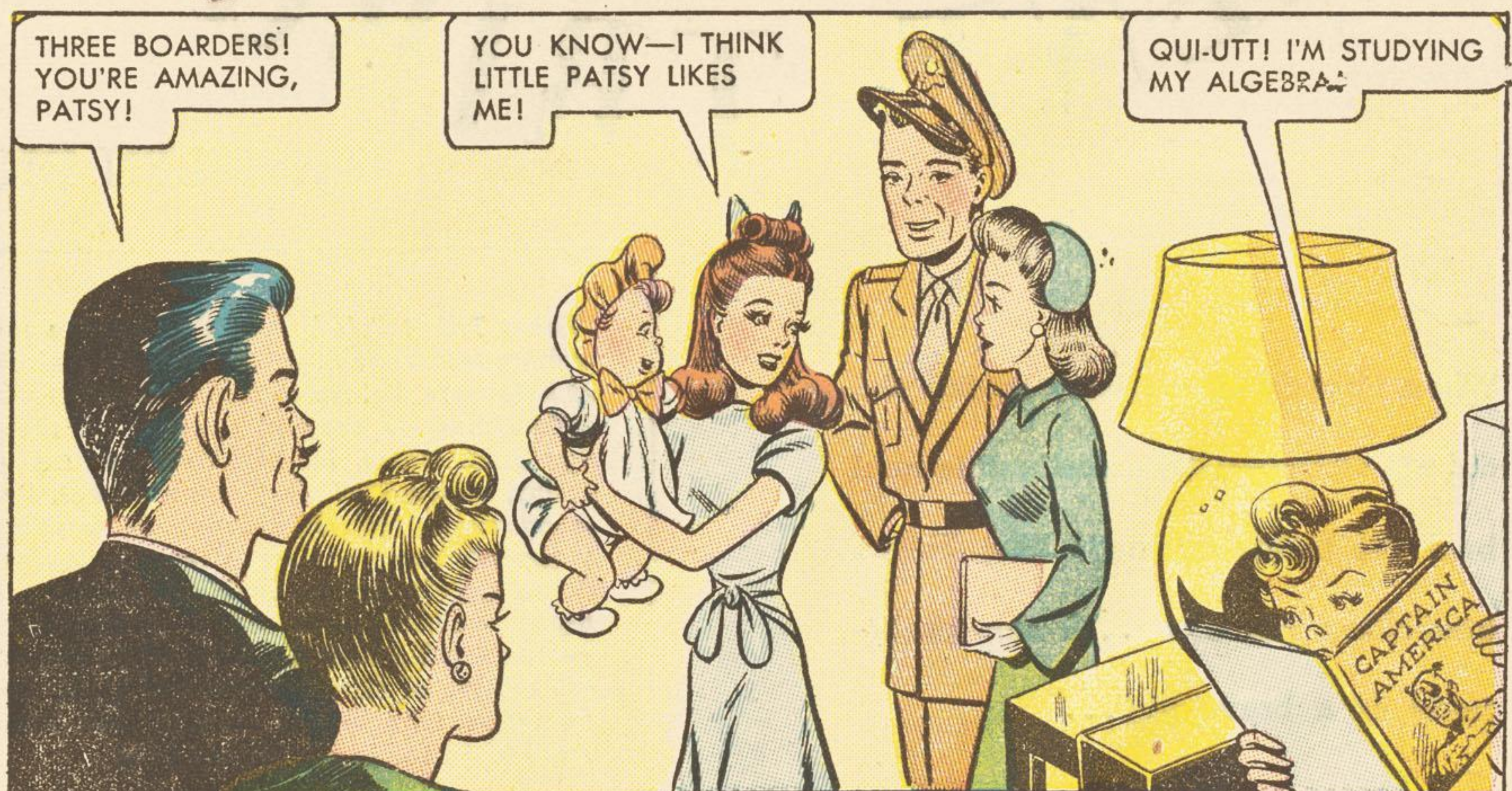
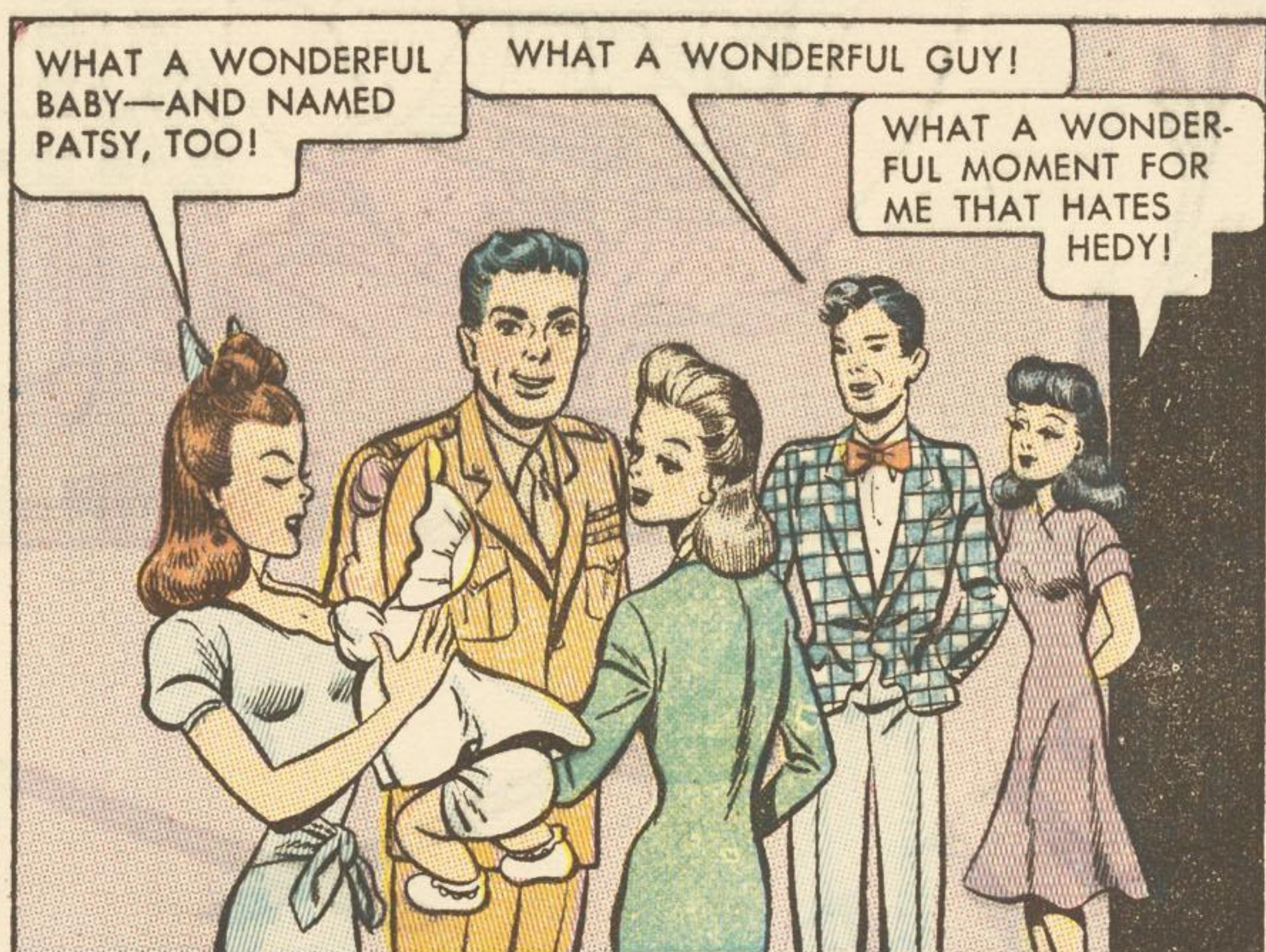
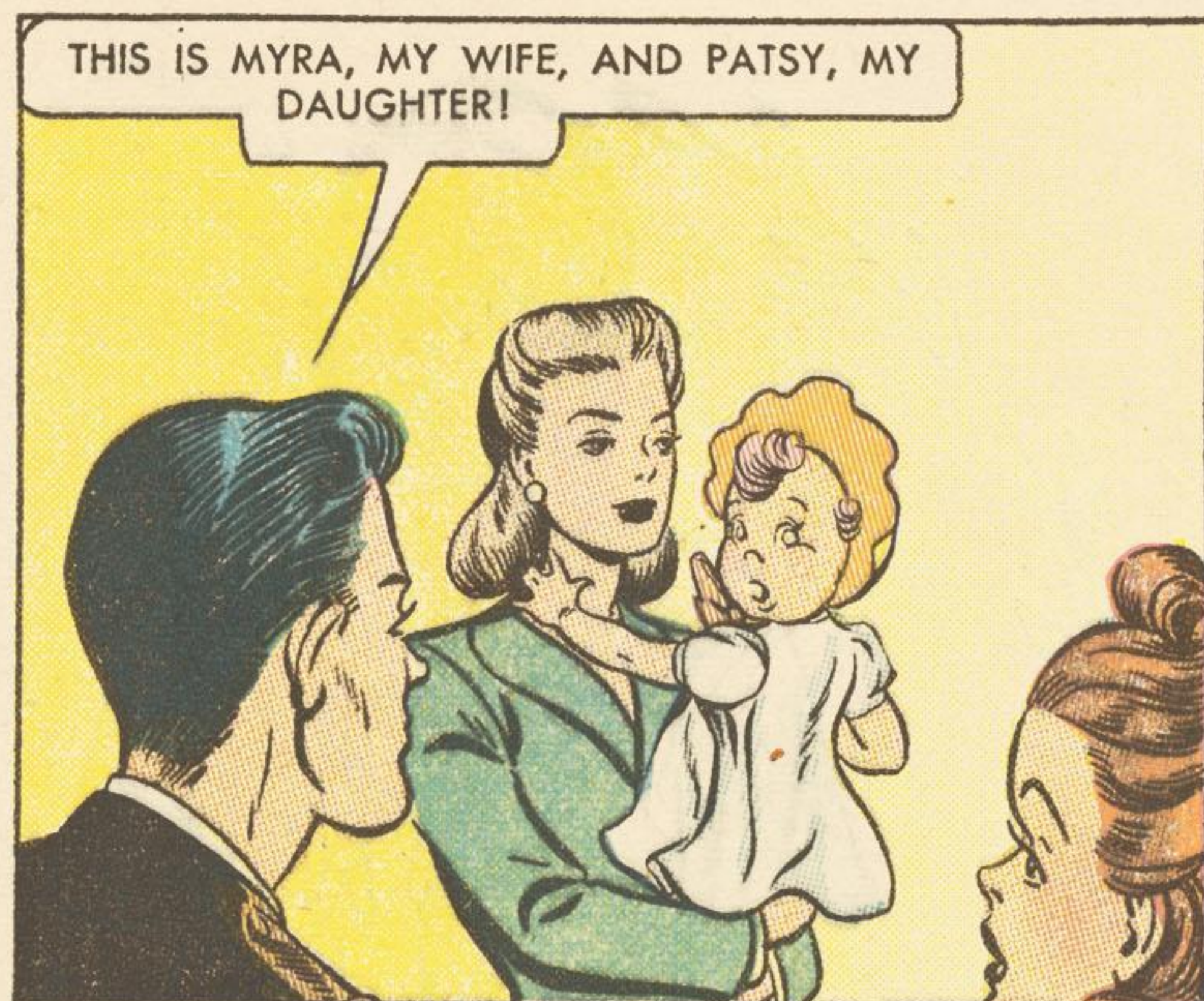
O O H ! YOU LOOK GORGEOUS IN
UNIFORM, LIEUTENANT!

MY GUEST—I MEAN GUESTS—
HAVE BEEN DELAYED!



ALLOW ME TO PRESENT LIEUTENANT DANNY
O'SULLIVAN!

O-O-O-O-H-H !





SILENT TRIBUTE

By HELEN RICHTER

When tragedy struck Jerry Jordan she did not whimper; it was difficult to hold back the tears—especially after Betty's unthinking remarks... A remarkable study of a brave girl...

"Silent Tribute" is indeed a tribute to the writing talents of 14-year-old Helen Richter of Lafayette, La. Helen is the winner of our \$50.00 monthly contest, open to all teenage girls. Helen, in submitting her manuscript, wrote that she "hated school, but loved to write." Of course, the budding authoress realizes that without sufficient schooling, she will be unable to realize her great ambition—to be a professional writer. MISS AMERICA is proud to present the efforts of this creative and highly imaginative high school student. We know she will go far in her chosen field.

THE atmosphere in Jerry's room was pleasing; the sound of soft, low music filled the room. Jerry sat cuddled in a comfy chair reading a book of unusual merit and one just the kind a daughter of Jim Jordan would fully enjoy and appreciate.

Surely, you have heard of Jim Jordon, owner of the Mount Eagle Ranch, where everyone is always welcome. Jordon was a tall man with brown, curly hair, dark eyes that always twinkled, and a firm, full mouth that managed to grin, even when sorrow struck.

And that isn't all. Jim Jordon had another and a finer name—Captain James Jordon of the United States Navy. That was the name Jerry loved most.

The music suddenly changed from soft, low tones to those of a faster tempo. The band hesitated a moment and then the glorious notes of "Anchors Aweigh" burst into the tiny room Jerry called her own.

The book slipped from her fingers and fell unheeded to the floor, for Jerry was listening with every nerve in her body to the music that came from the radio. The joy on her face was indescribable.

"Oh!" Jerry breathed. "Dad's song—the Navy song!"

Jerry jumped to her feet, eyes shining and lips quivering. She had her father's dark eyes, as well as his dark hair and genial manner.

The door suddenly opened and Betty came in. Betty was much the opposite of Jerry. Long yellow curls and dark blue eyes made a wonderful setting for her pert and pretty features. She was a newcomer at the Plenwood High, and Jerry, kind-hearted, understanding Jerry, had taken her home for the weekend. She felt keen sympathy for this lonesome blonde girl, so far from her home, living in the midst of strangers.

"I live with my brother's wife, you see," Betty had explained, "for I have no father or mother. Tom's in North Africa and Sue travels all around for the government. I've got to tag along, of course—but I hate it." Her voice reached a higher pitch when she repeated the words, "I hate it! That's what's so unfair about this war—it takes my brother Tom away from me and I'm so far from Chicago, the home I love."

"But, Betty," Jerry had said softly, "you aren't the only—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say, Jerry. You wouldn't mind being me—traveling around like this, because you are used to—well, a rough life, but I was raised in Chicago. I like pretty clothes and good times. You don't, Jerry. You love this crazy, wild

country."

Jerry didn't try to argue with Betty. She knew time would heal the hurt and bitterness in her heart. Jerry knew that.

"Oh, Jerry, why do you always get so excited when you listen to that silly song, 'Anchors Aweigh'?" Betty asked as she came into the room.

"I don't think it is silly," Jerry said. "I love it. It reminds me of— of—" but the words were left unsaid as Betty looked at her with a shrug.

"Someone you know?" Betty finally inquired.

"Yes, Betty. Someone I know."

Jerry had never told Betty her father was in the Navy; she knew her chum would come to understand many things—later.

"You know, Jerry," Betty said, "I've never seen your father. Where is he?"

Jerry's mind jumped to the telegram, but quickly, like a gloved hand, she brushed away the thoughts. "I haven't any father, Betty." She snapped off the radio and picked up her book.

"Oh—I'm so sorry, Jerry." Jerry's dark eyes concealed the fear of further questions. "I knew you had lost your mother but I've always wondered why you didn't speak of your father. Why?"

Jerry pretended to be deeply interested in her book, but Betty, sitting on the edge of the bed, repeated her question.

"Because—because—oh, Betty, why don't you shut up?" Betty's blonde head looked up in amazement. Jerry continued, her pulse quickening as she spoke. "You don't like the song I like, then you repeat and repeat needless questions. Can't you see that I've had enough..."

"But, Jerry—"

"Oh, keep quiet," Jerry snapped and ran from the room. She didn't stop until she reached the stable where she saddled up Danger and rode out over the plain.

Betty was right when she had called the country Jerry loved, wild. It was, in every aspect. The large mountains, white with snow on the peaks, and changing colors lower down, stood tall and rugged against the blue of the autumn sky. Ahead, the plain stretched bare and rough, yellow in color with patches of sage brush and tall cactus, here and there. Yet, it was wild country. Wonderfully wild.

As Danger's hoofs clattered on the sandy plain, Jerry watched her "wild country", and her mind forgot the unpleasant scene she had escaped from. She only saw and lived with the wild beauty around her.

(Continued on page 49)

A YEAR WISER

From Page 7

on your legs. Well, my chica-dees, here's the method in milady's madness. Last summer's wounds have long since been healed, so unwrapping the bandage won't be the least bit painful. And besides, if you haven't already found it to be true, there are lots more interesting things to wrap your heart around than bandage.

And then of course, there's that business about a stitch in time saving nine. And you know yourself the value of a little nail-polish applied to your stocking at the ghastly moment. Doesn't it stop the run? Well, then, here's a little verbal nail-polish to keep you from zooming way, way, down long about the "last rose of next summer" time.

Suppose we take the case history of one Mary Jones. You! Along with the case of one Dick Smith. Him! It doesn't really matter where you are. A sleepy little town, a big exciting city, a beach resort. Comes next June 21st, there's the same moon, the same soft breezes, the same "oh let's take our hair down" feeling in the air. Dick may be a marine, a sailor or a soldier. He may be in on a furlough, spending time between college semesters, stationed at a nearby camp,

or working civvie style in your town. No matter what the external set-up, it's still boy meets girl, boy rushes girl like mad, boy does amazing fadeout as the first autumn leaf falls from the tree, boy breaks girl's poor, unsuspecting heart.

Now, cookie, let's get organized. To begin with let's move over to Dick's side of the convertible. He's young. You're a cutie. He's lonely. You're good company. It's fun ordering cokes for two, jiving with a smooth-haired, bright-lipped hep chick, and more fun when two pairs of eyes see a full moon come up. You're sticking as close to your Romeo as hot fudge to nuts. You're whipping in the surf for that early morning dip, swapping stories over the soda fountain around tea-time, floating with him in the evening to sweet music and low crooning, leaving him at night with a soft, lingering light in your wide eyes.

How can a guy resist? You're the fresh bread, and he's walking by the bakery. So, it's Dick and Mary for two months or more, and you're sure he's sealed, signed, and delivered. Of course, he's never said anything really definite. But that doesn't

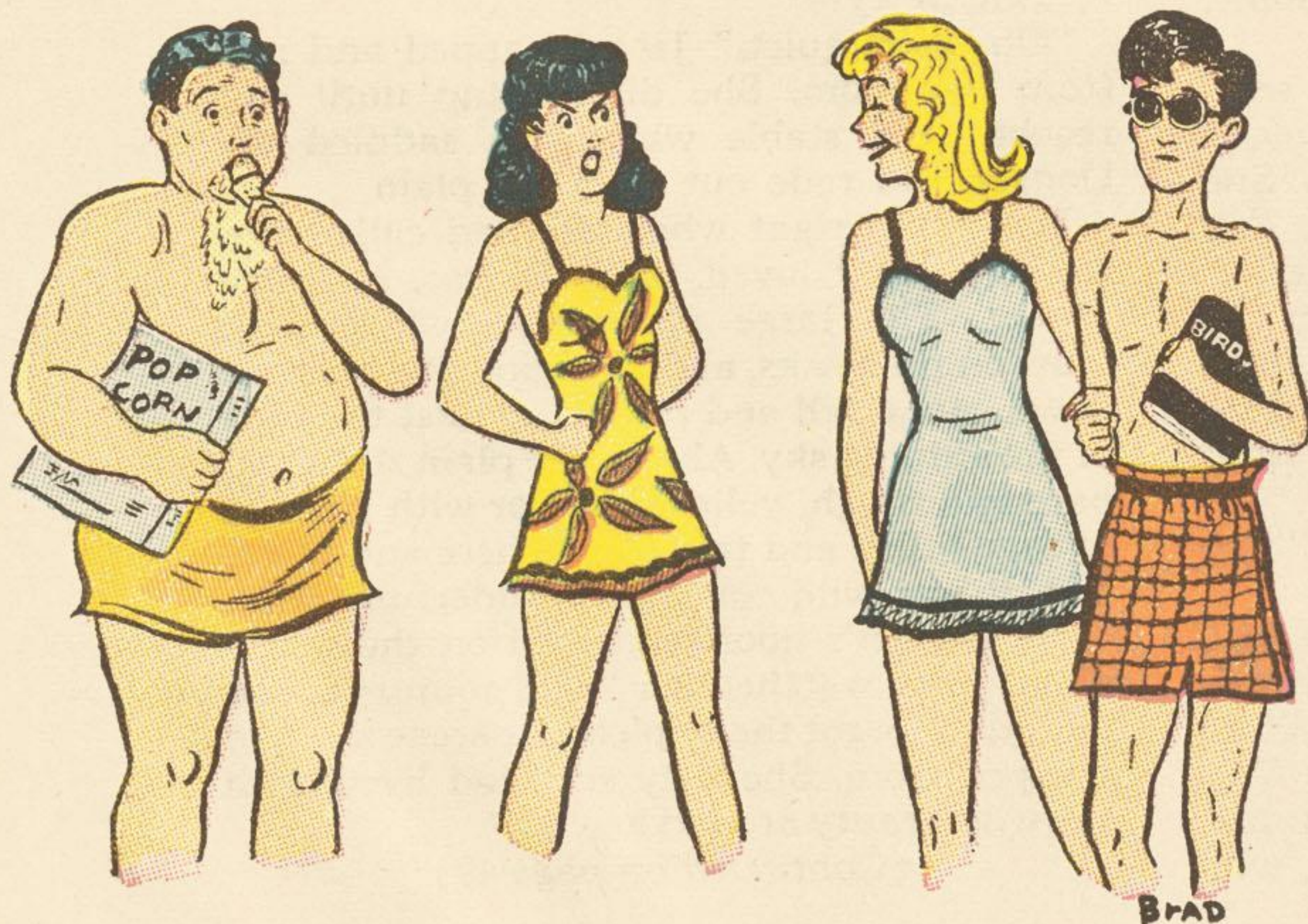
matter, you tell yourself. He's shy, that's all. The funny part of it is, that he may actually have it bad for you. At the time, that is. But you know guys! Or you should know guys! One year it's sailing, and the next it's tennis, and the next... tag, you're it!

So you wander back home, to school and plaid skirts and cashmere sweaters, and you begin the telephone-mailman watch. At first the phone rings and the letters come. Nothing awfully touching. The usual "hellos", "how are yous" and "I'm fines." Any resemblance to the past summer's relationship is purely coincidental. And then, nothing. No phones, no mail, no nothing. You bite your nails, throw yourself on your gingham bedspread, toy with your food, and pull the "I hate all men" routine.

Here's why he did it. Change of heart skips right along with change of environment, you know. Away from that summer lethargy, back at college, breathing in the crisp, fall air, making new friends at camp, leading a totally different life, Dick's ideas will inevitably change. What was perfectly nifty from June to August is just not groovy for October. He's interested in countless other things now, and he should be. Remember, pretty puss, he's not growing just the "six-foot-one" way. His grey matter is developing, too! He's finding himself just as surely as you are, and it takes time. Leave us face it. You may not have been the be-all and end-all of his life. A woman's not the only one with a right to change her mind.

So, lovebugs, give the matter some thought before you hop into next summer's dirndl. Play it for laughs, experience, and a good time. Don't hang on every "dear," turn a frat pin into a solitaire, and a "watcha doin' tonight?" into a proposal. Of course, it may happen that way! Good, good! But don't give yourself an "A" in the course before you take the finals.

Easy does it, sweet-stuff.



"Well, Marion, what are you laughing at?"

GET HEP! DON'T BE A SOURPUSS!

ADVICE FOR ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS. YOU CAN NOW ENJOY A PORCELAIN-LIKE SOFTER SKIN.

HAVE you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself, beauty, and which gains admiration and is pleasing to look at. All you must do, is to follow the simple rules of nature. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking and pleasant to look at. A lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it, and you owe it to yourself to give yourself a chance to enjoy a healthy, beautiful complexion. Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust all around us most of the time. When these little specks, which are in the air, get into an open pore in your skin they can in time, cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores, begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you all of the misery of pimples, irritations, or blemishes. When you neglect your skin and abuse it by not giving it the necessary external care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries which cause embarrassment, self consciousness, inferiority, and make you feel like a prisoner within yourself. When you know that your skin is smooth, white, and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality and your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it only costs you a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, more healthy and lovely. Many never realize or even suspect that the difference between having a glamorous complexion and being ordinary is just the difference between having blackheads and pimples, and not having them. A little care and the proper attention with the double Viderm treatment can mean the difference between enjoying fine skin or missing out on many pleasures because of an ugly, abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is made under the supervision of a doctor and costs you only a few cents for a treatment which you can give yourself.



Just write or mail the coupon below, and you will receive two jars of the double Viderm treatment with full directions which are written by a doctor. One jar contains a jelly-like formula which is a highly concentrated soap which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon the pores. This is used after you wash your face in the usual way. After you use the special Viderm skin cleanser, you apply the Viderm fortified, medicated skin cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin. This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of abused skin and it must amaze you, too, or it won't cost you a penny. You must be absolutely pleased and delighted within ten days, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Send for it now.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day, until your skin is as smooth and clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, or if you wish you can save postage and C.O.D. fee by mailing Two Dollars with your orders. Mail the coupon to the New York Skin Laboratory, Dept. 45 206 Division St., New York, N. Y.

**NEW YORK SKIN LABORATORY, DEPT. 45
206 Division Street, New York City 2, N. Y.**

Name

Street

City Zone.....

State

Kindly send me one jar of Viderm Medicated Skin Cream and one jar of Viderm Skin Cleanser along with full, easy directions on how to use them. It is understood, the Viderm treatment is guaranteed and I must be delighted and pleased with it, in every way, or my money is to be cheerfully refunded. I will pay two dollars on delivery of everything.

☐ Check here if you are enclosing Two Dollars cash or money order (for regular size). (You save postage and money order charges.)

☐ Check here if you wish special theatrical models triple size Five Dollars.
No C.O.D. to Canada and foreign possessions.



The Enchanted Lipstick...

by rosalie f. wilson



THE Sugar Bowl was crowded and noisy. All the seats at the soda fountain were filled and the booths overflowing with plaid-shirted boys and loose-sweatered girls with small, bright bows in their hair. Shrill young voices topped and drowned out the juke box that pounded monotonously in the corner. Giggles and guffaws cut across the roaring hum of conversation.

Like a small oasis of woe in the center of all the hilarity, Gladys Worthington sat slumped over a half-finished coke, her elbow resting on the cool, smooth marble of the counter, her chin propped in her cupped palm. There was utter dejection in the hang of her

cardigan sweater and the little yellow bow in her hair fell loosely from its anchoring bobby-pin.

Ann Winter, on the next stool, sucked noisily at her straw and regarded her friend anxiously. "For goodness sake, Gladys, you ought to be tickled. You're practically the only one who passed that chem exam."

Gladys lifted disillusioned eyes. "And I'm practically the only one who hasn't a date for the dance Saturday, too."

"What's the matter with me, Ann?" she asked suddenly. "Why do I always have to worry about getting asked to the dances when all the rest of the girls only have to worry about what they're going to wear?"

Ann frowned at her empty

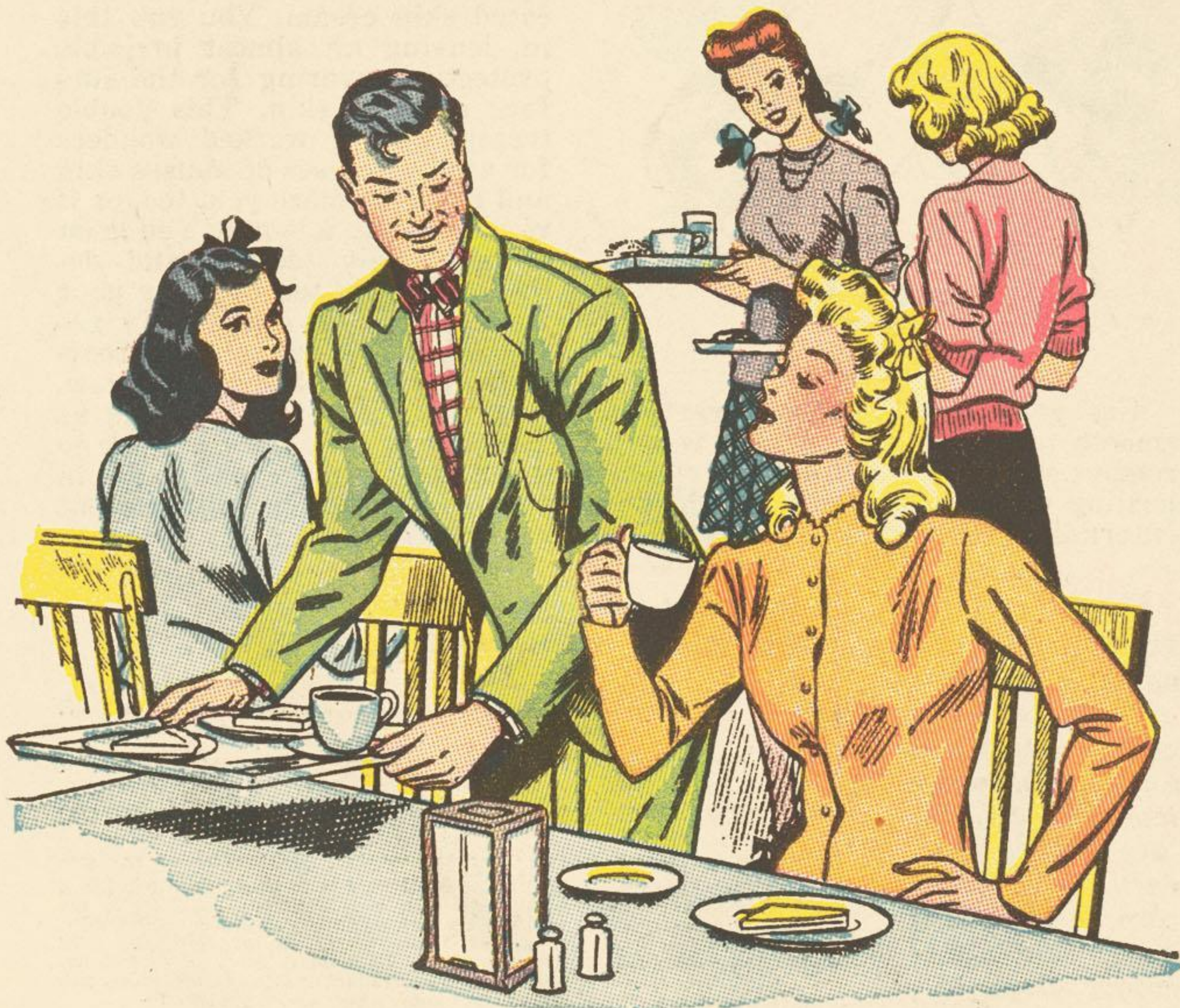
glass. "You're so—well, funny about boys. Gosh, you practically freeze them when they do try to talk to you." She didn't look at her friend, lest she lose the courage to say the thing she had been wanting to say for a long time. "Like just now, for example, when Chuck wanted to sit here and you told him that you were saving the place for me. Gosh, we could just as well have talked later. His sitting here wouldn't have broken up a beautiful friendship or anything. How do you expect them to like you when you squash every friendly overture?"

Gladys stared moodily into the mirror that backed the fountain. "I didn't mean to say it," she confessed. "It just popped out. I wouldn't know what to talk to him about even if he did sit here. I always say the wrong thing or else I get tongue-tied and can't think of anything to say at all."

"You try too hard," Ann observed sagely. "You worry about dumb things like whether your back curls are out or if your nose is shiny and your conversation comes all unstuck. Try to forget about yourself and think of the boy you're talking to."

Gladys grimaced into the mirror, watching with pained fascination the pale flash of gold between her parted lips.

"Those darn braces aren't helping your self-esteem any either," Ann decided. "Won't
(Continued on Page 32)



Chuck elbowed his way up to Gladys, with a friendly grin on his good-looking face. Gladys looked up, "Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "I'm saving this seat for Ann."



"What's the matter with me, Ann?" Gladys asked her closest friend. "Why do I always have to worry about getting asked to the dances when all the rest of the girls only have to worry about what they're going to wear?"

THE ENCHANTED LIPSTICK

From page 31

your mother let you take them off?"

Gladys shook her head, the light hair swinging softly against her rounded cheek. "She says she wants me to have nice even teeth when I'm twenty. Imagine—twenty! By that time I'll be so old nobody's going to look at me anyway."

"You'd be awfully pretty if only she'd let you use some make-up. After all, you haven't got your mouth open all the time and maybe with lipstick you wouldn't notice the braces so much." She rummaged through the bulging purse, and emerged triumphant with a small silver case. "Here. Try this on for size."

Gladys unscrewed the cap and examined the stick enviously. It was a truly beautiful color. It was the color of gaiety and recklessness and defiance, all the qualities Gladys wished she possessed. But her mother had such definite ideas about the proper make-up for a freshman in high school and purplish-red lipstick was not among them.

Gladys sighed. A lipstick like that was the stuff courage was made of. Slowly she replaced the cap and handed it back. "I couldn't," she said simply.

"Well keep it," Ann said generously. "I have a new one anyway. You can use it tomorrow after you get to school. Honestly, Gladys, your mother just doesn't understand."

That was the whole trouble, Gladys decided the next morning, standing before the smudged mirror in the ladies' room. Her mother *didn't* understand that a girl couldn't be as different as she, and still fit in with the crowd. It was bad enough to be in the top tenth of her class, which stamped her unpleasantly as a grind, but to have to wear braces on top of that and, crowning indignity of all, to be permitted only a little powder and no lipstick!

"It isn't how you look," Mrs. Worthington was fond of saying. "It's the sort of person you are that counts. You must have confidence in yourself."

Quickly, before her courage

could fade, Gladys outlined her lips in the sultry, seductive shade and examined the effect with narrowed eyes. It was marvelous. Definitely terrific. Her whole appearance was changed miraculously. It was, she thought rhapsodically, as though a peacock had emerged from the drab little wren she had been. She tilted her chin a little higher and smiling confidently, watched the dimple at the corner of her mouth deepen.

With her head held high she hurried toward Home Ec.

All through that class and the next, Gladys dreamily recreated the picture of the new girl she had seen coming to life in the mirror. Again and again she ran her small pink tongue over her lips, tasting with delight the wonderful, faintly bitter flavor of the lipstick. It was with a surge of exultation that she heard Bill Meade, captain of the basketball team, call "Hi, devastating," as she passed him coming out of the chem lab. *Bill Meade*, who had never even known she was alive.

When Chuck Connors settled himself next to her in the lunchroom, Gladys was pleased but not really surprised, and when his dark eyes appraised her admiringly and he quipped, "Greetings, gruesome," Gladys allowed her lashes to flutter as she replied pertly, "On your way, repulsive."

Out of the corner of her eye,



Original-Glamorous-Lifelike
MOVIE STAR
BAND LEADERS,
VOCALISTS
AND PIN-UP **Photos**
AT LOWEST PRICES
FREE! Rush name and address
today for illustrated
MOVIE STAR NEWS
which lists ALL the photos of Hollywood
Movie Stars, Band Leaders, Vocalists, Bath-
ing Beauties, Latest Movie scenes, Old time
stars and Pin-Up poses. Send 10c to cover
handling and mailing of MOVIE STAR NEWS
which will be refunded with first order.
Photos are original, glossy prints of
finest quality—Size 8x10 ready
for framing, put in your album or scrapbook
IRVING KLAW
212 East 14th St., Dept. G-5, New York 3, N. Y.

Gladys was aware of the pleasantly irregular profile, the smooth, dark texture of his skin. He was, she thought, one of the best looking boys in the whole school. "If I'd known you were coming," she grinned, "I'd have whipped up a cake."

Why, it was easy! There wasn't anything to it really. With a swift, sure instinct, Gladys knew that she was over the hump at last. Chuck was amused and interested and, most important of all, really aware of her now.

It was almost anti-climactic when he dated her for the Saturday dance before the bell rang.

Ann caught up with her on the lunchroom stairs. "For goodness sakes, what happened to you? You look like you're ready to burst into song."

"Oh, Ann," Gladys confided with delight. "It worked beautifully. I'm going to the dance with Chuck, and Bill Meade noticed me for the first time today, and it's all due to you."

"To me? What did I do?"

"It's your lipstick that's really responsible for everything."

Ann looked confused. "Why? Is my lipstick on crooked or something?"

Gladys gurgled happily. "The lipstick you gave me yesterday, dopey. The lipstick I'm wearing."

Ann's eyes widened. "But you haven't any lipstick on."

It must have come off while she was eating.

"I thought you'd be wearing it in chemistry today."

Gladys looked uncertain. If it had been gone during chemistry, she must have chewed it off during the very first period. But then Bill Meade . . . and Chuck . . .

At that moment a great truth burst upon Gladys. It wasn't the lipstick itself that mattered. It was the self-confidence it had engendered. The lipstick hadn't been important to anyone but her. It had bolstered her sagging assurance and turned her into the girl she should have been.

Suddenly, at the top of the stairs she hugged her friend gratefully. "It's an enchanted lipstick," she told the bewildered Ann. "It doesn't even have to show to do its magic work."

Dear Betty Ann-

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betty Ann:

I feel very serious at this moment. You can always tell my mood by the way I address you. Just like when Pops says "Victoria," instead of Vicky.

Really, Betts, parents are such problems. You never know just how to cope with them. Right now I am eating a big piece of chocolate cake. I tried Janet Martin's recipe in MISS AMERICA, except that I doubled the chocolate. I always do everything double! Make a real production out of it. Even my troubles.

Well, as I started to say --ooph!--'scuse me there's the telephone! Well--I might just as well continue writing. I am not to answer the telephone in this house. Can you imagine that!

Now, I am mentally back

with you, Betts. I guess that call wasn't for me, because no one called me to answer. I am here in my room --and it is nine o'clock, and I just have to pour my soul out to you before I go to bed.

I can't even call up Sally and ask her advice on certain matters. Very important matters, too, all because Pops says I am to stay away from the telephone.

Pops says I have telephonitis. Isn't that silly? He says that all I do is jabber into the telephone when I get home from school. Which is definitely not true.

Pops says that I should make my calls before he comes home from his office. But that's about the same time I am free for the day --and the kids are at home.

Anyway, Betts, I came

home walking in a dream. It was just too, too wonderful. I was actually driving along with Bing Crosby! There I guess that almost knocks you for a loop too!

I was on the bus coming home from school and there was a terrific line of traffic going south on La Brea. I just happened to look out and there in a convertible with his hat pulled low--was Bing Crosby! Honestly! I was so close to him--and yet still so far. If there hadn't been iron bars on the street car window--I could have leaned down and touched him--honest!

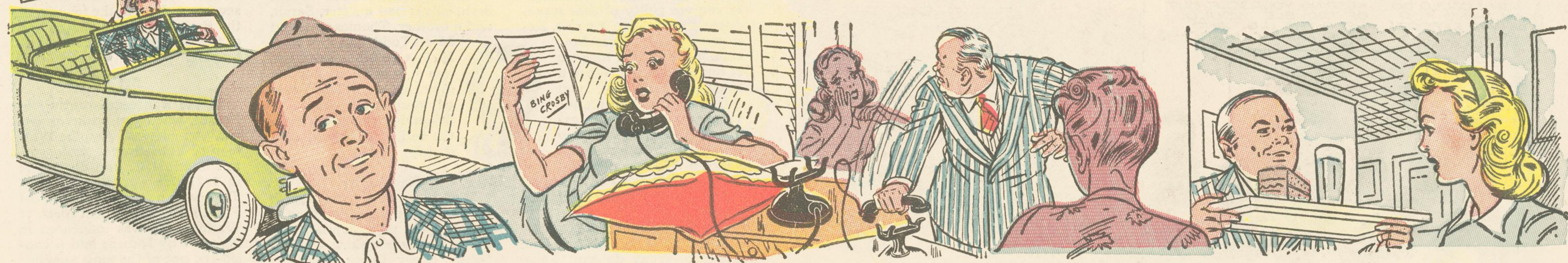
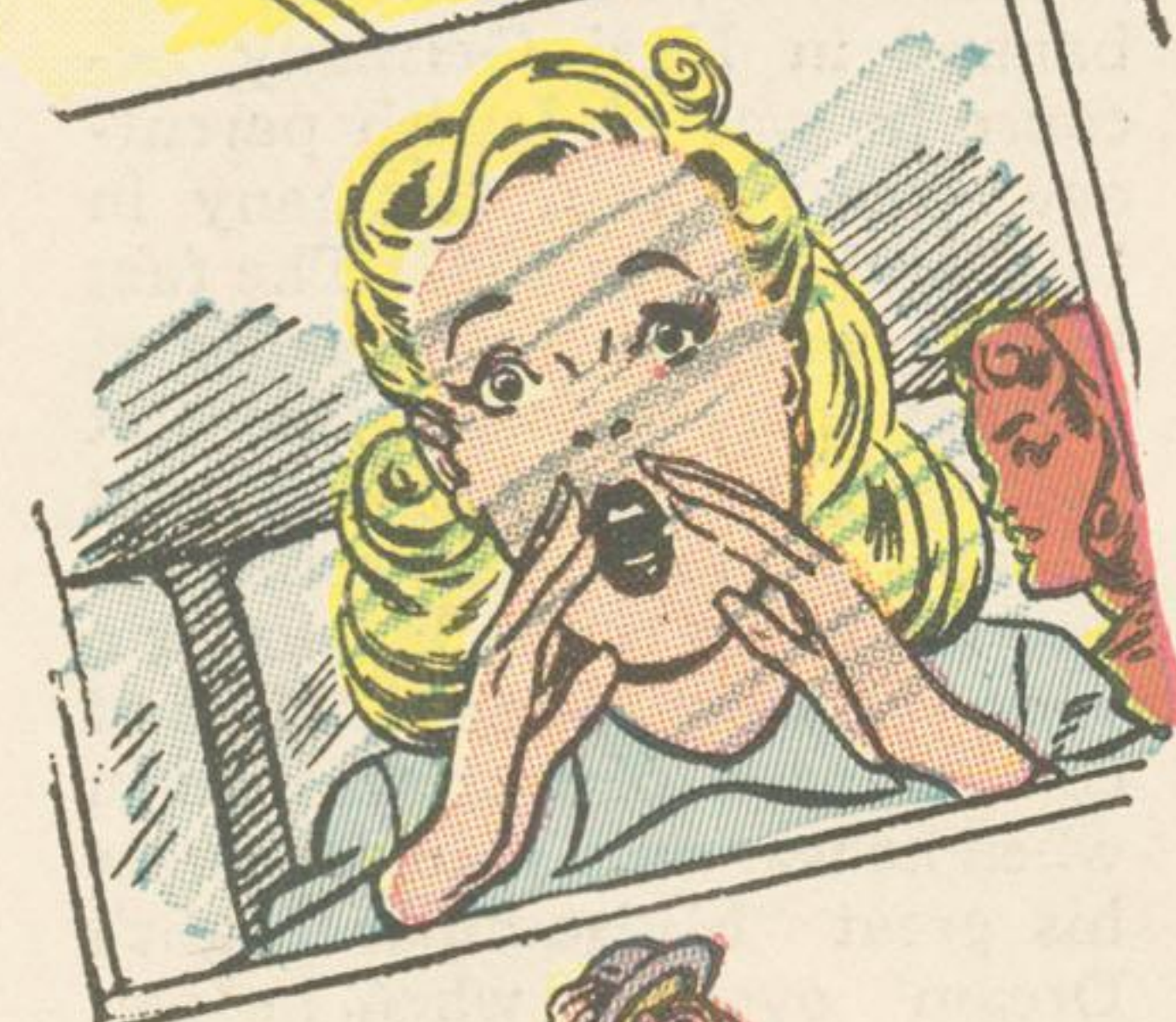
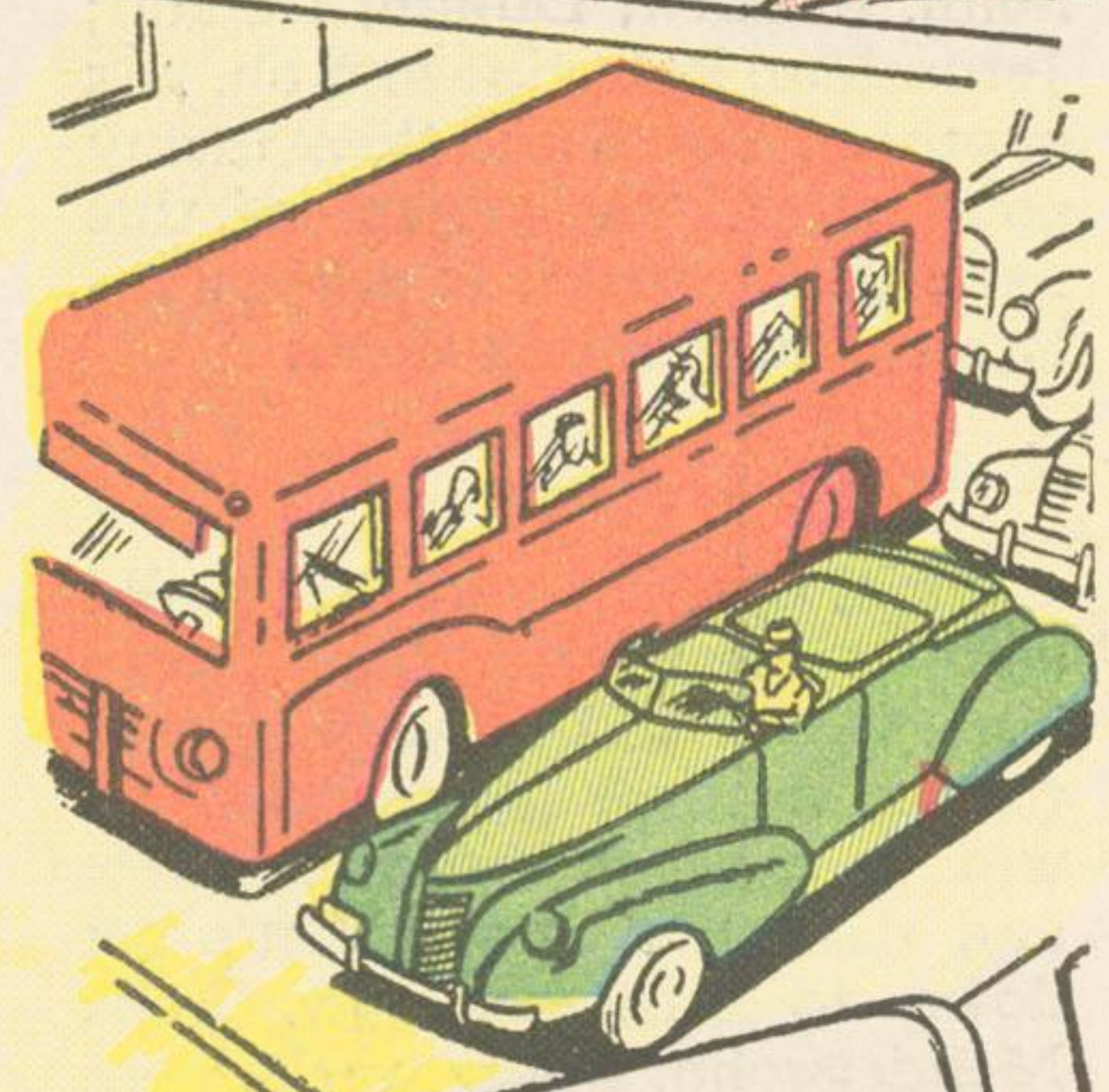
Well, for a few seconds, there we were, side by side. I kept trying to get him to look up, but he just looked straight ahead--serious-like.

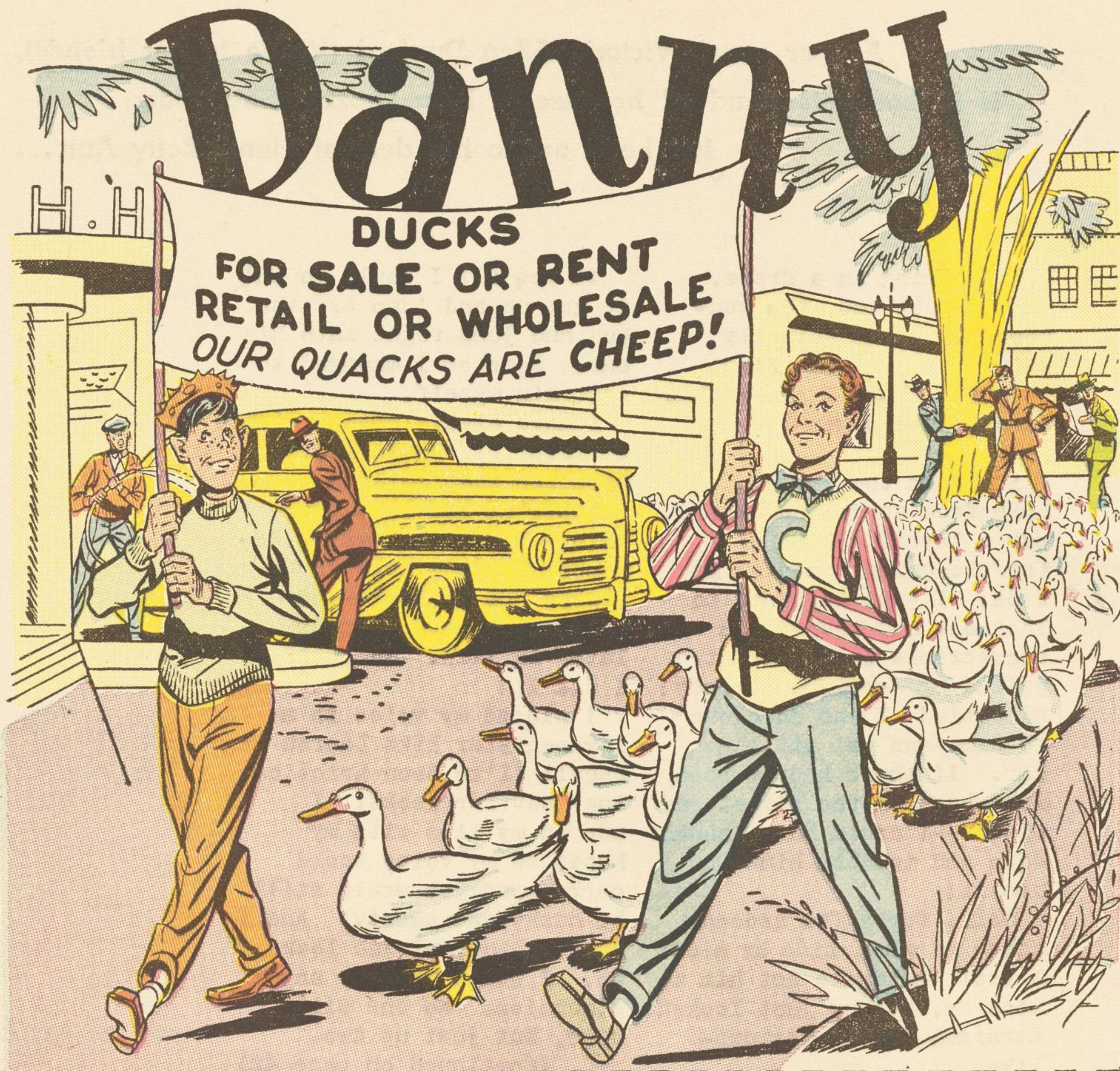
It was all I could do but to get up and jump off the bus and jump right into his car. Somehow I managed to restrain myself.

I have always been a firm believer of "Do It Now." Remember that English teacher we had last year before you moved away? Remember how she told us to always "Do It Now"--and we'd never have regrets later in life. So Betts--I did it!

I placed my voice in a low register like Lauren Bacall (I've been practicing that for weeks. I cupped my lips with my hands so my voice would carry--and yet would still be husky and sweet.) And I said, "Bing, please look up. I won't attract any attention. No one will know, but just us two.

(Continued on page 42)



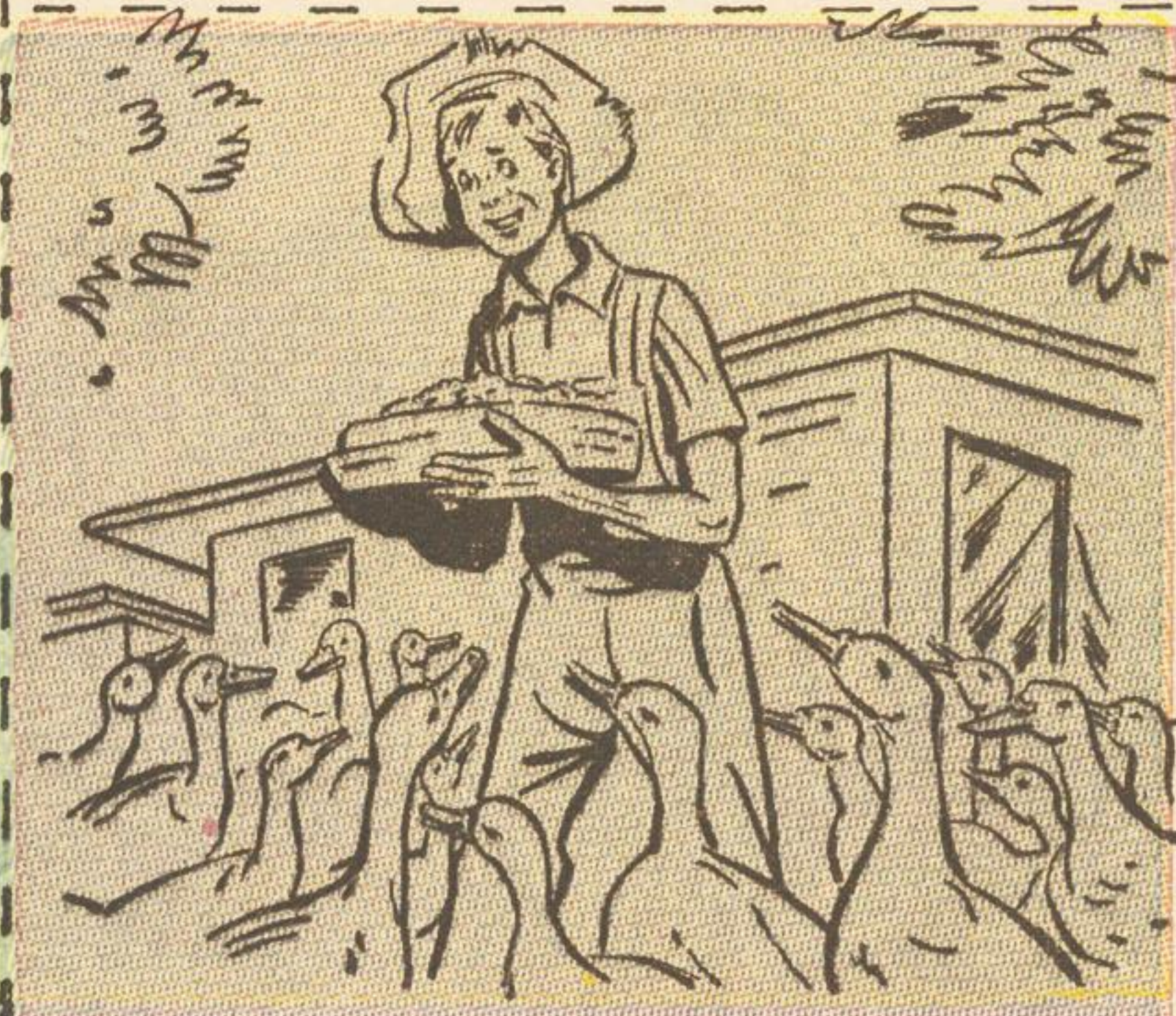


SATURDAY NIGHT FINDS THREE FRIENDS AT THE MOVIES---

I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING FOR THE WAR EFFORT!

KEEPING YOURSELF OUT OF TROUBLE WOULD HELP THE U.S. AND YOUR FAMILY MORE---!

--- AND LITTLE ELMER GOODMAN HAS RAISED MORE THAN 10,000 DUCKS TO HELP FEED THE NATION AT WAR---AT A NICE PROFIT, TOO!



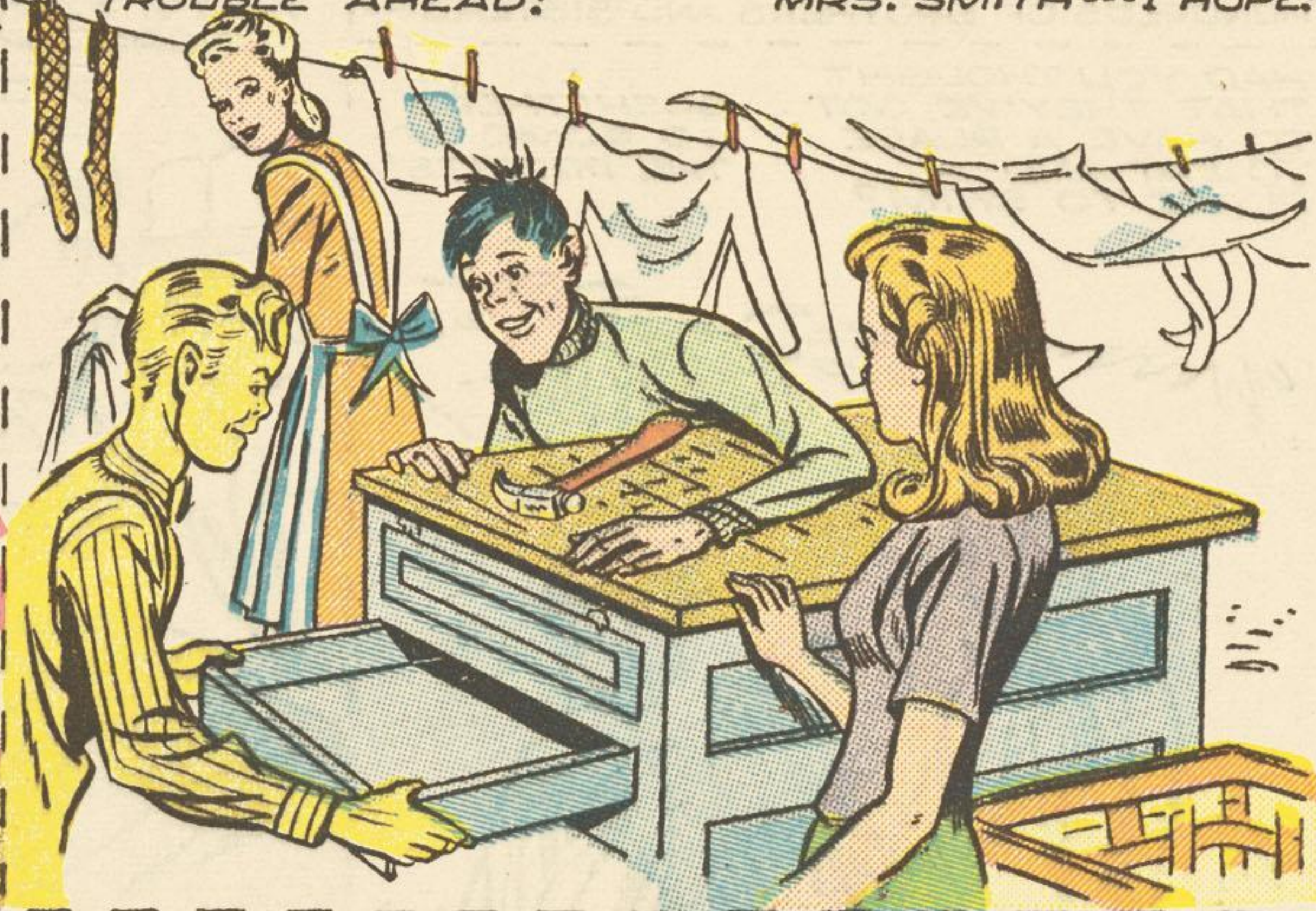
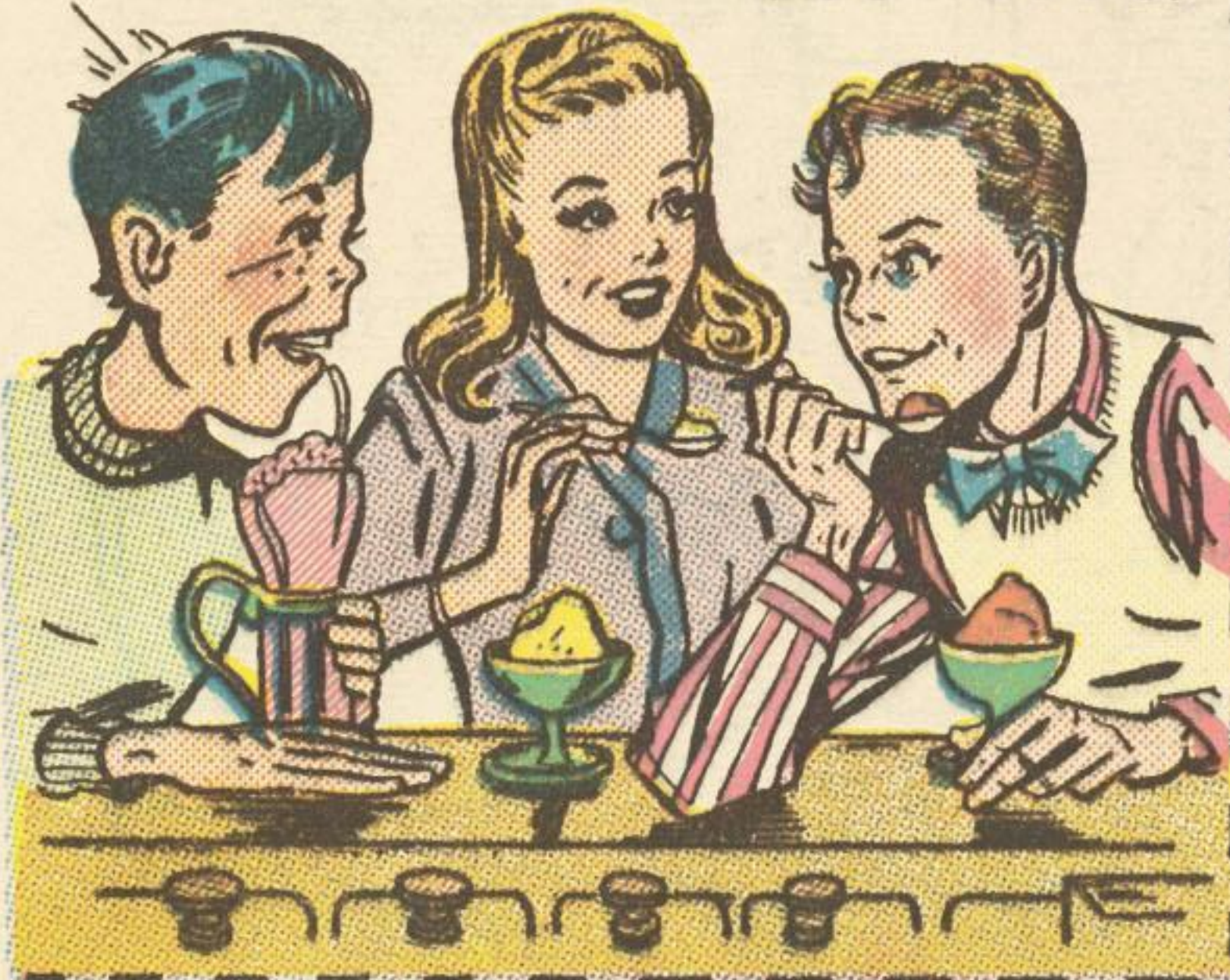
AND THAT'S HOW THE DJJ
(DANNY, JUDY, JIMMY) DUCK
RANCH WAS BORN---

MY UNCLE JOE
HAS AN
INCUBATOR---
HOLDS 500
EGGS!

JUDY AND
I HAVE
ENOUGH
MONEY TO
BUY THE
DUCK EGGS!

I'M A LITTLE SORRY I
CONSENTED--- I SEE
TROUBLE AHEAD!

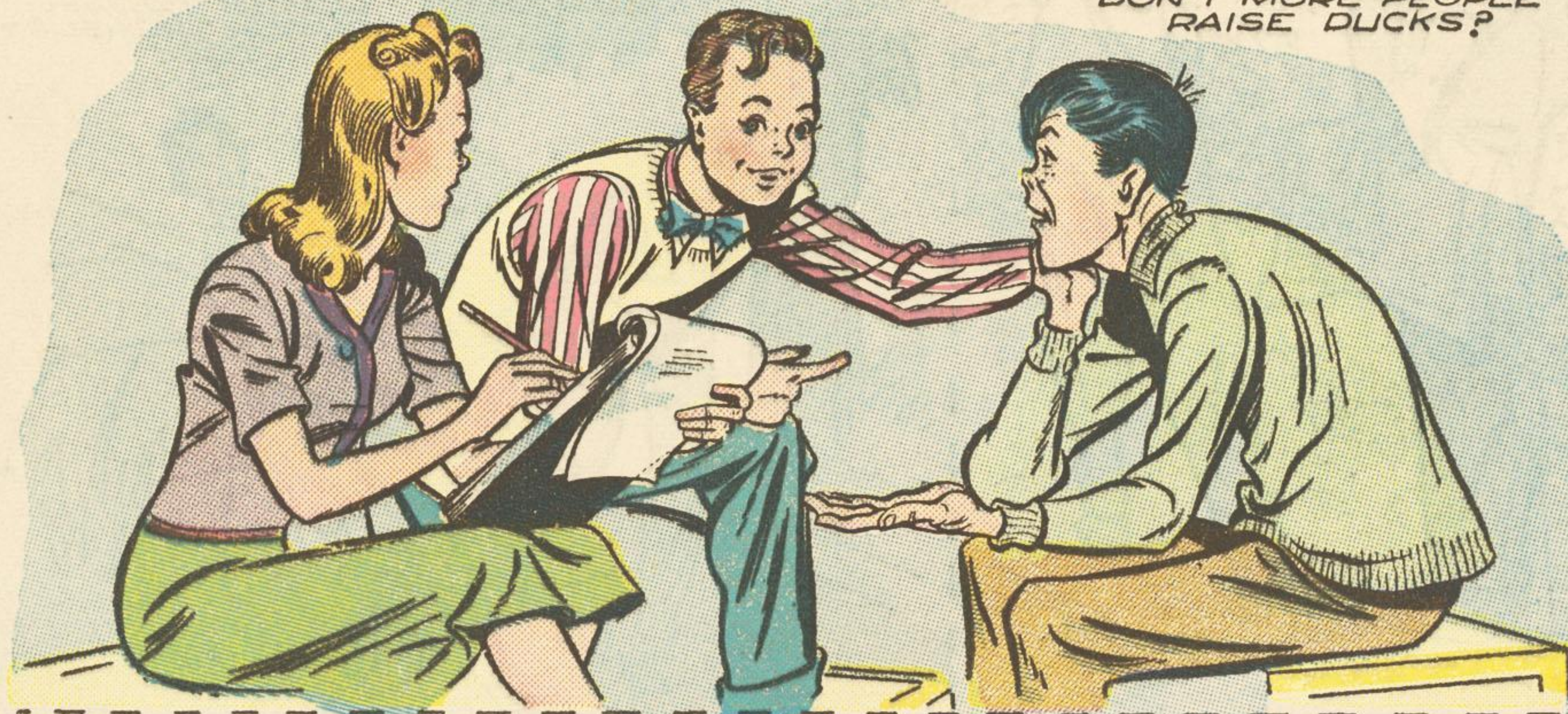
EVERYTHING'S GOING
TO BE ALL RIGHT,
MRS. SMITH---I HOPE!



500 DUCKS AT \$1.50 LESS \$30.10
LEAVES A PROFIT OF \$719.90!

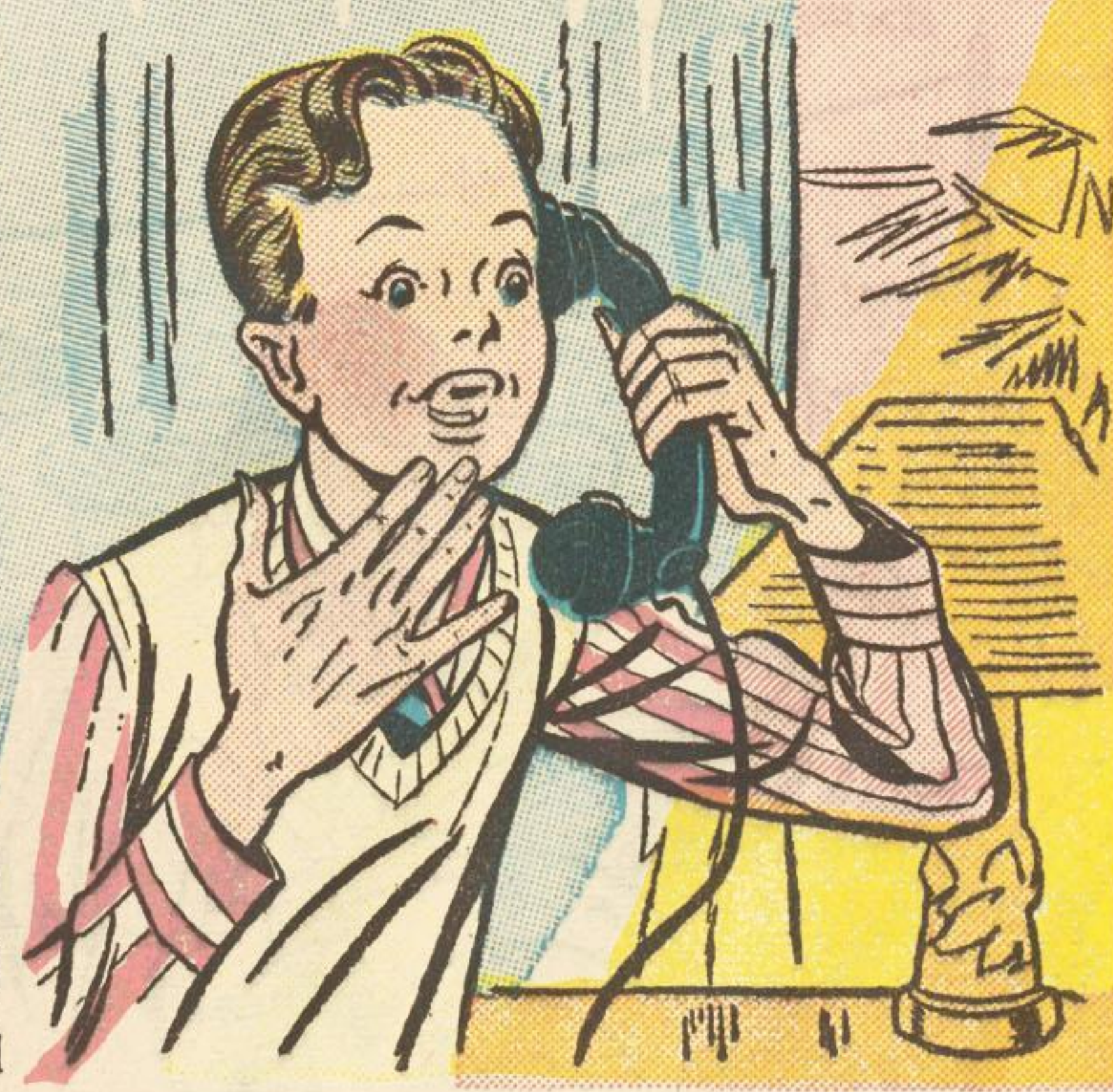
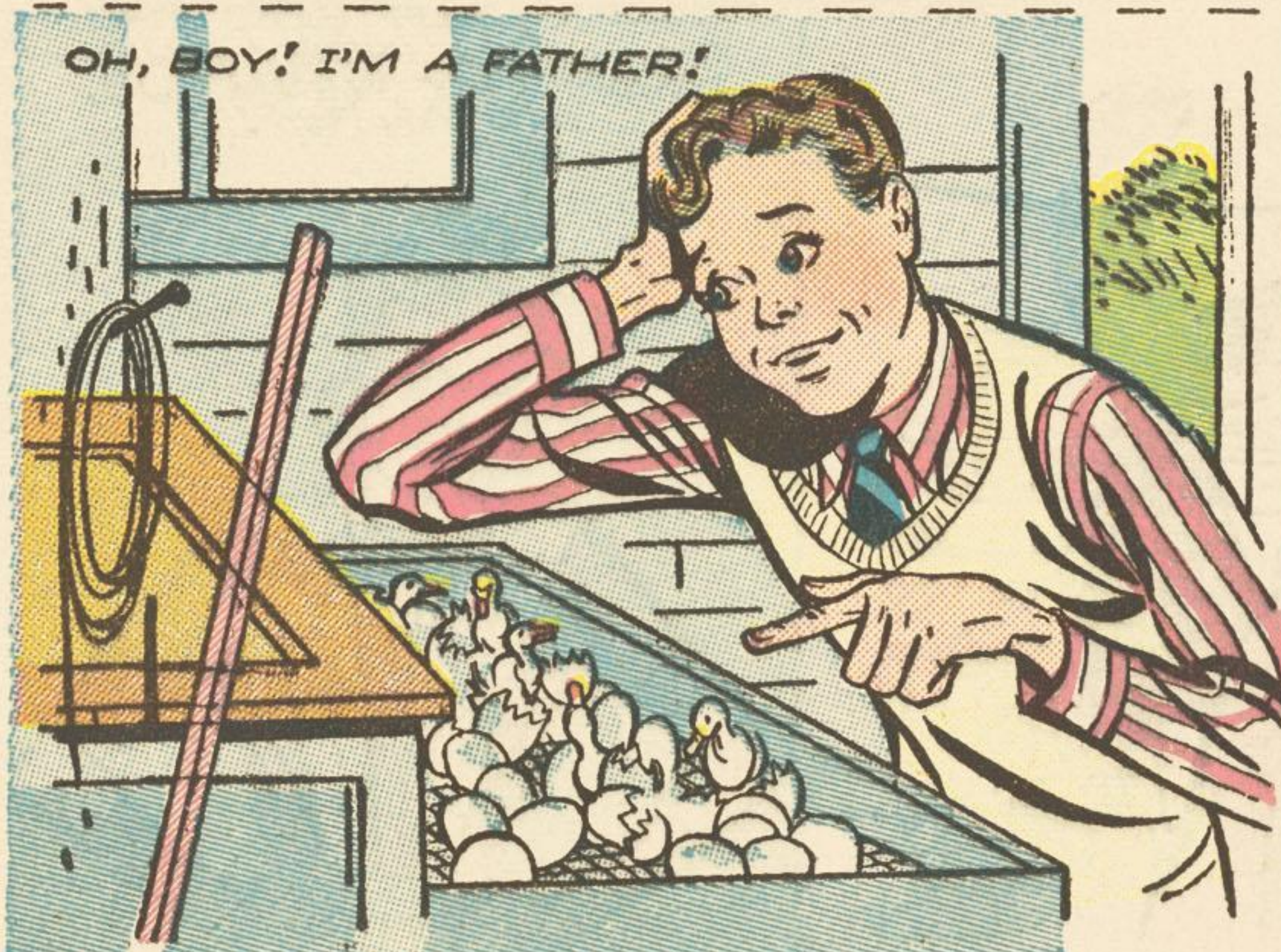
WE'RE
RICH!

IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM
RIGHT TO ME OR WHY
DON'T MORE PEOPLE
RAISE DUCKS?



IT TAKES 4 WEEKS FOR DUCK EGGS TO HATCH
AND SO EXACTLY 4 WEEKS LATER----

YOU'RE A MOTHER, JUDY!
QUINTUPLETS!



THE NEXT MORNING THE FIRST FIVE LITTLE DUCKS HAVE BEEN JOINED BY HUNDREDS OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS---

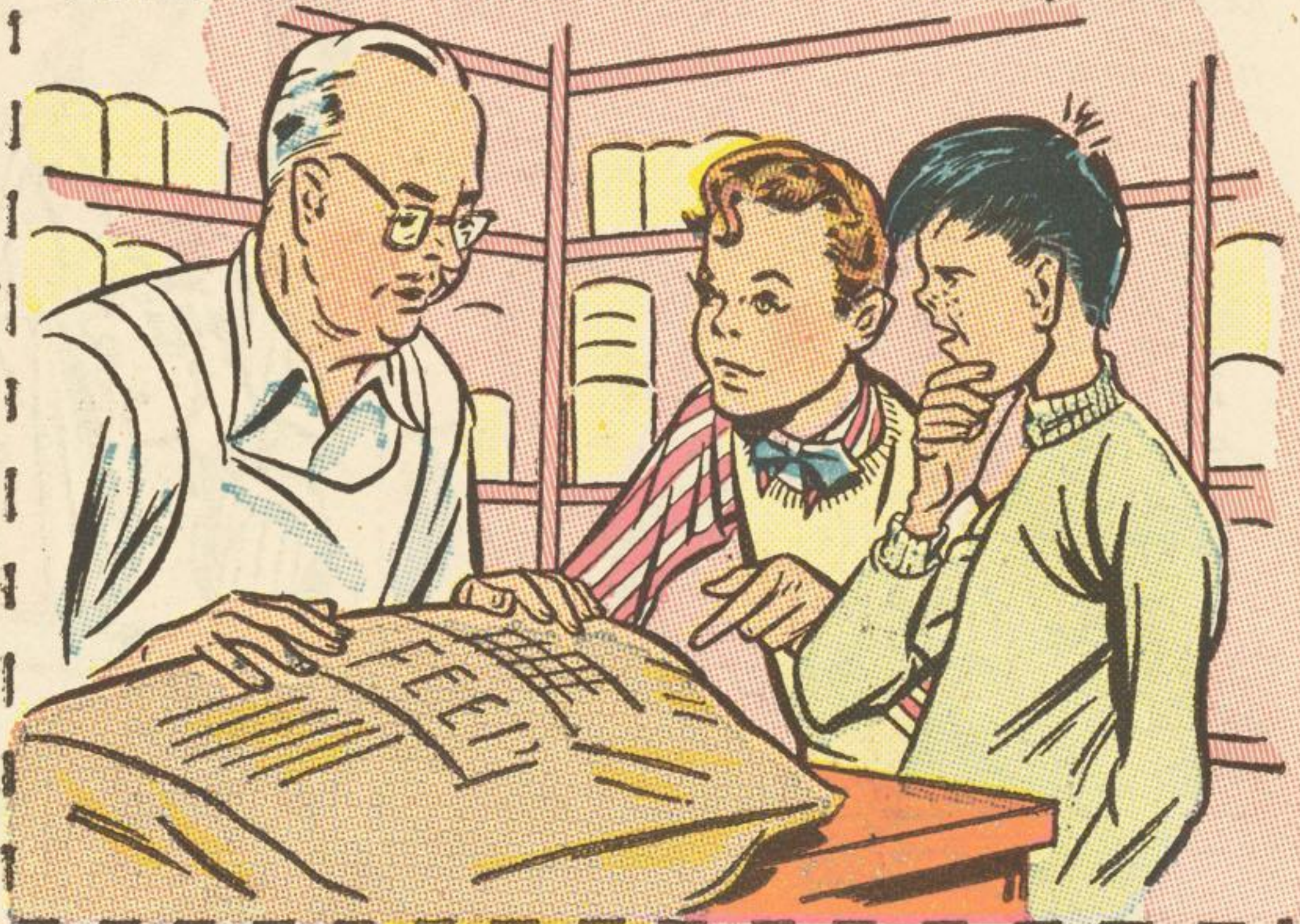
HAD YOU THOUGHT THAT THEY'VE GOT TO HAVE A PLACE TO EAT AND A PLACE TO SWIM?

GOSH! THERE GO SOME OF THE PROFITS!

THE DUCK'S FOOD QUESTION IS BEING SETTLED!

THAT'S \$3.20 FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS!

KINDA EXPENSIVE, ISN'T IT?



IT'S TOUGHER HELPING THE WAR EFFORT THAN I THOUGHT!

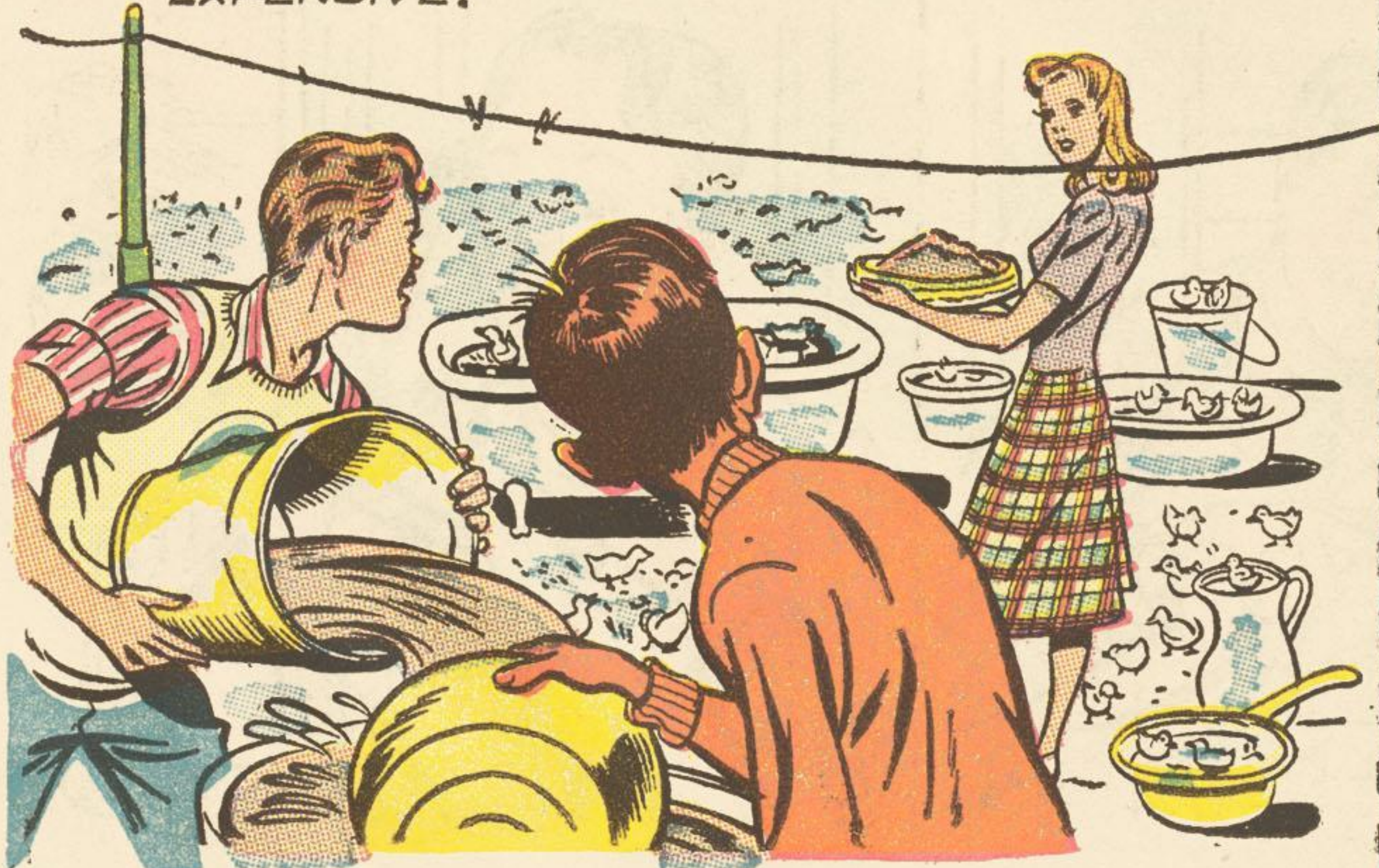
AT \$3.20 A BAG, THE FEED PROBLEM IS TOUGH ON OUR TREASURY TOO!



HEY, JUDY! GO EASY ON THAT STUFF--- IT'S EXPENSIVE!

DON'T GET LEAPY--- THE LITTLE DARLINGS!

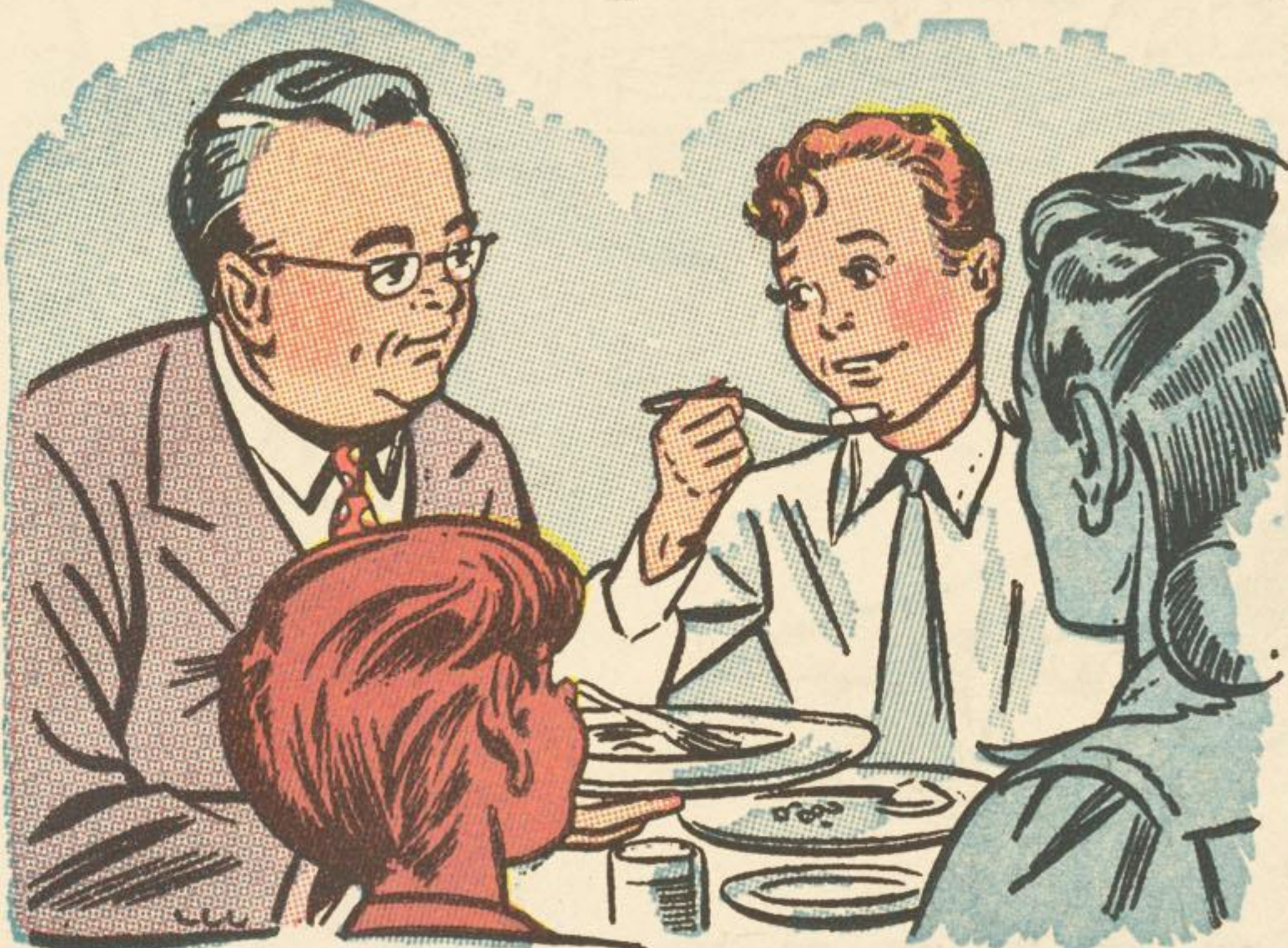
SWIMMING MAY BE ESSENTIAL FOR DUCKS, DANIEL, BUT SO'S THE FAMILY LAUNDRY AND I WANT MY WASH TUB, INSTANTLY!



AND THERE'D BETTER
BE NO MORE DUCK
TROUBLE, YOUNG MAN!

THERE WON'T
BE, FATHER!
I PROMISE!

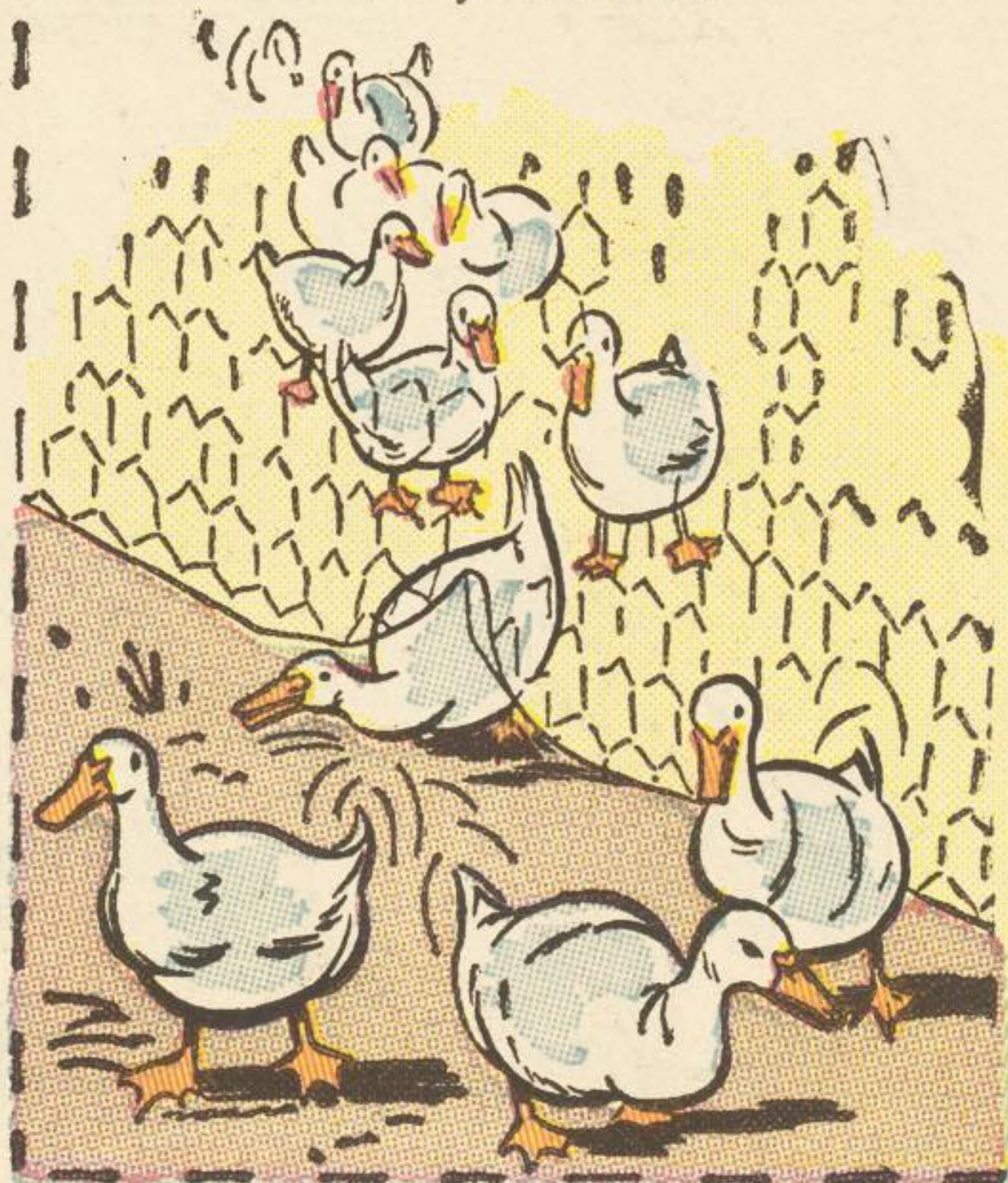
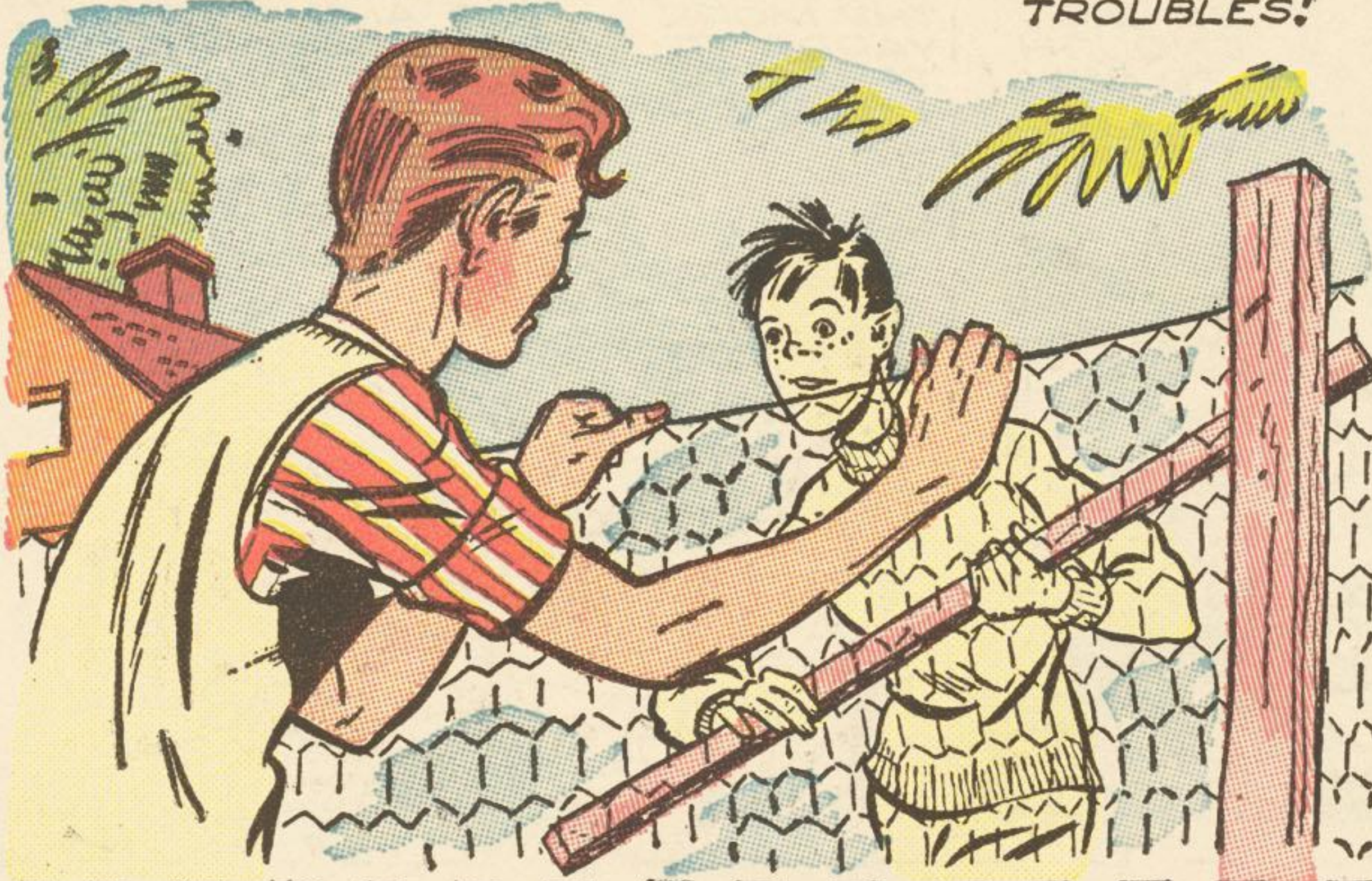
DANIEL! WHO LEFT THE KITCHEN
DOOR OPEN---



WE'VE SPENT \$86 FOR FEED
AND \$12 FOR CHICKEN WIRE
ALREADY!

THIS FENCE
ENDS OUR
MONEY
TROUBLES!

TROUBLES OVER, EH?
OH, YEAH!

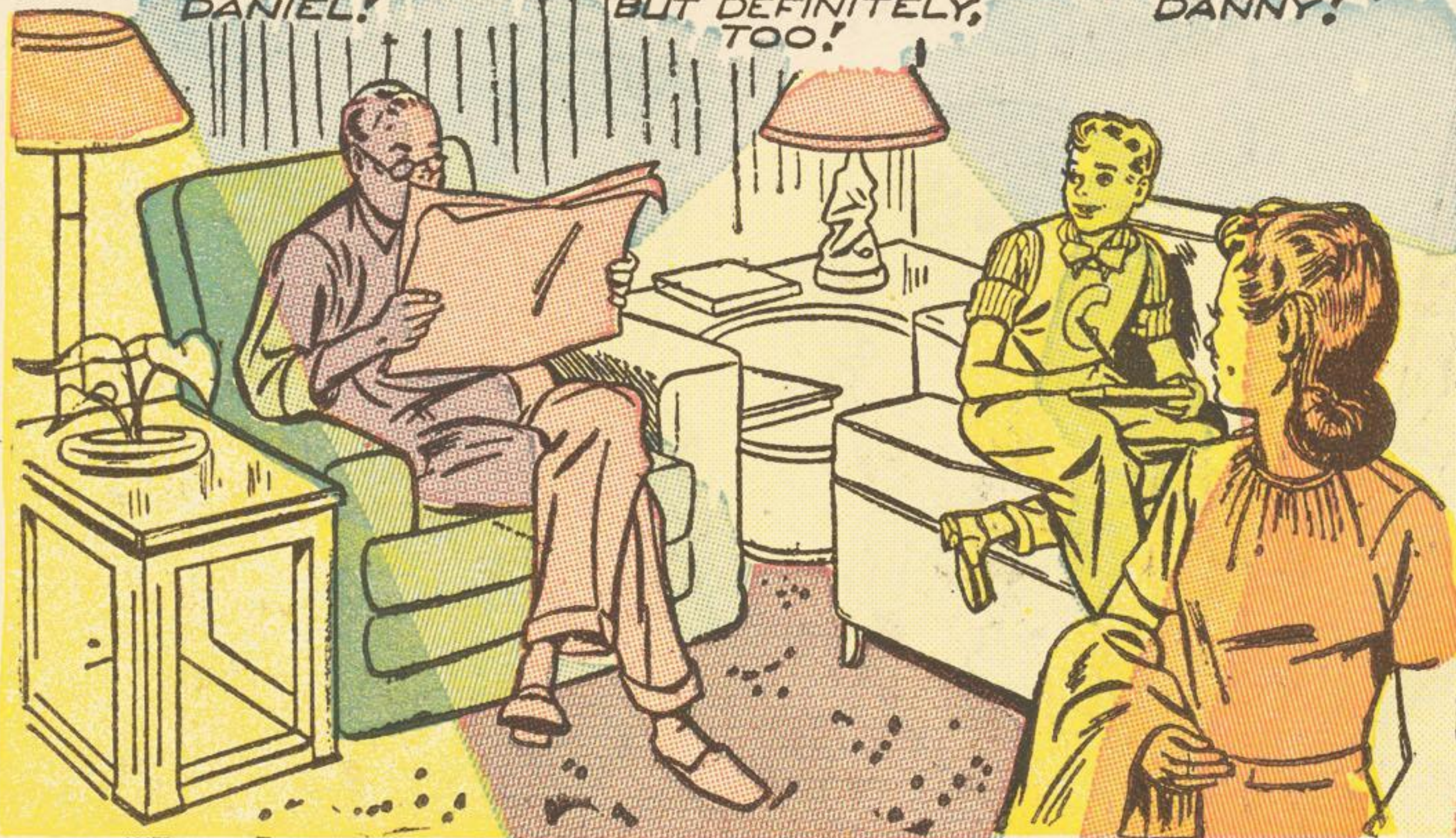


I TRUST THE DUCK
TROUBLE IS OVER,
DANIEL!

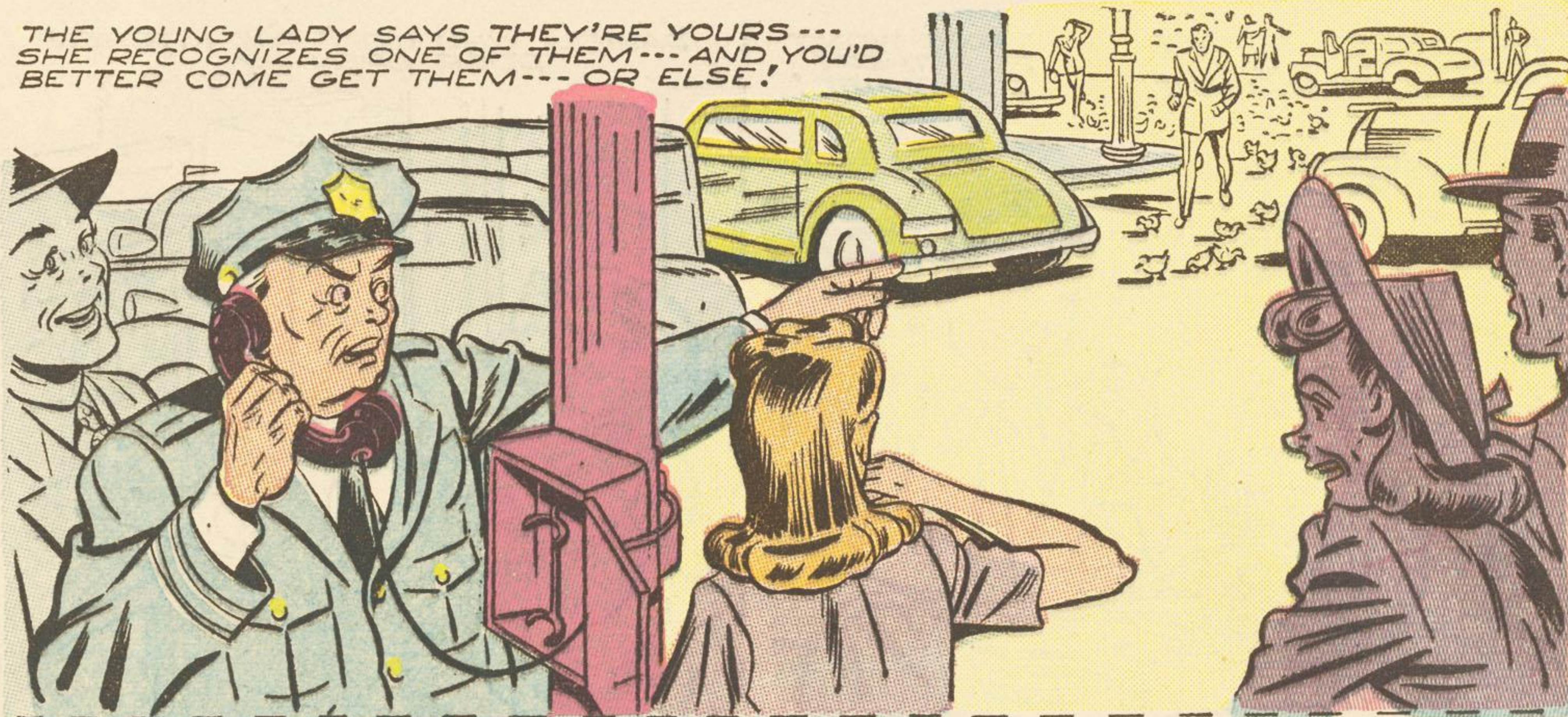
BUT CERTAINLY,
FATHER, AND
BUT DEFINITELY,
TOO!

ANSWER
THE PHONE,
DANNY!

AWK!



THE YOUNG LADY SAYS THEY'RE YOURS --- SHE RECOGNIZES ONE OF THEM --- AND YOU'D BETTER COME GET THEM --- OR ELSE!



I DON'T THINK I CAN LOOK ANOTHER DUCK IN THE FACE!

I DON'T LIKE 'EM FROM THIS VIEW-POINT EITHER!

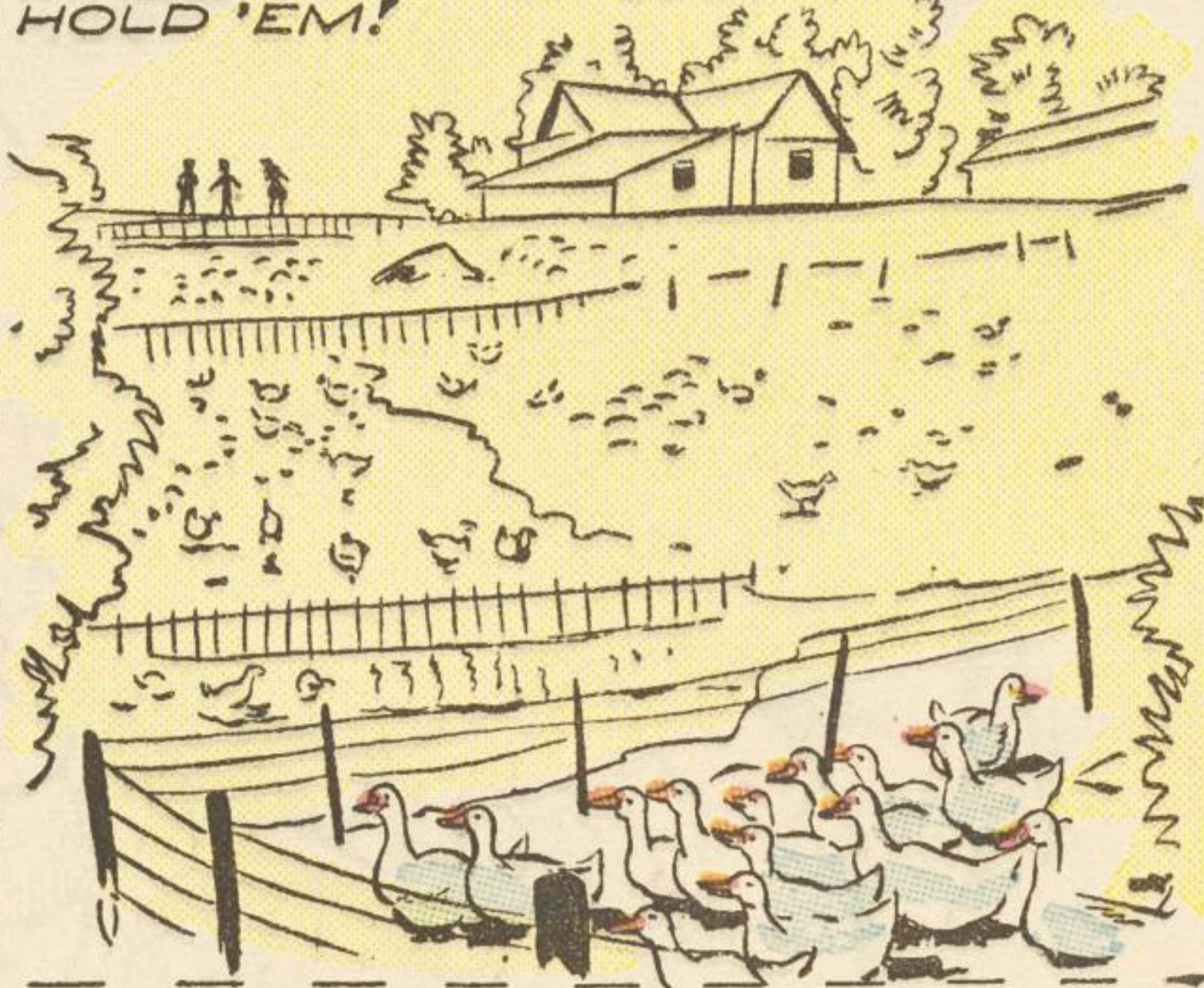
BUT WAIT! IN FOUR MONTHS THEY'LL BE BIG ENOUGH TO SELL!

FOUR MONTHS LATER ---

THE BIGGER THEY GET, THE MORE YARDS IT TAKES TO HOLD 'EM!

AND THE MORE THEY EAT AND THE MORE IT COSTS!

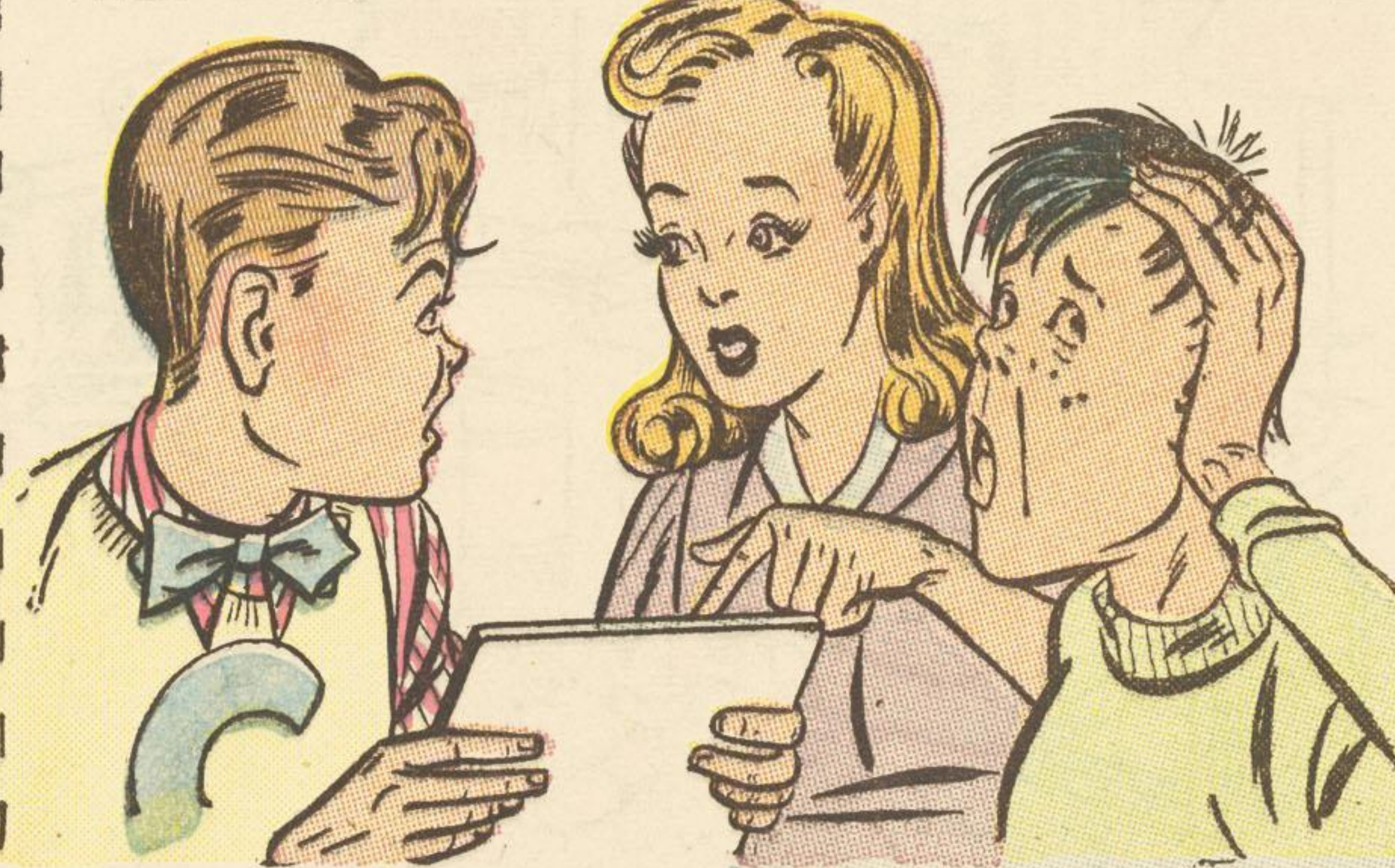
LET'S FIGURE IT OUT!



\$1.40 PROFIT! BY TOMORROW, WE WON'T HAVE THAT MUCH THE WAY THEY EAT!

WE GOTTA SELL QUICK!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!



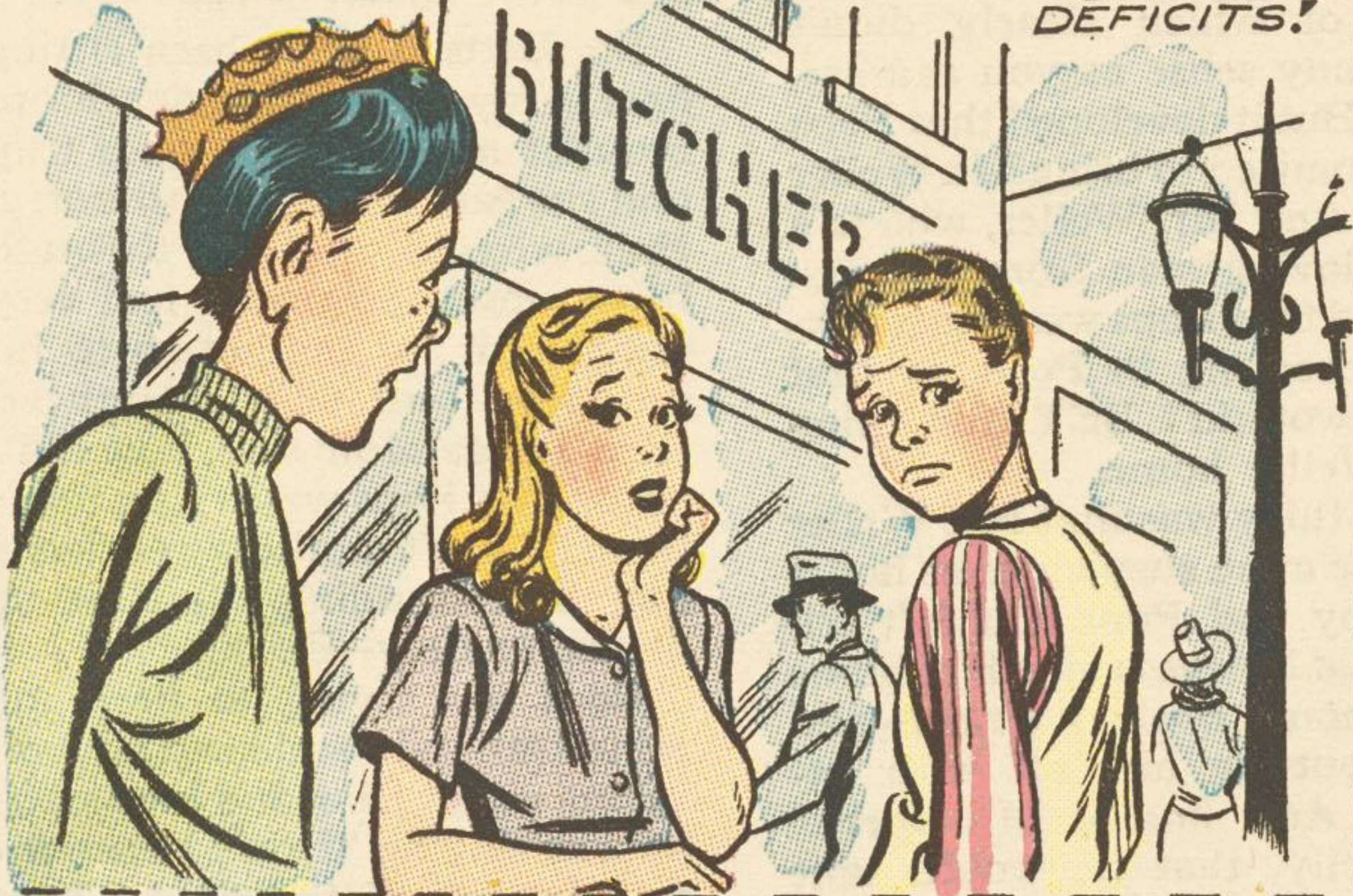
\$1.25 HE OFFERS,
\$1.25 WE'RE
RUINED!

WE'VE GOT
TO GET AT
LEAST \$1.50

WELL, LET'S
GO TAKE A
LOOK AT OUR
LITTLE
DEFICITS!

MEANWHILE---
SO YOU OFFER 'EM
\$1.75 AND I'LL
PAY THE DIFFER-
ENCE, ED!

YOU
ALWAYS
WERE A
SOFTY,
WILMOT!



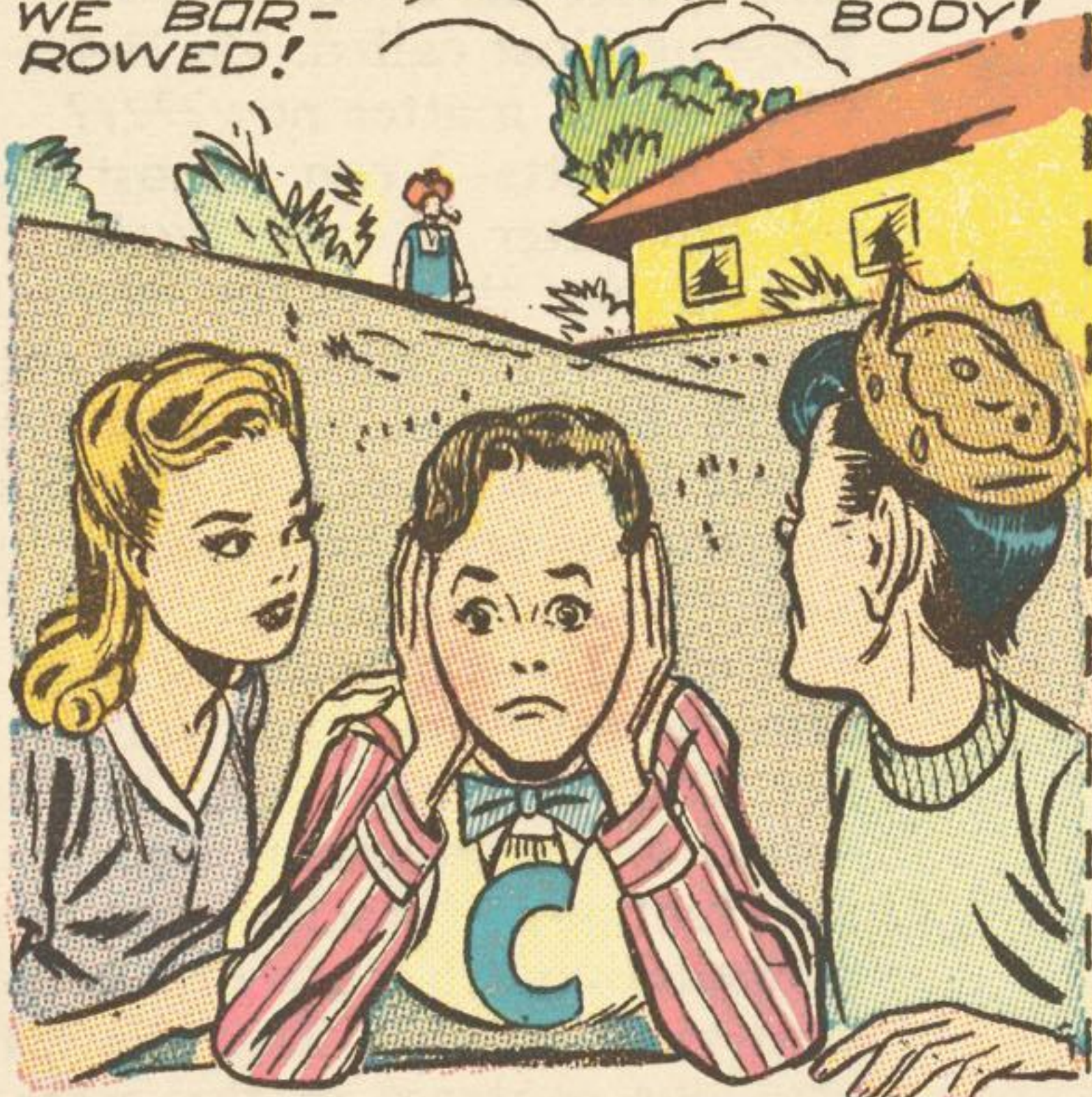
WE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
PAY BACK
THE MONEY
WE BOR-
ROWED!

CAN
WE GO
TO
JAIL?

HEY!
HERE
COMES
SOME-
BODY!

\$874, \$875! I'LL
COME FOR THEM
DUCKS TOMOR-
ROW!

\$81.80 PROFIT!
YIPES, JEEPERS,
AND OH, BOY!

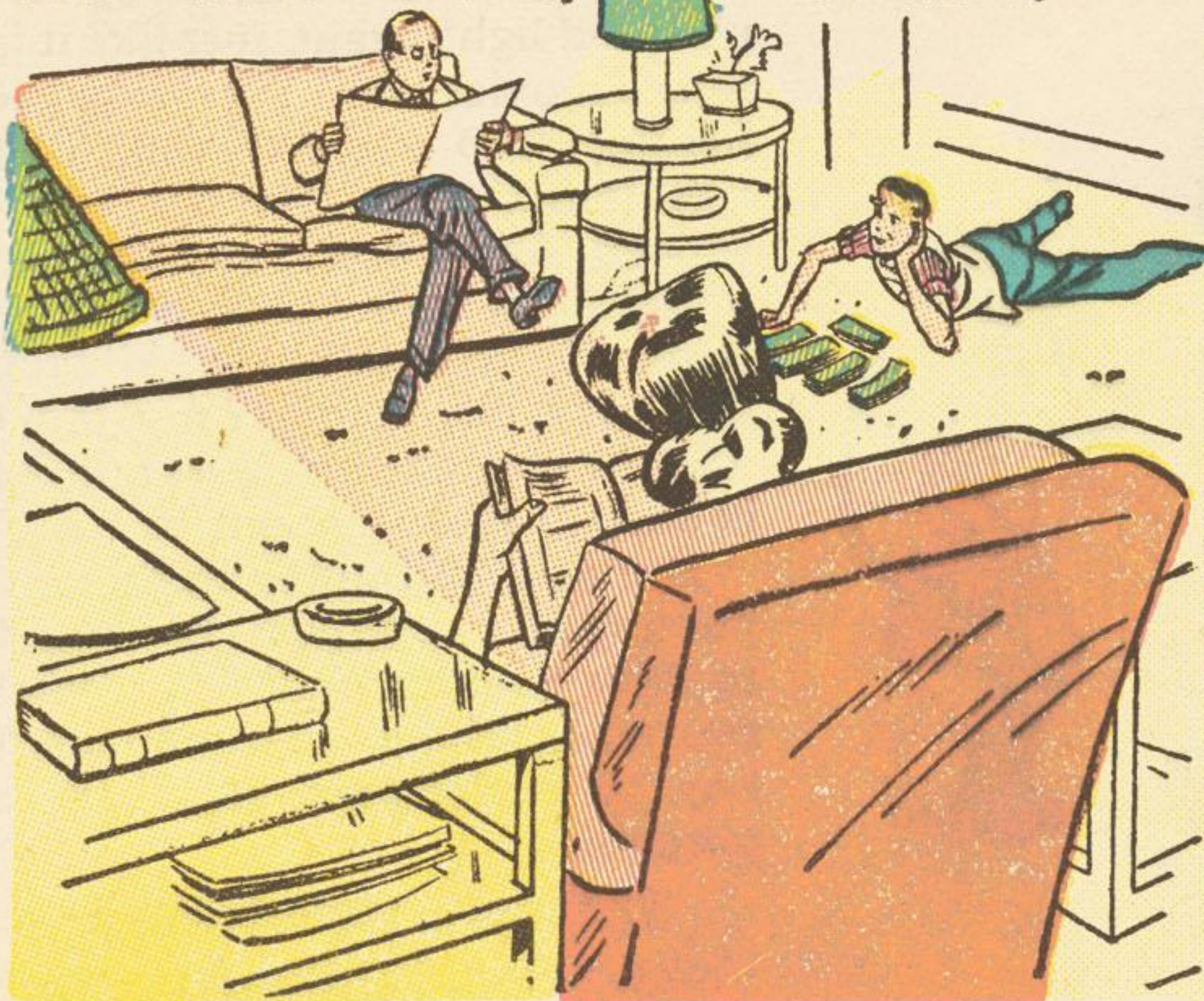


AND WHAT ARE YOU
KIDS GOING TO DO
WITH THE PROFITS?

WE'RE HOLDING
A MEETING TO
DECIDE!

THREE BONDS
AND THE REST
IN WAR STAMPS,
PLEASE!

NOW YOU'RE REALLY
DOING SOMETHING
FOR THE WAR EFFORT,
DANNY!



DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 35

Please look up and say 'hello'."

And Betts, Bing heard me, and he turned around and eyed all of the bus windows, and then he saw me. And he actually smiled.

Would you believe it, Betts, he tipped his hat and said "Howdy."

I absolutely know that no one will believe it happened but it did. The traffic started moving. The bus being on the outside line and Bing in the middle line, and for almost a block we rode side by side. And just as Bing's big roadster was about to shoot ahead, he started to hum.

"Oh, Bing—please sing," I called. We were moving so slowly, that I could hear him and he could hear me. And Betts, what do you know, he was still singing, when my bus pulled up to a curb to take on a passenger. By the time the bus had started—Bing's car was only a tiny speck in the distance.

Naturally, Betts, you can understand just how I felt. I had to dash home and call up Sally and Lizbeth and Walter and Rusty—and tell them the news.

Well, I may have been an hour or so on the telephone. Talking about Bing Crosby takes time. In the middle of my fifteenth call, who rushes in, but Pops. And is he furious! But perfectly furious. He grabbed the telephone out of my hand—just like I was a criminal.

"Do you realize, Victoria Allen Dunford, that you have probably just cost me a \$2,500 business deal? That you have been costing me endless business deals for years and years with your confounded foolishness on the telephone. Why can't I even get my own home on my own telephone? Answer me that! Because you and all of that bobbie-socks fan-fainting, movie-struck bunch of kids you run around with, keep the wires tied up for hours and hours and hours!"

Pops was roaring and Mom came running in. "Why, Mr. Dunford—what on earth?????"

Pops said, "What I have to discuss shouldn't be heard in a man's own house. I had that Weller account all sewed up—and ready to

sign—and I couldn't get any cooperation from my own home."

All of which clearly didn't make any sense as you can see, Betts. But it developed that Pops had promised to bring Mr. Weller home. And Mr. Weller, who is a home-loving man from Chicago decided that Pops was either faking, according to Pops, or that Mom wouldn't LET him bring Mr. Weller home.

The thing was that Mr. Weller became more suspicious as hours went by and Pops couldn't tell him that he was taking him home to a home cooked dinner—and kept putting him off with excuses. And finally Mr. Weller said icily, that he would take himself out to dinner at a restaurant. He wasn't the understanding kind at all. So Pops was furious!

"I'd pictured a nice dinner at home to Mr. Weller—and I couldn't even get your mother on the telephone to tell her about it so she could do the marketing and get some food in," Pops roared.

"Vicky you had better go to

your room," Mom said diplomatically.

"And never use the 'phone in this house again," Pops fired.

So, Betts, I have been sitting here in my room ever since. Mom brought my dinner in on a tray and she said for me not to worry, that when Pops got through being upset, he would feel very remorseful for talking so to his innocent and only daughter. After all, as Mom said, how did I know that Pops was trying to get home? Aren't mothers wonderful and understanding in a close-up of real anxiety—Betts?

So I am trying to keep my mind tranquil—and keep remembering about Bing and how sweet he was singing "Don't Fence Me In"—but all of the time I keep thinking about Pops. And I am so awfully sorry that I caused him to lose his deal. 'Scuse me—Pops has just called. Oh Betts—what is the matter now?????

Dear Betts—I can almost begin my letter all over again. It just shows that virtue always wins out. Pops called me out and Betts, he was so cute and shy about it—. Almost like Frankie Sinatra—hanging his head, for he said, "Vicky can you please forgive me? I was over-hasty in addressing my remarks to you earlier this evening. Mr. Weller called a few moments ago and said that he had rescinded on any cancellation. That our firm is too important to him. That he will sign our contract in the morning!"

So Betts, the world is sweetness and light again, just like it is in the movies. And I feel like the heroine who has suffered. Just like Bette Davis—when she is misjudged. And Pops is so ashamed—that he is trying to make it up to me. He went out in the kitchen and cut a big chunk of my Janet Martin chocolate cake—and he is simply raving about it.

But as I said in the beginning, parents are a problem. We ought to have training courses—special courses in school—so we can learn how to understand and handle parents.

With love, your devoted
Vicky. (Victoria Allen Dunford.)



It Pays to Advertise—

Being young is the nicest thing in the world; unhappily, it can also be the most miserable. It's up to you . . .

by Tina Travers

IN a nice way, of course. You've been hanging around on the outside edge of the fun and frolic, and you want to be in with the gang.

You want the girls to love you, and the boys to like you, so you'll have oodles of girl-friends and stacks of boy-dates. Good for you! That's a normal want for a teenage girl. But it's once in a hundred times that a customer asks for something that's hidden way back on the shelf.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Come out, and show what a honey you can be. But first you've got to believe you're a bargain for any boy's date. Popularity is a by-product of self-esteem. Not cockiness. Not vanity. But self-esteem is just the right ingredient to start things bubbling in your personality retort.

Now! You're beginning on a campaign to sell yourself. You're young. You're smart and sweet and nice. But how do you look?

Try a bit of slicking up. Hair, skin, teeth, nails, figure, clothes. Brush your hair till every strand is electric with life. Skin *clean*. (The question of make-up is your mother's advice, not mine.) Teeth gleaming, and eschew even one cigarette if you want them white. Nails cleaner even than skin. (Enamel? That's up to you.) Figure? Stand tall, and banana splits are out! Clothes? Brush 'em and press 'em, wash and iron 'em. Wear 'em out with care, and you'll look smooth when they're "rags, my dear, simply rags."

Now you look like a not-too-cool million, so what?

So go where the gang is. Stick around and smile. Show me the boy who won't fall for a pretty girl's smile. When you've worked up a speaking acquaintance with a few of the kids, invite them over to your house, and show them a time. I don't have to tell you what to do there. You know. Roll back the rugs, turn on the radio, Be nicer to the girls

than to the boys. They can make you or break you. Treat 'em swell.

Now you're on your way. What next?

Be generous with your boy-friends. Double-date with some nice girl who hasn't got your nerve. Give her a hand up, and the boys will vote you grand.

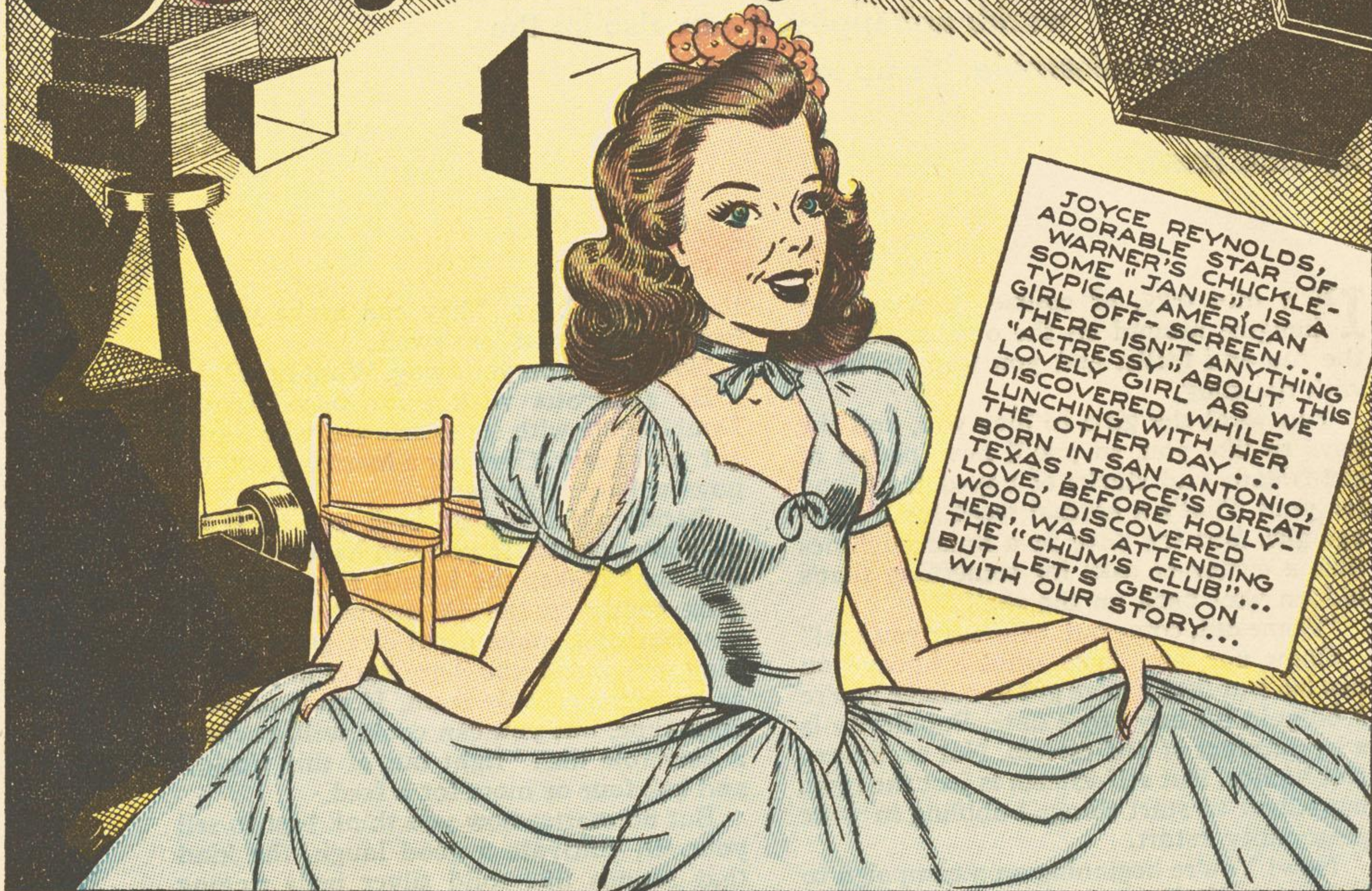
Decide what you do best, and do it for all you're worth. If you can handle a swan dive that makes the breath stop, lead the gang gently to the ole swimmin' hole. If you can sing, make a pal of a gal who can play piano, and you'll go places in your set as an indispensable team. If glamour isn't your type, but you can cook, well, prepare a casserole dish "right out of this world," and ask four or more for a feed.

But no matter how you think best to sell yourself, cultivate a good laugh, the kind that sounds like solid silver bells ringing right out of your heart. And learn to turn that laugh on yourself. If the joke's on you,

(Continued on page 63)



Joyce Reynolds



JOYCE REYNOLDS, ADORABLE STAR OF WARNER'S CHUCKLE-SOME "JANIE" IS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL OFF-SCREEN... THERE ISN'T ANYTHING "ACTRESSY" ABOUT THIS LOVELY GIRL AS WE DISCOVERED WHILE LUNCHING WITH HER THE OTHER DAY... BORN IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, JOYCE'S GREAT LOVE, BEFORE'S HOLLYWOOD, WAS DISCOVERED HER, WAS ATTENDING THE "CHUM'S CLUB"... BUT LET'S GET ON WITH OUR STORY...

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS--- WE'LL TALK ABOUT CLOTHES AND BOYS AND THINGS **AFTER** THE MEETING---

GOSH! I'VE GOT THE SLICKEST FORMAL---

QUIET, GRACIE!



JOYCE REYNOLDS CALLS THE "CHUM'S CLUB" MEETING TO ORDER---

ADMISSION TO THE DANCE WILL BE BY **WAR SAVINGS STAMPS** ONLY! WE'LL SAVE MONEY FOR THE POOR CHILDREN! MRS. BURTON AND LARKIN WILL ACT AS CHAPERONS!



★ ★ ★ Miss America

THE
NIGHT
OF
THE
DANCE!



IF YOU'LL STAND
STILL A MINUTE,
DEAR, I'LL HELP
YOU---



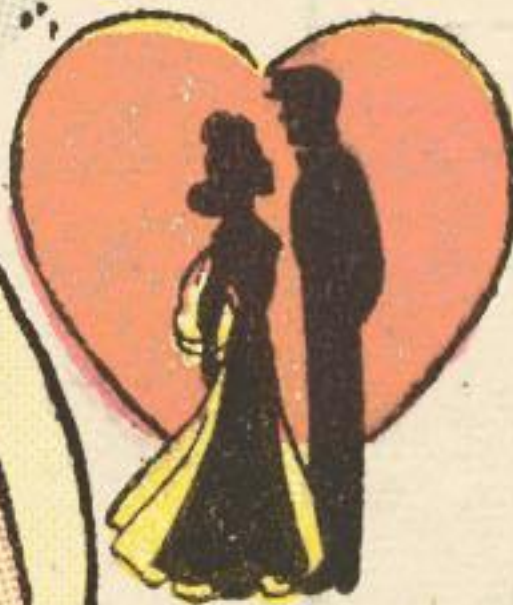
OH, MOTHER! I'M SO EXCITED!
I HOPE THE DANCE IS A
SUCCESS! GOLLY, THINK
OF THE GOOD OUR
"CHUM'S CLUB" CAN DO!



BILL SHOULD
BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!



MINUTES
LATER---



GOODNIGHT,
MOTHER! OH,
HOW DO I
LOOK?



WONDERFUL! GOOD-
NIGHT, CHILDREN!
HAVE A GOOD TIME!



AT THE
DANCE,
A GOOD
TIME IS
BEING
HAD BY
ALL!



COME ON, BILL--- DON'T
BE A HOARDER!



SORRY, CHUM--- JOYCE
ISN'T LEND-LEASE!

JOYCE IS PRETTY
ENOUGH TO BE
IN PICTURES!

SHE'S
STUDYING
DRAMATICS,
YOU KNOW!
SHE HAS
GREAT
TALENT!



TIME PASSES AND WE FIND JOYCE AND HER MOTHER, WONDERFUL COMPANIONS, IN A LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT STORE--- THE LOVELY GIRL IS NOW A FRESHMAN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA!

YES, IT'S A PRETTY SUIT, DEAR, BUT YOU MUST DECIDE IF YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF!

I'M SO LUCKY--- BECAUSE YOU LET ME SELECT MY OWN CLOTHES! LUCKY BECAUSE YOU LET ME STUDY DANCING AND DRAMATICS-- AND--- WELL, JUST LUCKY HAVING YOU FOR A MOTHER!



GOSH, MOTHER, I'M SO EXCITED ABOUT PLAYING "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT U.C.L.A.!



AFTER THE PLAY--- JOYCE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HER DRESSING ROOM WHEN---

THERE'S A MAN WAITING TO SEE YOU, JOYCE! I HEAR HE'S A TALENT SCOUT! GOSH!

A TALENT SCOUT TO SEE ME? BUT IT CAN'T BE---



AND THEN---

I'M A WARNER BROTHERS TALENT SCOUT, MISS REYNOLDS! U.C.L.A. INVITED ME TO THE SHOW! YOU WERE GREAT! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN A PICTURE?

ME? IN PICTURES? WHY--- I'D LOVE IT--- BUT--- BUT---



NO BUTS ABOUT IT, MISS REYNOLDS! YOU'VE GOT TALENT---A FRESH, WHOLE-SOME BEAUTY! JUST WHAT THE MOVIES NEED THESE DAYS!

THANK YOU! I DO HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!



TWO DAYS AFTER SIGNING A WARNER CONTRACT, JOYCE WAS ON THE LOT, RUSHING TO TAKE ANOTHER SCREEN TEST WHEN DIRECTOR MICHAEL CURTIZ STOPPED HER---

I'VE GOT A PART FOR YOU IN "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY," STARRING JAMES CAGNEY----

ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?



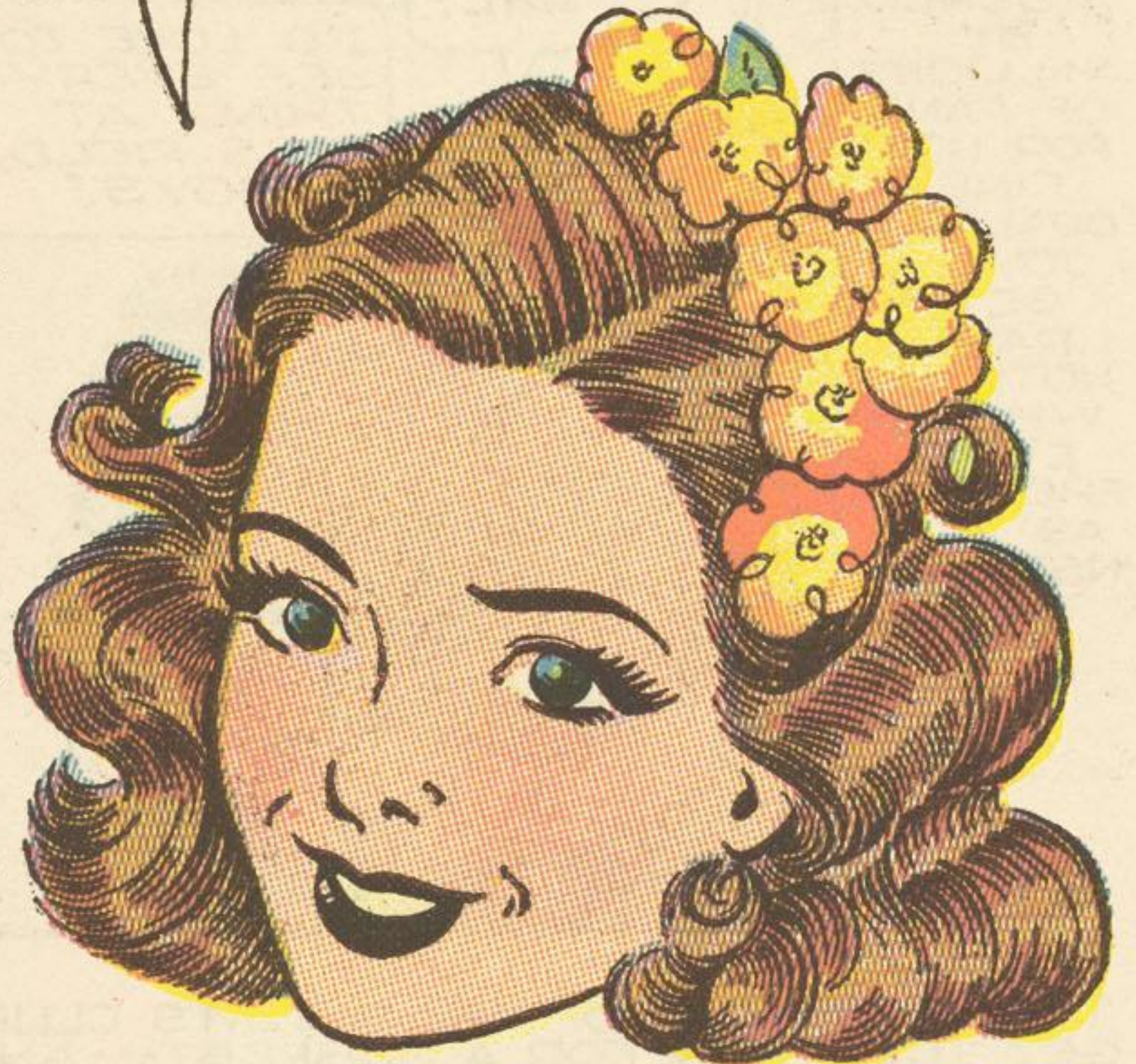
JOYCE, WHO HADN'T CHANGED, EXCEPT TO GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL, CONTINUED TO LIVE NORMALLY, MODESTLY! BETWEEN PICTURES YOU'D FIND HER---



GOSH! FUDGE! HOW I LOVE IT! WISH MY GIRL FRIENDS IN THE OLD "CHUM'S CLUB" COULD BE WITH US!

BET YOU MISS SAN ANTONIO, JOYCE! THINK YOU'LL EVER GO BACK TO SEE THE OLD GANG AGAIN?

WILL I? YOU BET I WILL! MOTHER AND I ARE GOING BACK FOR A VISIT NEXT MONTH!



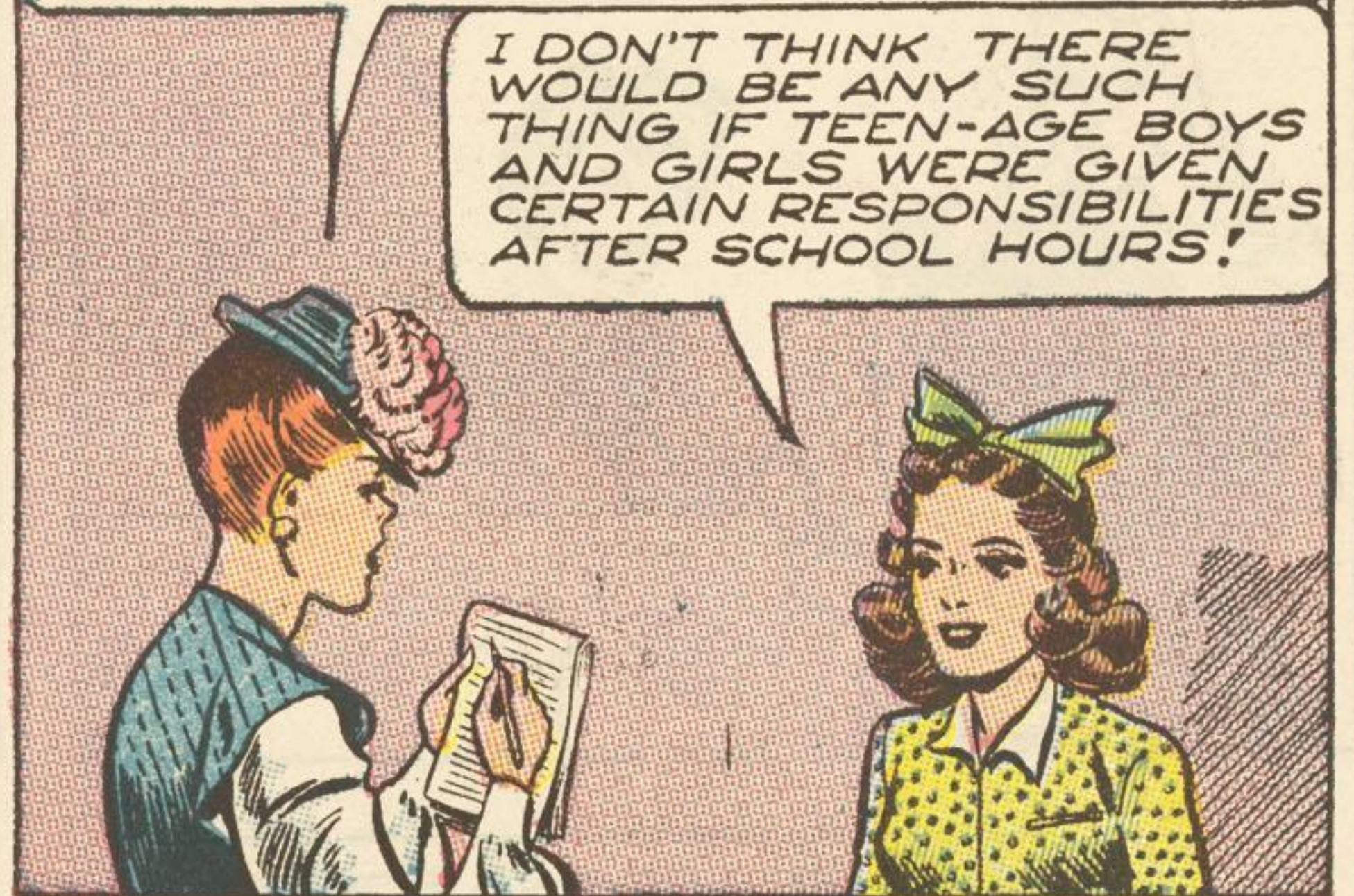
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE CHANGED SINCE YOU LEFT TEXAS?



OF COURSE I HAVEN'T CHANGED---EXCEPT TO GROW OLDER! I COULD NEVER FORGET MY FRIENDS!

IT WAS AFTER THE COMPLETION OF "JANIE" THAT JOYCE WAS INTERVIEWED FOR MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE----

YOU'RE A SENSIBLE GIRL, JOYCE! TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY TALK!



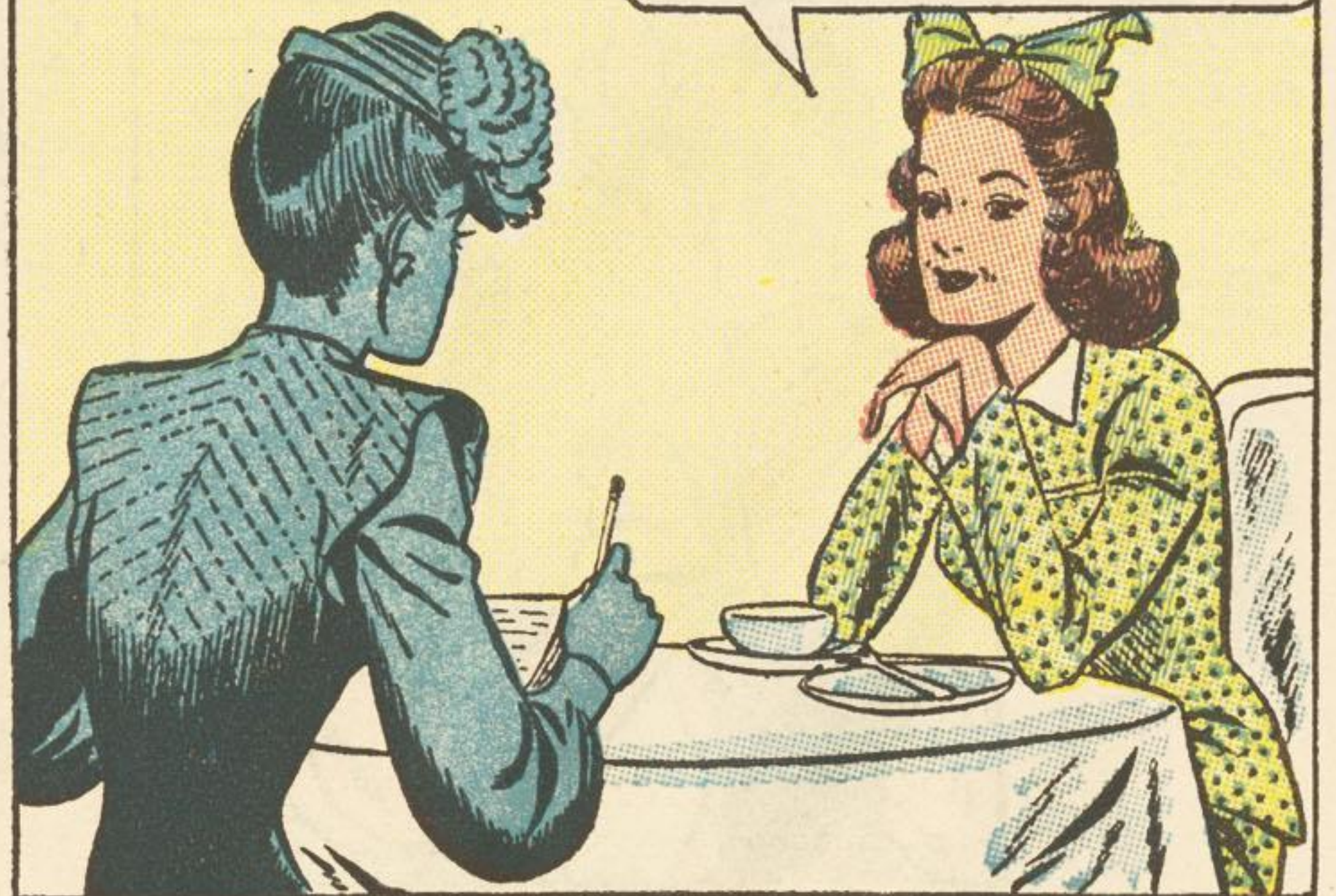
I DON'T THINK THERE WOULD BE ANY SUCH THING IF TEEN-AGE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE GIVEN CERTAIN RESPONSIBILITIES AFTER SCHOOL HOURS!

PARENTS SHOULD ENCOURAGE THEIR CHILDREN'S AMBITIONS, SEE THAT THEY LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY AND ENCOURAGE THEM TO DO WORTHWHILE THINGS LIKE---WELL, OUR "CHUM'S CLUB---



YOU ARE A BUSY YOUNG LADY! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

BUDGET MY TIME--- I FOUND THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN MANAGE, REALLY--- MAKES THINGS SIMPLER AND YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH MORE!



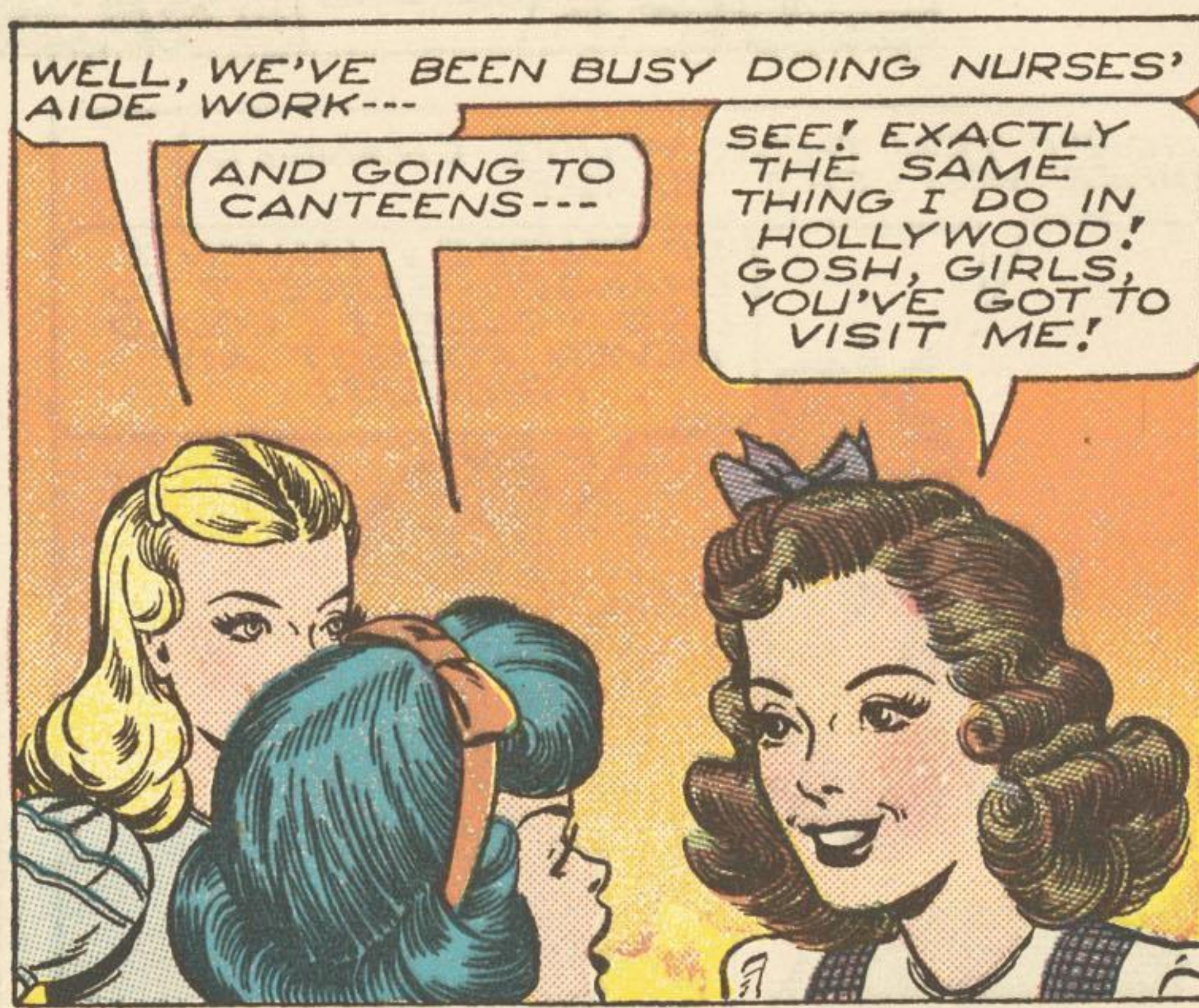
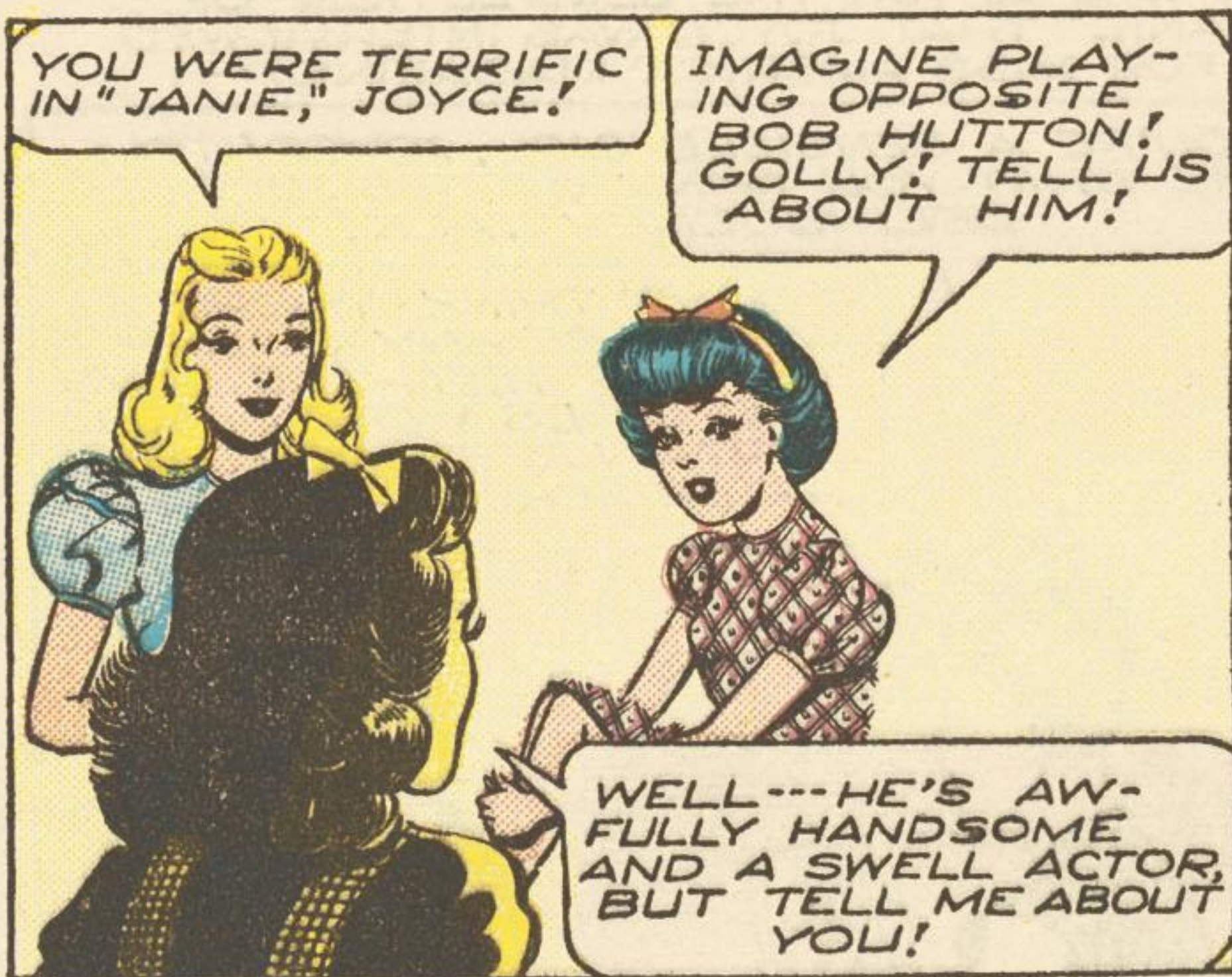
ADORED BY MILLIONS OF FANS FOR HER FINE QUALITIES, JOYCE GETS RAVE NOTICES WHEREVER SHE GOES, AS FOR INSTANCE---



AFTER AN EXCITING TRIP TO NEW YORK, JOYCE UNSPOILED AS EVER, RETURNS TO VISIT HER HOMETOWN, SAN ANTONIO! A WILDLY CHEERING CROWD GREET'S HER!



THE MEMBERS OF THE "CHUM'S CLUB" GET TOGETHER FOR A GABFEST---AND FUDGE---



--- AND THAT'S THE STORY JOYCE REYNOLDS TOLD YOUR REPORTER--- IT'S A TRUE STORY, A SWEET STORY--- SUCCESS HASN'T GONE TO THIS YOUNG STAR'S HEAD---



JOYCE'S GREATEST JOY IS SIGNING THE COUNTLESS AUTOGRAPHS FOR BOYS OF THE ARMED FORCES, ANSWERING THEIR NICE LETTERS!



SILENT TRIBUTE

From page 27

For miles the huge black horse raced on, not heeding the late hour. Jerry didn't notice it until hours later, for here was peace and joy—here she could be closer to her father.

After a while she brought Danger to a halt at the edge of a cliff, and under the shade and long shadows of a group of pines she let the reins hang loosely on his back and her mind heard these words.

"Don't worry, Jerry. I'll come back, but if I don't—then you must be a brave girl and not cry. Remember to be what I've always thought you were, and though it may be hard, be brave and don't cry."

The mountains ahead whispered the words and the breeze carried it to Jerry's ears. It was her father's voice—speaking to her.

Hours later, under a starlit sky, when Jerry returned home she was amazed to hear "Anchors Aweigh" wafting from her room. Aunt Lille had gone across the ranch to a friend's for the night, and the cowboys weren't back from the range yet. That left only Betty in the house and surely she couldn't be playing "that silly, old song."

Jerry raced up the stairs, jerked open the door, and there, to her amazement, she found Betty sound asleep as the phonograph played "Anchors Aweigh."

Betty was suddenly awakened from her sleep by the spatter of cold water on her face. She put up her hands to ward it off, still half asleep, and felt a hand. Then she was fully awake, and the next instant Jerry was flying into the bathroom with a laughing Betty chasing after her.

"Tell me, Betty, why were you listening to 'Anchors Aweigh' when you told me you didn't like it?" Jerry asked, when the girls were settled in bed.

"You shouldn't ask me such personal questions." Betty fenced, smiling. "But, seriously, after you left I got to thinking and wondering and finally decided I had hurt you—deeply. I mean—"

"You didn't know, Betty. It was my fault, really," Jerry interrupted.

"Jerry, don't you remember how I complained about the little things—they seem little now—how I hated this wild country, and—oh, I did ever so many things to upset you. And then I said that the song you loved most was silly and you've been so kind—and—gosh, Jerry, after you left I put on your record of 'Anchors Aweigh' and I felt so sorry for acting so nasty."

Jerry listened silently, then she said, "Don't be sorry, Betty. You couldn't have known."

"Known what, Jerry?" the new Betty asked.

"That my father was killed when his ship was torpedoed."

"Oh, Jerry—"

"Oh, you didn't know he was in the Navy. I—I guess I well—I just couldn't tell you after you felt so badly about Tom being in the war. I invited you here because I thought I could help you, that we could be friends."

"We will be friends, Jerry. And I've learned to love this 'wild



"I wish you 4-F's would stay on the beach!"

country', as I called it. But tell me about your father—"

"After I'd invited you Thursday, I found a cablegram at home—about my father."

"And you still let me come?"

"Yes."

"But why, Jerry, why?"

"Dad said to be brave if he didn't come back, and that was my first step in being brave."

"Gosh, if it had been me—" Betty faltered. "That reminds me—I'll be a good girl if I can and not fret because my brother—" again Betty's voice faltered and she cried, her arms around Jerry. "Oh, Jerry, how could you keep it a secret and not cry?"

In the dark, Jerry's hand found Betty's and, giving it a gentle squeeze she said, "You know, Betts, I've got a mighty big feeling you and I are going to hit it off fine out here, in this 'wild country'."

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS...

From page 33

colorists of his period. Among his outstanding works was "Embarkation for Cythera" which was painted in 1717. Others were: "The Return From The Chase," "The Music Party," "Harlequin and Columbine." His works are to be found in art museums all over the world. In his lifetime, however, Watteau knew more than his share of poverty and suffering.

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark 60%. Good, 80%. Higher, excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

1. What was one of Watteau's particular talents?
2. What is the capital of Turkey?
3. Write a sentence with exaggerated phraseology and then improve it.
4. What was Mendelssohn's most famous work?
5. How tall was Lincoln?
6. What's the capital of Ireland?
7. What great institutions did Mendelssohn found?
8. What modern day statesman is a master of understatement?
9. In what state was Lincoln born?
10. Who influenced Watteau's work?

MAY MANIKINS...



No. 1181
Sizes 10-16
Price 15¢

No. 1064
Sizes 10-16
Price 15¢

No. 4946
Sizes 10-16
Price 15¢

For your pattern, send your size, and pattern number with the exact price to:

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, Empire State Building,
Room 1407, Dept. P-D, New York 1, N. Y.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS...

Here we are again in our own little chatty, friendly corner where we all get together each month and exchange helpful hints and suggestions, not forgetting that there's \$1.00 for every letter published.



LET'S start off with Delene Lambert's letter, of Whittier, California:

"I read MISS AMERICA every month, particularly your article, and I have a swell trick to suggest for the use of empty lipstick tubes. These can be used for tiny sewing kits to carry in our handbags. Get a match, break off the top, wind several useful colors of thread around it, put it into the lip stick tube together with some pins and a few needles and—presto!—you have a handy little sewing kit. You can put in hair pins or bobby pins, too, if there is space or you can use another tube."



Yes, Delene, this is a fine idea. Heaps of times I would love to have a needle and thread to stop that run or to sew up that shoulder

strap when no one around has a safety pin to come to the rescue. And here's a tip from Barbara Fern Neal, Columbia, Missouri, to make the bag to hold the sewing kits.

"Since I read your first magazine I have not missed a single copy and I love every one. Here's a cute idea for a new handbag. Oatmeal boxes are perfect for the new round purses. Just a scrap or two of material, a yard of ribbon, an oatmeal box and a half hour and you have a smart new bag! Cover the box inside and out, also the box top. A dab of glue here and there will hold it securely. Glue the ribbon down the center of the box lengthwise, tie the ends in a big bow and you have a new bag!"

Barbara also suggests that old felt hats can be



cut up into triangles and other fancy shapes, sewn carefully together and made into belts. Both of these ideas are good and lots of girls will try the handbag idea for their new spring outfit. Old felt hats can also be cut into your initials and sewn on your sweaters or blouses.

Here's a suggestion which comes from Shannon McLean, Middletown, Ohio.

"Old shower curtains make the grandest rain capes. Cut the curtain to your size and trim the edges with rickrack. Make several ties of the rickrack down the front to fasten the cape."

I can imagine these capes would look particularly pretty over summer dresses. Old shower curtains can also be used for skirts for your dressing table—or just around any old table to make a dressing table, and around an old stool to make a chair for the dressing table. I actually have one myself and I've used thumb tacks to fasten the material to the edges of the table and stool.

From Yola Pizzo, of New York City, comes this dandy idea:

"I have a super-duper trick for your mother's or big sister's old earrings. Use them in place of cuff-links in your blouse. It's easy once you get the knack of it and they are very attractive. Your mother or sister often have lost one of a pair and the other can be used in the lapel of your jacket or even in the top button hole."

Yola's idea sounds fine for the lapel or button hole of your jacket but it may be a little difficult to get Mother or your sister to part with a complete set of earrings for your cuff-links.

Helen Dittus, of Kenton, Ohio, wants all her friends to have the alluring fragrance of spring flowers every minute of the day and not just some of the time. Here's Helen's suggestion:

(Continued on page 57)





This cute cloche of hand crocheted straw with velvet trim is ideal for teens in the Spring. It's a "Mad-cap" and comes in pastel colors. About \$4.00. At Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tailored and neat as can be is this little felt sailor with cluster of curved feathers and grosgrain band. Navy, black, brown and pastels. From Greenberg and Fisch. About \$5.00. At Marshall Field, Chicago.



This "Madcap" pixie can be worn with a variety of outfits. Hand crocheted, it comes in pastel colors with a pert feather trim. About \$4.00. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. C.



Here's your Hat...

It just couldn't be spring without a new hat...

A Leighton Tish-u-tex felt fez in pastels that harmonizes with tailored or dressy clothes. About \$5. This attractive linen pouch is carried by long, shell handles. About \$5. Both at B. Altman, N.Y.C.



Sweet as sugar toffee is this Scotch Forrester made of ribbon and celtegel straw. In pastel colors, about \$2.98. This envelope purse with its bow effect flap is made of a plastic thread that is washable. About \$5. Both at Saks 34th.



A Bloomer-girl Leighton sailor of Tish-u Panama in natural and cocoa. About \$10. Boxy bag with shell catch, made of plastic thread, in white and multi-colors. About \$5. Both at B. Altman, N.Y.C.

Maybe you think you are a Van Johnson fan. Well, get an earful of this: There's a little girl who whips up a batch of chocolate walnut fudge—and totes it over to his house on the first of every month. The reason: not because she swoons over Van so much, but because he looks so much like her brother. And her brother loved fudge, only he's a prisoner of war somewhere in Germany.

You should see cute bride Gloria De Haven at the Farmers Market selecting potatoes and tomatoes, "nice firm ones, please," and doing all the family marketing. Mrs. Johnny Payne cooks and Johnny says Gloria's fried chicken is terrific. Metro's given the little De Haven a three month honeymoon. Which is pretty wonderful! Besides, they want to find just the proper vehicle for her next picture. Gloria is one of the most valuable stars on the Metro lot.

Sweet Judy Garland has announced wedding bells come summer. Director Vincente Minnelli is the lucky man. The two have made three hit pictures together in a row. 'Nuff sed.

Don't be surprised if pretty June Allyson and Dick Powell look up the license clerk . . . but soon.

Van Johnson tells about the "Tom Sawyer", Rhumba King Xavier Cugat pulled on him. Van was invited over for tennis, and wound up whitewashing the Cugat fence—together with Carlos Ramirez.

Ann Sothorn has a clever way of brushing off those "Guess who?" addicts on the telephone. "I guess, I'll hang up," Annie replies.

Gloria Jean is now eighteen and she's been kissed. It happened when her leading man, Kirby Grant, kissed her in "Easy To Look At." Which means that Gloria's on her way to romance. And that four other notable Miss Americas are waiting to

collect a smackaroo—before a movie camera. Namely, Shirley Temple, Ann Blyth, Peggy Ryan—and, well—maybe Margaret O'Brien can wait a little longer—huh?

Here's Van Johnson's Dream Girl—and the line forms to the right. How do you measure up? She'll be a composite of: Claudette Colbert's eyes, Greer Garson's stimulating mind, Judy Garland's sympathetic nature, Ann Sheridan's naturalness, Joan Crawford's fighting heart, Irene Dunne's charm and sympathetic kindness, Greta Garbo's intensity and Lana Turner's "wham" appeal. Incidentally, Van is still a member of the Joan Crawford Fan Club. He joined when he was a kid in New York and is still an active member with paid-up dues.

Let's take a gander at a Hollywood movie set. It's "Weekend at the Waldorf" at Metro. Lana Turner is playing her phonograph in her portable dressing room. Ginger Rogers is rehearsing a tantrum—for the picture. Walter Pidgeon is storming at a group of newspapermen. All in character, of course. Director Robert Z. Leonard is shouting directions, for the next shooting scene

showing Ginger as a high-strung screen star and Walter as an equally temperamental war correspondent. Off stage, carpenters are hammering—and there's a loud play-back on the sound track for a technician's check. Not to mention numerous visitors, etc. Suddenly the assistant director shouts, "All quiet. This isn't the Grand Central Market." And believe it or not—you could hear a pin drop in less than a second.

Joyce Reynolds, a joyous bride—with her Lt. Robert Lewis, a fighter pilot of the Marines. The two met on a blind date, and hail from Texas. After the second date it was practically an engagement.

The cameras were grinding away and the script called for a kiss. The assistant director called Shirley's mom. "Should Shirley be kissed?" he asked. "Ask her," he was told.

Shirley thought about it for a moment, then replied, "I don't think so. For one thing, I'm not as old as the role I play in the picture. I'm not seventeen. I'm sixteen!" Shirley doesn't think sixteen is a good kissing age. When she is really seventeen—maybe! But she'll do kisses in her next movie 'cause the title is "Kiss and Tell."

And that's Hollywood!

You're Boogin' on the Downbeat if You:

1. take a bath every night before hitting the sleep stand.
2. shampoo the fuzzy fleece at least once a week
3. brush the pearlies a couple of times a day.
4. soap and water your funny face at least twice a day.
5. change anklets and undies daily.
6. keep the claws manicured and, when you wear polish, change it before it chips.
7. wear white gloves and blouses no more than two days.
8. wouldn't be caught strangled in a wrinkled skirt.
9. never have to be told that it's snowin' down South.
10. keep your sweaters laundered and blocked.
11. don't wear low necklines to school.
12. don't wear your more casual clothes to Church.
13. keep your seams straight when you wear stockings.
14. apply very little dazzle dust and pucker paint.
15. never overhaul in public.
16. display only one service pin at a time.



by bernice

Come along with Bernice as she browses around the stores . . . There are oodles of lovely things made just for . . . MISS AMERICA

AS the chill breezes subside and we start to pack away our winter woolies, our mind turns to thoughts of—*Spring Fashions*. Once again our favorite



"Youtheme" has this gala housecoat that's a honey—mmm!



Gadgeteria makes this dandy duo—for waist and wrist.



Kimball's sweetsquares for your cranium—in gay colors.

shoppes come to the fore with the most **BREATH-TAKING** array of Spring Finery, the sort o' stuff that makes **MISS AMERICA** the best dressed gal in the world. We

have scoured the market to give you **TIPS** on what's cookin' in the field of **FASHION** and **GOOD LOOKS**. And we discovered really "out-of-this-world" adorables that were created just for you and your pocketbook!

Every month we will keep you posted on the trends of the moment, and also toss in a few tips on what to wear, and when to wear it. By the way, all the items mentioned can be purchased at leading department stores or specialty shoppes all over the country. If you can't locate a particular number, by all means drop me a line and I'll contact the manufacturer.

So let's get busy and dig into that **FABULOUS** field of Fashion. *Teen-Timer* OOriginals, designed by clever Grace Norman, has **SCADS** of the right dresses for all occasions. These are in the casual sports family, made of spun rayon gabardine with a **DEE-VINE** array of colors. The lumberjack number is a two-piecer with contrasting buttons. You can do lots of **MIXIN' 'n' MATCHIN'** with (Continued on page 59)



Two Teen-Timer OOriginals, a study in youth. About \$8.98.



Talk about bags—this is it—a Teen-Town by Pyramid.



Movie Mode Fashions shows you how to make these moccasins.

hates to miss a good jam session. Still as young looking as he was that day almost ten years ago, Harry loves good clothes and always wears the best he can buy . . . and on the lanky James frame they look even better! Crazy about Betty and the baby, he keeps his private life separate from his music life—that is, as much as he can, for Betty loves music as much as Harry does. They seldom miss a band opening.

There is little difference in the Harry James of today and the obscure Texas trumpeter of yesterday . . . oh, some difference in salary, fame, income tax . . . but little more. Of course Harry's playing is easier these days. Not his style, mind you, but no longer does he have to untangle his skyscraper frame from the mutes, music stands, lighting wires, hat-racks way up in the trumpet section before he can get arms, legs and horn in position to play. Now he just walks onto the big, comfortable apron of the stage in front of his band and starts to blow. It's lot's easier!

Bandstand banter: "Don't Fence Me In," the Cole Porter spur-and-hoss saga, has now sold more sheet music copies than the 1944 musical darling, "Mairzy Doats."

Andy Russell has followed Sinatra, Johnnie Johnson and Perry Como into the big money network radio field. Sinatra started it all, of course, and now the Como and Johnson shows are in a solid vocal and financial groove. Andy's new airer originates in Film City where the "Russell Sprout" is a new flicker star. It's on the Blue web. Meanwhile, bands are doing okay, too. "Spotlight Bands" has been signed for another year of the six-times-a-week "name band" half-hour pickups. The show was the most expensive commercial on the Blue network last year!

. . . Les Brown signed a new disc pact with Columbia records. . . . Victor so pleased with the first Hal McIntyre

records on Bluebird, their 35 cent disc, that they want him to move back onto Victor. "Mac," though, wants to hang onto the "Bird" for a while. . . . Charlie Spivak still in the clouds because his band took so many "sweet band" poll firsts. Chuck can be pretty well conceded as tops after the "firsts" he won. Tommy Dorsey, thus, toppled to second!

Dis(c) 'n' Dat(a): Victor leads the column on discs this month with a whole bookcase of albums, the likes of which we have been looking for since the days when we first started listening intently to swing. The company has plowed through its extensive jive files and come up with a whole flock of albums on jazz and swing, examples of hot jazz and early swing as played by such great artists as Louis Armstrong, "Jelly Roll" Morton, Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton. There are six sets in all which come with accompanying educational booklets written by Charles Edward Smith, hot jazz authority. The records are intended to be educational and even bear the company's green



"Marion isn't taking any chances during this man-power shortage!"

"education" label. This is probably the first time a major company has looked upon jazz in such a light.

Swell Decca disc of Bing Crosby singing "A Friend of Yours," a torchy ballad which figures in the love department of "The Great John L.," the flicker made by Bing's own motion picture company and released through United Artists. Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen turned up with a honey of a song this time. The lyrics, especially, are top drawer stuff and the music is mellow. Bing does a superb vocal job which may put you in a crying mood. The orchestra is subtle and very much in the mood.

Not only did Dinah Shore chant "Sleigh Ride In July" and "Like Someone In Love" from Dinah's film, "Belle of the Yukon," but Tommy Dorsey and vocalist Bonnie Lou Williams turn up on the same two tunes, also back to back and on a Victor label. Both versions are topflight with Dinah's having the edge so far as we are concerned.

Spike Jones has finally turned up with that hilarious record of "Cocktails For Two," an wonderful satire on the sentimental ballad by the same name . . . Spike also has a great disc of "Holiday For Strings" on the current release lists at Victor.

"Saturday Night Is The Loneliest Night in the Week" says Frank Sinatra on Columbia, but how a guy with his voice would know that, I'm not able to say. He sings a convincing vocal, though. Nancy Norman does a similar sweet rendition with Sammy Kaye on Victor. . . . Swing violinist Stuff Smith has recorded a good album set for Asch, a New York disc company. Write us for the address if you're interested.

Grace notes: It's been swell hearing from you and, to those of you who have been sending in questions about artists, we'll try our best to answer those questions either through items in the column or to you personally by mail. Thanks for your interest and we'll see you next issue.

MISS AMERICA

From Page 51

"Many teen-agers think that a dab of perfume at the earlobes is enough to carry them through the day but they are often wrong. It can be put across the shoulders, around the ankles and wrists, behind the knees and on the elbows. A drop of perfume on a blotter in your box of stationery is also a good trick."

These all sound like good places for perfume but we must be careful not to use too much.

Wanda Collier, of Gladewater, Texas, sends in a suggestion for all the handy young sewers.

"Wouldn't you love to have a hat and purse to match a dress or skirt you wear? It's very easy if your clothes are made. When there are scraps left over take a big piece and cut it 10 inches by 22 inches, or larger if you wish, sew the 10 inch ends together, then fold so that the sewing comes right in the center where it will be folded over again and the seam hidden in the very bottom of the inside of the bag. Sew up the sides, add a zipper along the top and you have something out of this world. Now, for the hat. Cut six triangles and sew them together with the small ends making the crown, put a hem on the end, any width you wish, add a jaunty bow and you've got a little dream hat."

Wanda, there are just heaps of girls who will use this hat and bag suggestion and I can picture how complete and attractive their outfits will look when they put the dress, the hat and the bag together.

Elfrieda Kroll, Brooklyn, New York, sends in a helpful hint for sagging socks.

"I have an idea for socks that tend to stretch at the ankle. Just string a piece of wool or ribbon, of the same color or a contrasting color, through the sock and tie it in the front in a little bow above the ankle. When you do this you can lace your shoes upside down and tie the laces at the bottom instead of the top. It looks super."

Sally Hurwitz, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes a very nice letter and here's what she says:

"Just a note to let you know how much I enjoy MISS AMERICA. My mother is very much against such books but when I showed her MISS AMERICA she urged me to buy it (I really didn't need urging). I feel as if MISS AMERICA is my own sister. It is such a useful and practical book and it teaches me so many things that are very helpful. On behalf of all the Miss America's in the United States I'd like to thank you sincerely for publishing our very own magazine."

We'll always try to keep you all happy. Don't forget the pictures and keep on sending in your suggestions to be published each month.



Ever self-conscious during difficult days?

... then read this booklet!

The sooner you learn that comfort and confidence and Kotex* go together, the more fun you're going to get out of life, during "difficult days"!

Comfort—because Kotex *stays* soft while wearing, doesn't just *feel* soft at first touch.

Confidence—because you have no "accident" hazards to worry you and make you nervous. The 4-ply safety center protects a girl like a guardian angel! And the patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex mean no revealing lines.

"As One Girl To Another" is a bright, modern booklet that explains the perfectly natural process of menstruation... tells you how you can stay in the fun *any* day in the year... gives you a helpful list of do's and don'ts... includes a convenient calendar to guide your plans.

Better send for your copy right now. It's FREE! Quick—fill out and mail the coupon!



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE!

Fill in your name and address and mail this coupon to Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois for your free copy of "As One Girl To Another"

Name

Address

City State



By
NINA
WILCOX
PUTNAM

*Aunt Nina's
Keen analysis of
your problems...*



HELLO, Girls: How can I ever thank you enough for the lovely friendly cards you sent me? Receiving them was a great happiness and a real surprise, too. Every card was a beauty and I only wish that I could write and thank each of you individually for your sweet thoughts. But your letters keep me pretty busy, so will you allow me to thank you here and now, instead, and add, again, my sincere thanks.

Some of you have written me letters of such deep importance that I cannot answer them in the column. I will answer these by mail. Meanwhile, I want to share a secret with you, one I have never told before. When I am really worried or depressed I say these words over and over to myself:

"Strength, Courage, Intelligence, Love, Truth."

I think the real meaning of them, and keep on repeating them until these things become my own! This formula never fails to help me. Try it.

Affectionately,
Aunt Nina.

Good-Bet-Missing Department: Janet M. and Margie. You are both right when you say that cliques and "sets" of girls can be very cruel to an outsider—sometimes apparently just for the sake of being mean. Any girl who has a clear conscience, has done nothing wrong or impolite and is clean and dainty in her appearance has a right to expect a welcome into any crowd. The girls

who refuse her the chance of proving her worth ought to think twice—first, about her own bad manners and second, that they may be overlooking a swell bet!

Razzle-Dazzle Fashion. Sonja Henie has introduced a new version of the oriental turban. It's a gold and silver spangled gauze, piled high. Everybody was eyeing it at the Stork Club a few evenings after the opening of her new ice show at Madison Square Garden. And what's more anyone can copy it easily—just two lengths of material twisted lightly together. Very pretty and so practical when your hair needs "doing".

And by the way, Louise Z., I must say, in answer to your question about ice-skating being a desirable profession, that Sonja herself is the answer with a great big "yes." If you've got what it takes. Good luck to you in your efforts.

Man-snatcher? NO! NO! Alice C., you need not feel guilty, although you may be a little unhappy over the fact that your girl friend likes your boy friend but he prefers you. You are not really stealing him. Boys are seldom "stolen". They merely go with the girl they like best.

Speaking of Which Department. This is for Miss Mable, Lee R. and Doris H. You—and about a million other girls—must learn that you cannot *force* a boy's attention? All you can do is look as pretty as possible, act as pretty as you can, refrain from posing or showing off, and hope for the best!

Much Ado About Hair-Do. Janie, the best and safest cure for dry hair is: (1) Wash it only with pure castile soap. (2) Brush thoroughly every day with a stiff brush. (3) Rub a little pure olive oil or cocoanut-oil into the scalp and allow to remain overnight before each shampoo.

More Weigh of All Flesh. Ruthey, Lottie B. and Velma M. Lots of very young girls are too fat owing to natural causes due to a temporary gland condition. When they become women in the physical sense they generally lose all that excess weight automatically. This may be the case with you, but it is nothing to fret about. Some of our greatest beauties started out as "pudgies". So don't worry your sweet heads. But don't go stuffing yourselves, either!

Secrets Can Be Dangerous. Janet R. You poor dear, I can imagine how badly you feel secretly married and with your young husband about to go overseas. But it is not your youth which troubles me—lots of people marry very young and stay happily married for life. The secret part, is what I don't like. My advice is that you tell your grandmother the truth at once. You may need her help before you are through. Try to get yourself a job which will aid the war-effort. You will be helping *him* while you wait for his return. It is natural that your husband wants to leave you with his mother. But if you and she cannot get along together it is better for you to have some independence. Remember, by getting married you have become a woman and must learn to take a woman's responsibilities!

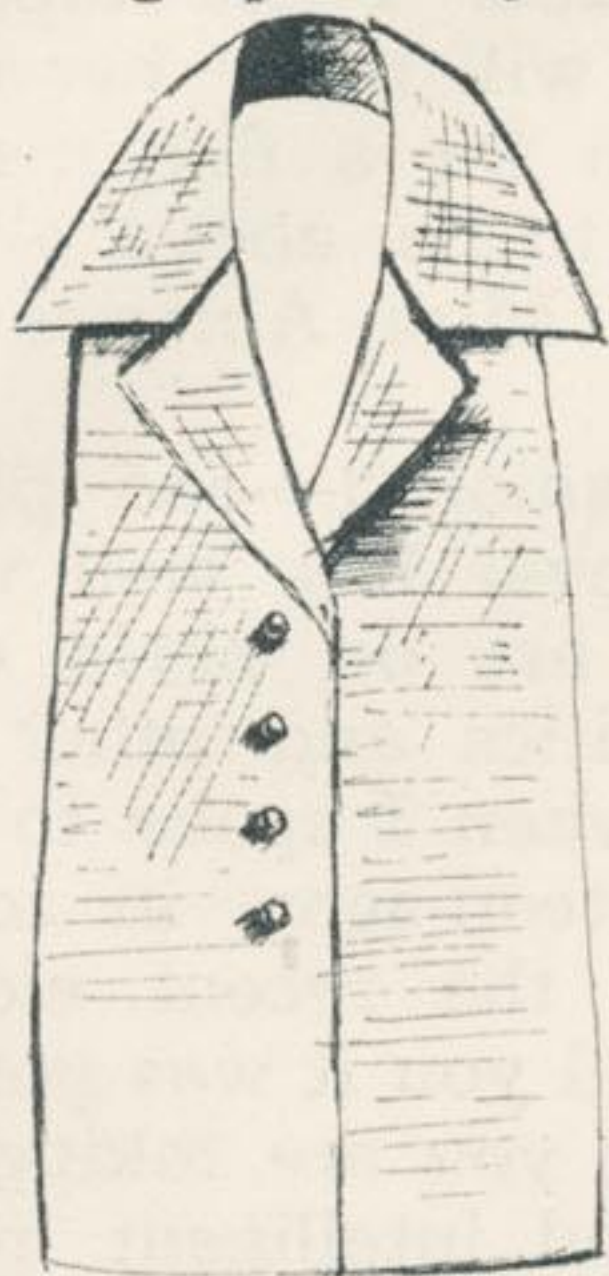
The Shyer The Better Section. For Joan J., Connie D., Irene B., Patricia N., and the dozens of other girls who have written me that they cannot overcome their shyness at parties or make conversations with strangers, especially boys. Now, my (*Continued on page 66*)

APPROVED BY MISS AMERICA

From Page 55

this outfit. It's mate is a one-piece SMOOTH job with saddle stitch trim in two colors and (hurray) trouser pockets!

A BRIGHT NEW HOUSE-COAT TO START THE DAY RIGHT! "Youtheme" has the answer to lazy lounging in a COMFY housecoat made of "tubable" and "Lux-able" percale in luscious pastel colors. This'll make you gasp—only \$3.98.



Talking about good buys look at this versatile sweet dickie for only \$1.00.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT. To perk up something that may have lost its appeal, a number of the items about to be mentioned, will turn the trick, give new life to old clothes. For instance, a square labeled by KIMBALL will work wonders for you. In wool and spun rayon, 29 inches of magical colors. What do you do with it? Wear it on your head, that's what. And listen: Kimball has a free gift for you. It's an attractive booklet called HEADSQUARE INTO HIGH FASHION and includes twelve (12) ways to make with the square. Drop them a card at 9 East 38th Street, N. Y., and tell them Bernice of MISS AMERICA sent you.

Here's a cute something you'll love. It's novel, new and you can make it yourself. This MOVIE MODE FASHION comes packaged with simple instructions. Includes all you'll need to turn out a pair of KNOCKOUT felt moccasins.

Looking for a hand-bag?

Your initials or first name in gold on a new, beautiful plastic Stadium Girl Compact



Compact is over 3 inches in diameter

... when ordered by mail ... together with an alluring shade of new Stadium Girl Lipstick Both for only 75¢ (tax and postage included)

A swank plastic compact of sleek design that's guaranteed leak-proof. And it's personalized with your own monogram (3 initials) or first name on the cover in gold! You will be proud of owning this graceful compact — in the color of your choice. Take advantage of the special introductory offer and order yours by mail today, in combination with a Stadium Girl Lipstick. Long a nationally-sold favorite, Stadium Girl Lipstick is now made from a new formula giving it a smoother-than-ever texture becoming to your lips. Packaged in a new, convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. • Fill out the coupon and mail it with your 75¢ today!

Featured is *Sunset Pink*, newest of six exciting shades.

Stadium Girl Compact and Cosmetics are sold individually at leading 10¢ stores.

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 355
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 75 cents, which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The three initial letters that I want in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ ☐ ☐ or First Name (PRINT)
First Initial Second Initial Third Initial

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My first choice of color for my compact is:

- ☐ Red
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua



My choice of lipstick shade is:

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

We've found one that has an ELEGANT dress-up look. It's a Teen-town by Pyramid. In red, tan, navy, kelly and brown, it has a flower-pot shape. A zipper with a lucite type pull, it also boasts a change purse and mirror. Real NEAT.

Oh, for those hard-to-find



Thanx to the Nolan Glove Co., of 425 4th Av., N. Y., N. Y., you can have these adorable hand charmers that give a gal that dressed-up, grown-up, well-groomed feeling. It's a good buy at \$2.95 and is hand-sewn, saddle-stitched.

dickies. Jane Stewart of 1507 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill., will send you, for the price of \$1.00, plus 15c cost of packaging and shipping, a dickey, such as one pictured here. White's the color but what's to stop a gal with ambish and some TINTING powder?

GADGETERIA has a long neckpiece of Raffia, wood and cord, in contrasting colors, or gay-multi combo. Aside from DANGLING around your neck, it's plenty sharp around the waist, over sweaters, or used as a belt. You can get a bracelet to match, too.

There'll be more news and notes for warm-weather wear next month.

I'M PROUD OF THE BOBBY SOCKERS

From Page 9

the uproar, I'd say, relax. Most of the young audience who used to go in for screams and yells have realized by now that they can express themselves more quietly and with a minimum of noise. They haven't lost any time in cooperating with requests to discipline outbursts which would disturb the shows and others in the audience.

As far as the "weeping and wailing" is concerned, the chronic worriers should remember that during and after the last war, headlines were hollering about the irresponsible "flapper era." Want to know something? Those so-called flappers are your mothers. They are also the mothers of our fighting doughboys. Sure those flappers went ga-ga over Valentino, but they married your fathers, didn't they? And they settled down to rear fine future American citizens—you. Need I say more, except, perhaps, to add how proud I am of those flappers' offsprings—and point to you.

In talking to your editor, she told me about the \$1,000 contest, "Tomorrow's World" which MISS AMERICA sponsored. She told me how delighted she was with the truly wonderful essays which poured into the office by the thousands. "The wonderful part about the response, is that the girls are giving such serious thought to "Tomorrow's World." They have definite ideas, straight and clear thinking, on how they can help make "Tomorrow's World" the kind of world our boys are fighting for."

We discussed these essays and before I knew it, I was going through them myself. And I was truly moved by their beauty, their ideals and their strong purposes.

I smiled as I read many of your essays. "Hmm," I said to myself, "why, these were written by 'bobby-sockers!'" Yep, and I was proud. And I don't care who knows it. I was proud because so many old-timers—a better name would be sour-pusses—have sadly shaken their heads over the "lost generation."

From where I stand, what I see is, that if anything is lost, the older generation has lost it. And it's the young generation who are finding it again today—fighting to save those things which the older generation, by carelessness and indifference, have put in danger. Things like safeguarding the rights and liberties of free people. Things like freedom of education no matter where you come from or what church you go to—things like tolerance for others and understanding—and learning to think a little bit ahead so that the future isn't just a blind alley for yourself and those to come.

I'm a father. My daughter Nancy will some day be a teenager. And she'll have her favorites too. She'll be a typical teenager, who'll cut pictures of people out of magazines and newspapers and plaster her walls with them. She'll dress in the latest modes—whatever those will be, and talk in the vernacular. Maybe she'll stand in line for hours on a freezing cold day or a blistering hot one, to buy a ticket to see her favorite sing or dance or toot a horn or whatever it is he specializes in. And when she does, believe me, I won't give her up as a lost soul. I'll say I'm a lucky Dad to have a normal, typical teen-age daughter.

I wouldn't want her to quit school, I can tell you that. I wouldn't want her to cut classes, or keep late hours, or associate with the wrong crowd. I wouldn't want her to use make-up before she had discussed it with her mother, or meet young men outside the house before she introduced them to her mother and to me.

A SCOOPEROO!!!

You'd better sit up and take notice and order your copy of June MISS AMERICA NOW, 'cause we've got an eye-poppin', pulse-palpitatin' treat for you—VAN JOHNSON'S PERSONAL DATE TIPS!! If you want to be a lovelier Miss America—and who doesn't—do be sure to read Van's grand advice . . .

I want my daughter to be honest at all times, poised, charming and natural. I want her to have a solid education, a keen mind, a good sense of humor. I want my daughter to grow up knowing her politics, her current events, to be well read in world affairs, in literature, music and art. Knowing that she is equipped with this foundation, in what makes the world grow and progress, I know she will find a place for herself in the world; that she will be a useful citizen. These important requisites will make her a fine companion for a fine man. I want her to be, above all else, a typical Miss America—just like you.

I was amazed—and pleased—to discover how well versed you kids are on world conditions, politics and other vital subjects when I spoke to thousands of teen-agers in connection with the recent election. Let me tell you it was grand to learn that you are taking such a deep and intelligent interest in current events. It was truly thrilling.

Don't think I'm not going to take advantage of this space before I sign off, to give you a few pieces of advice, the same kind of advice I would give my Nancy. It's this: Don't play hookey to hear your favorite singer, instrumentalist or whatever he happens to be, when he appears at your neighborhood theatre. It puts both the star and you in a bad light. Do stick to your studies and stay in your classes. Learn as much as you can. It's your guarantee for a happy future. Don't be the ones to regret that you missed the opportunities to learn, while you had them. Knowledge and education are going to count more than ever in the years ahead. You've got a big job to tackle tomorrow and America is depending on you, Miss America, to get at it with both fists. You can do it, I know.

I'm happy that I've had the chance to talk to you this way. Maybe, I'll have some more to tell you and bring along some interesting news. Maybe, we'll make this a habit.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN From Page 18

worst enemy I have."

"You mustn't feel that way, Jan. Actually your skin is the only protection you have from this germ-ridden world that I delivered you into, only sixteen years ago. Besides being an overcoat, it maintains the temperature of your body, gives you warnings through its nerve sentries of heat, cold, danger and contact. Your skin also manufactures that fine blonde hair of yours and those fingernails. And does about three other important jobs: It excretes certain waste materials from your body, makes the pigment that shields you from the sun and constantly rebuilds itself as the surface layer rubs off from contact with the world."

"Surface layer?" I asked. "How many layers are there?"

"Well, there are two main divisions. The epidermis, or cuticle is on the surface (and just under the surface) and the corium, or true skin, is below."

"Whew, that sounds like a lot of skin, Dr. Graham. How thick would you say it is?"

"Well, as a rule, it ranges from about one twenty-fifth of an inch on the eyelids to a quarter, or even a half inch, on the soles of the feet. Of course, my skin is thicker than yours, because I'm a man."

"That's all very interesting, Dr. Graham, but what can I do to make my skin like Nan's?"

Dr. Graham looked at me and hummed, and after a minute (that seemed like an age) he said, "Jan, the only trouble with you is that you are an adolescent. You have a mild case of acne. That means that your endocrine gland has gone slightly 'jive-happy', as you would say, and it has encouraged the lubricating glands to overwork. This excess oil formed blackheads, and when the blackheads became infected, they became pimples. I believe this can be rather easily controlled, however, if you follow these instructions:

"Wash your face four or five



AN ORIGINAL
"Sally Mason"
CREATION

Rufflin' Rhythm

A wide ruffle ripples coyly around the drawstring neck... colorful braid adds a gala touch. Here's a thrill fashion if there ever was one! An original SALLY MASON creation. Cotton sheer in white only. Sizes 10 to 16—9 to 15. Around \$3.50.

At all Leading Stores Everywhere... or write

Sally Mason INC. 498 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

*Your Choice for Quality... Today and Tomorrow...
Sally Mason Blouses and Playsuits*

times a day, with soap and water.

"Get a reasonable amount of sunshine.

"Eat plenty of fruits and vegetables.

"Stay away from chocolates, ice cream and similar temptations."

I groaned. Then I quickly inquired: "If I do all that, will these goon-bumps go away?"

"I believe so. If not, we can give you a few X-ray treatments. They help dry up oily skin." He made a few marks on a card. Then he looked up at me again. "It's good that you stopped in, because if this condition is allowed to become too bad, it sometimes scars."

Just then, Nan, the snooper, popped in the door. Dr. Graham took a look at her skin and asked her what she did for it. "Oh nothing," replied Nan, "except wash it with soap and water twice a day."

Dr. Graham scowled again. "Nan, to be blessed with beautiful skin is one thing, but to keep

it that way is another. Come sit here under my light."

Of course I thought it was just plain silly for anybody, even Dr. Graham, to be looking at Nan's skin, so naturally I was surprised to hear him say: "You, Nan, are making the common mistake of treating all the skin on your face alike. You see, the skin on your cheeks is much drier than the skin on your nose and chin. Continue to wash your nose and chin with soap and water, but coddle your cheeks with cold cream before you go to bed at night. If you do this, and eat plenty of vegetables and fruits containing vitamin A (cabbage, spinach, chard, carrots, peaches and nectarines are a few), get plenty of rest and, when summer comes, just get your tans moderately, you and Jan will be a lovely looking pair of twins at thirty."

When we passed the ice cream store where I've spent a small fortune on chocolate sundaes, I didn't bat an eye. I just kept on walking.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A STEWARDESS

From Page 13

an airline stewardess and what an airline stewardess does. You certainly don't have to guess how an airline stewardess likes it.

If you're interested in a job that's really out of this world, you're going my way. I'm an airline stewardess, and, what's more, I love it. My work's interesting, exciting, full of variety, bristling with a future, and, of course, remunerative.

I said bristling with a future and that's precisely what I meant. It's tied up with the future of commercial aviation which, my chicks, is champing at the bit waiting for the war to end so that it can really get going. The way the engineers tell it, no place on earth will be more than sixty hours from the municipal airport. In addition to good flying and good equipment that'll take good personnel. And lots more of it than is currently available.

Right now, for instance, American Airlines employs almost 400 stewardesses. After the war the figure will be doubled. The other airlines will be expanding in the same ratio, more or less.

New routes are being laid out that will take Bangkok and Bagdad and Bahia out of story books and will put them onto air timetables and itineraries. As I've said, all this will take personnel. And an important part of this personnel will be new stewardesses—hundreds of them. One of them could be you—as soon as you're 21.

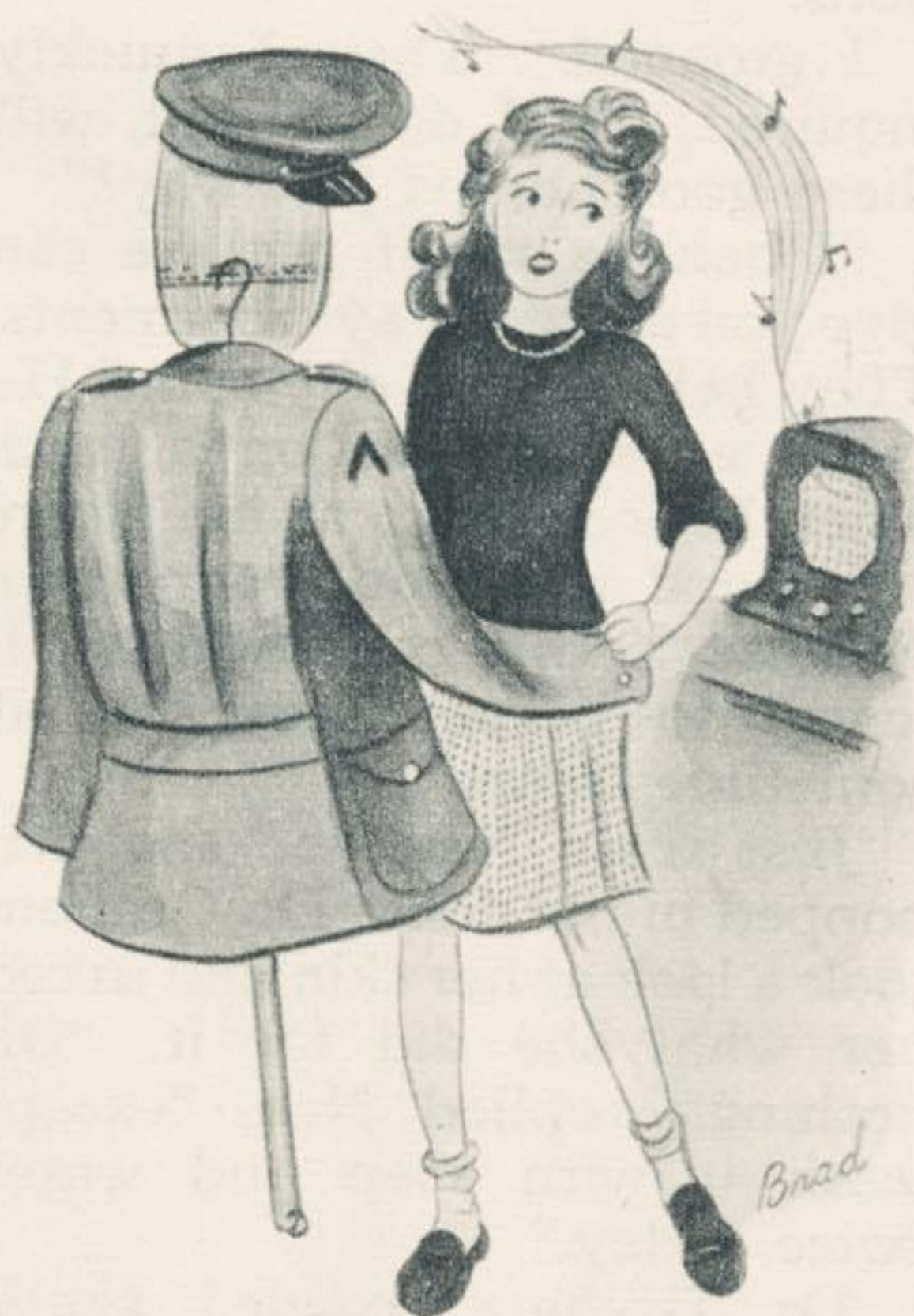
You can start getting ready now. There are languages to learn (American Airlines already employs 40 Spanish-speaking stewardesses on the Fort Worth to Mexico City run), people to observe (a good hostess can get along with just about anybody), and tact and diplomacy to practice. Even if you change your mind between now and 21, you can't lose.

Does the job interest you? It does? Supposing, then, you watch me make a run, beginning with my arrival at the field an

hour before scheduled departure at which time I sign the "crew-check record."

My regular run is between New York and Chicago. I go to the Flight Captain for a copy of the flight plan (so that I can answer any passengers' questions regarding the altitude, outside air temperature, the air speed, route to be flown, etc.). Next, to the Reservations Office where I receive the names of passengers to be carried, their destinations and any information available concerning special services such as food for babies.

As soon as the plane is ready (about twenty minutes before departure) I go aboard, put my name plate on the cockpit door, along with the Flight Captain's and First Officer's, and deposit my personal luggage. A service clerk joins me and together we check to see that the routine equipment is aboard. This includes pillows and blankets for the passengers' comfort; First Aid supplies for the passengers' safety; magazines, newspapers, stationery, maps and playing cards for the passengers' whims and lots of good food for the passengers' sustenance (and that's *not* another word for tummy).



"This is the night Jimmy and I always went dancing."

As each passenger enters the plane, I ask his name and "check him in." Next I enter the cabin and help people with coats, bundles, etc. Just before we are ready to take off, the Flight Captain flashes on a sign above the cockpit door, which reads, "FASTEN SEAT BELTS: NO SMOKING." A second later I walk down the aisle making sure that everybody has followed instructions. Then, I take a seat and secure my own seat belt.

Once we're up, the Captain switches the light off and I switch from an enraptured angel to (I hope) an efficient stewardess. From here on out my job is to make each passenger as comfortable as possible without forcing hospitality upon him.

Some of our services, of course, are requested. The college boy in seat 4 wants an aspirin. The sleek woman in 5 wants to know how high we're flying. The cute little moppet traveling alone wants to know if we have any comic books aboard. An impatient young matron wants to know if we're flying on schedule.

It was four o'clock when we took off and it's a five hour flight to Chicago, so naturally we'll be serving dinner—compliments of the airline. The dinners are put on the plane already prepared so all I have to do is serve them.

Once dinner's out of the way (assuming there's no baby aboard who needs special attention), I tackle my records. This done, I relax and enjoy the trip, keeping, of course, an eagle eye on all signals. Actually it doesn't take much looking. A good stewardess can sense when things are not going well. It comes from training and experience, I guess.

Well, there's a familiar landmark. We're coming into Chicago. Once more on terra firma, I help the passengers with their wraps, wish them good luck and sprint to the apartment-hotel where a group of us stewardesses have an apartment. Isn't it awfully expensive to keep two apartments? It would be except for the fact that since my base is in New York, I'm on company

expense account in Chicago, which means that I'm reimbursed for my meals, room and cabs. Rather than live alone a number of us rented this adorable apartment in Chicago so that when we're in town we make it our home, putting our hotel allowance in a "kitty" which takes care of the rent. It's much more homey and far more pleasant.

Even today we get a big kick recalling our training days. All of us admit that the requirements looked so rigid that we thought we'd never make it. After all, what girl can look in the mirror and honestly say, "Sister, you've got what it takes! You're intelligent, you've got a wonderful personality, you're attractive, well-poised, good-tempered (!), courteous, tactful, diplomatic and charming—all of which are ingredients of the perfect stewardess. In addition, you speak distinctly, use perfect English. For good measure you're radiant and healthy! Boy, oh boy!"

Well, that's what we were supposed to be before we got so much as a second application blank from the airline, meaning we had hurdled these first obstacles. There were others. Supposing I summarize for you the requirements of all four major airlines, using the question and answer formula:

Question 1: What are the educational requirements?

Answer: *AMERICAN AIRLINES* and *UNITED AIRLINES*—A minimum of two years' accredited college education. In addition, one or more years of business experience would help your chances.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIRLINES, INC. (hereinafter, TWA). At least one year of college.

PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM—High school education and speaking-knowledge of Spanish.

Question 2: Any age limitations?

Answer: Yes. *AMERICAN AIRLINES*—Applicants should be between 21 and 28. *UNITED AIR LINES*, *TWA*, *PAN-AMERICAN*—From 21-26.

Question 3: Are married girls eligible?

Answer: No. Airlines employ only single girls so that they will be available for transfer as the occasion demands.

Question 4: What about weight and height?

Answer: Very important. Most airlines prefer girls five feet-two to five feet-six. Weight requirements vary with the airlines from 100 to 125 pounds.

Question 5: Are there any other physical requirements?

Answer: Yes: Good eyesight no glasses while on duty. Straight, white teeth—no gold showing while smiling. Smooth, clear complexion—minimum make-up. Short hair—natural color, no rinses. Attractive figure—especially slender gams.

All right, you've passed all the requirements—you're even 21 and not just 17. What next? Well, nothing except a rather intensive eight-weeks' training course designed to familiarize you with the airline in general and your job in particular.

Want to take a quick look-see?

GENERAL PASSENGER INFORMATION deals with tickets, aeronautical charts, weather-forecasting, principles of flight and radio, as used for navigation. Object: to be able to answer passengers' questions regarding any phase of operations.

TIMETABLES: A good stewardess knows all the timetables by heart! Not only those of her airline but other airlines as well. (It does sound tough, but so did the multiplication tables, didn't they?)

MAP-DRAWING: A good stewardess is not only familiar with the route she's travelling, but can draw a free-hand map of the country, plotting out passengers' connections with other lines.

Well, that's just about it, except for questions. Of course, you're curious about salary. Well, for the first six months (including training) we earn \$125 a month; for the next six months, \$140; and for the second year, \$150. After that, the salary is boosted \$60 a year (or \$5 a month) until a maximum of

\$170 a month has been reached. As I've already pointed out, expenses away from the home base—meals, lodging, and cabs—are the company's look-out.

Is there any rule against going out with the handsome young bucko up forward, the captain, as he's known in our lingo? Of course, not. And do stewardesses ever marry any of their passengers? Yes, they've been known to, but since we seem to have drifted away from the subject, maybe I'd better be taking off.

Happy landings, maties!

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE YOURSELF

From
Page 43

make the welkin ring, and you'll earn a reputation for a good sport, and it's the best reputation a girl can have.

But you've got to dance, and dance well. Chances are your first big date will be for a dance. Be ready for it if you have to practice to the radio with your father who may only know the fox trot. He'll teach you not to hold your spine like a ramrod and step on your or his feet. Then you can slip into the rumba without a cold chill when your boy-friend says, "Look! It's like this."

Of course you won't dance on every date. The movies are still with us. Ah, little sister, there's a test. No hand-holding because it's cheap for young girls. No biting of handkerchiefs to shreds at the screen kiss that got by the Hays office on a fluke. No sobbing out loud at the sad scenes. That'll embarrass your date. Restraint, my dear, restraint. On the way home you can talk it over with gestures but—no goodnight kiss.

Show the world—your young world—that you're a good bet for boy or girl to call friend, a congenial companion, a good sport. These things, my dear, pave a clear path to the day when some boy will claim you for his sweetheart, and if that works out, then for his bride.

But you'll never get married unless you advertise yourself as a girl who is simply grand.

AUNT KATH- ERINE

From Page 6

comb through her hair. "You ought to be thanking your lucky stars. If that had been a rabbit, or even a lame pigeon, you'd have been expelled, sure."

"But how could she have heard Luther? He doesn't make any noise."

"By this time," said Sheila pointedly, "Miss Norton has good reason for imagining noises. Come on, don't brood. I'll go down to the express station with you. Maybe Chuck's present will cheer you up."

JUDY THRUST the yellow slip through the grilled window. The bald-headed express agent glanced at it sharply, then at the two girls. He mopped his brow.

"Thank heavens, you've come. We can get rid of that thing."

Sheila groaned. "I knew it!"

Judy lifted her chin proudly. "What you refer to," she said haughtily, "is something from a dear friend overseas."

The man grinned. "These G.I.'s! What they don't think of!"

Judy said with dignity, "I'd like my package now, please. We're in a hurry to get back to school."

"You—you aim to take it back to Lynwood Hall?"

Judy tried to look through him. "Certainly—why not?"

His roar of laughter rocked the two girls back on their flats. They exchanged uneasy glances. The agent, still chortling, led them through a wilderness of express packages of all sizes and shapes to a large crate, up-ended in one corner.

"These G.I.'s!" he gasped.

Judy swallowed, choked, clamped her eyes shut so hard that colored circles spun against the lids. When she opened them, the—the *Thing* was still there.

Sheila was circling the crate distractedly. "Wh-what is it?" she whispered. "Some of it looks familiar, but not the whole combination. It—it looks like something Chuck had assembled all by himself, from parts—like his old jalopy."



TOPS IN UTAH...

By OLIVE BURT

Hats off to Shauna Stewart, above left. . . . She's quite a gal and we're proud to present her to MISS AMERICA . . .

IT'S fun to wear a medal and be tops in your home state—particularly when you're tops in patriotism! Ask Shauna Stewart, 16-year-old Salt Lake City high school graduate, who was recently awarded a medal by the National Society of Colonial Daughters for her patriotic wartime activities.

These are some of the things Shauna has done, right along with her school work: Routine Red Cross work of knitting afghans and making bedside bags and rolling bandages; Girl Scout activities such as making scrapbooks, aiding in salvage drives, learning to tend babies; and personally buying war stamps and bonds, donating to the Red Cross, USO and War Chest; and donating hours each week to USO help.

In addition to this Shauna has gone out into the fields to aid farmers by picking fruit and vegetables; she has learned to fly in the C A P; she was the first person to pass the chemical warfare test given by the city

fire department; she is a senior first aid worker; she has her own victory garden and has proved herself a capable home nurse.

In between times she assisted with her church's canning program; did a paper on juvenile delinquency that involved a good deal of research; took a summer course in salesmanship; took a course in military drill; studied navigation and meteorology; worked at the Blind center, in a department store and in the post office at rush seasons.

She has been active in civilian defense work, in addition to the nursing and chemical warfare tests; she has taken a course in messenger service and is messenger for her home block in case of an air raid, and she has organized the younger children of the neighborhood into scrap collecting crews.

Shauna will enter the University of Utah this fall—still just 16 years old—full of enthusiasm and ready to undertake a dozen new courses if they will help her country in its emergency.

"Silly," said Judy huskily, "I think I know what it is. I've seen pictures. It's a—a kangaroo. From Australia, you know. That's where Chuck is."

Averting her harassed gaze from both Sheila and the agent, Judy examined her gift. Upright and wary, the kangaroo stood about five feet in height. To Judy's always sympathetic blue eyes the animal looked unhappy. After all, it was a long way from its home in Australia. A familiar feeling came over Judy. A tightness in the midsection. A glaze in the eyes.

"Poor thing," she murmured. "It's scared."

Sheila shrieked. "It's scared. I'm scared. And you ought to be, too, Judy Loring. What are you going to do with it?"

LATE THAT fateful Saturday night, Judy stole swiftly across the shadowed campus of Lynwood School, carrying a mysterious, bulky bundle. Sheila followed, plucking hysterically at Judy's blazer.

"Judy," she panted, "a last plea. Don't do it—for my sake. We'll be expelled sure. And I like Lynwood. I've been happy here."

"It would break Chuck's spirit," said Judy reprovingly, "if—if I spurned his gift."

"But Judy, think—"

"It'll just be for tonight," said Judy soothingly, "until I can find it a good home. We're perfectly safe, Sheila—I've told you a million times. Miss Norton and the other teachers will be at that faculty party until after midnight, probably—"

"Just the same—"

"Hurry," said Judy. "The express agent only promised to stay open until ten. We don't want to be late."

The bald-headed agent was waiting impatiently. "It's Saturday night," he complained, "and I always take the wife to the movies. She—" he paused, gaping curiously—"Wh-what you got there?"

Judy was undoing her bundle. She motioned to the agent to open the crate. Out hopped the kangaroo. Swiftly, Judy adjusted a dog leash, produced a

long flowing dress.

Face flushed, she said soothingly to her new pet, "There. There. Just a minute. Easy does it." The folds of the dress fell over the kangaroo's head. It gave a startled leap. Swiftly, Judy got the garment on, tied a bonnet over the animal's mild head, hiding its ears. At this final outrage, the leash was jerked from Judy's hand, the kangaroo was off with great leaps.

Judy, Sheila, and the station agent gave chase. The agent caught up with the kangaroo, seized it. The next minute he was flat on the floor.

"Oh, my goodness," said Judy, shocked. "Chuck must have taught that kangaroo to box. I'm awfully sorry, mister."

He arose slowly, darkly. The kangaroo was docile again.

Judy frowned, her mind on the task ahead. "It's dark out, luckily. We can take back streets. In case we meet anyone, this is my Aunt Katherine."

"In case we meet anyone," said Sheila faintly, "this is our Waterloo."

"Why," Judy said, "Aunt Katherine's anxious to get home."

"Perhaps," said Sheila bitterly, "she's looking forward to a tete-a-tete with Miss Norton." They had gone a block, by jerks, when Judy stopped before a small book store.

"Wait here with Auntie a minute. I want to see if they have a book on kangaroos."

"Judy, wait—" Sheila squealed. "Aunt Katherine . . . she's loose!"

Alarmed, Judy saw it was true.

"Aunt Katherine—no!" Judy's voice rose to a shriek. "No, Aunt Katherine! Come back!"

In long hops, Aunt Katherine was crossing the street against the traffic light. Brakes screeched. Horns tooted madly.

Judy caught up with her just as a blue-coated policeman seized Aunt Katherine's arm roughly. "Here," he snarled, "where d'yuh think you're goin', lady?"

"Oh, my goodness!" moaned Judy.

Aunt Katherine had hit the

cop. The cop hit the pavement. After one anguished glance, Judy fled after Aunt Katherine, who had reached the far curb, skirts billowing, bonnet bobbing madly.

Down alleys, across lots went Aunt Katherine, tasting freedom's air. Behind came Judy, tasting terror. Faithful, frantic Sheila, wailing pessimistically, brought up the rear.

"Wait, Aunt Katherine!" Judy called persuasively. How did one call kangaroos? Chuck might have enclosed a few instructions, at least. Judy tried to whistle, but didn't have the breath for it. "It's me, Judy. Chuck's friend—you remember Chuck!"

Apparently Aunt Katherine had forgotten Chuck, or else she remembered him unkindly. She leapt on . . . and on.

Sheila caught up with Judy, bearing evil tidings. "Judy! Oh, my goodness, you should have heard that policeman. Was he furious! He's ordering out the squad car after Aunt Katherine!"

"Jeepers!" This information was all Judy needed to fasten new wings to her tired feet. Aunt Katherine was in peril. She spurred forward. "We've got to save her. She doesn't realize. Chuck would never forgive me if—oh, where is she? Where's Aunt Katherine gone to?" Her eyes searched the dark streets frantically. "I don't see her anywhere!"

Judy ran wildly up the street. "Aunt Katherine—oh, Aunt Katherine! Where is she? Sheila, what if we've lost her?"

"Swell!" said Sheila. She gripped Judy's sleeve. "Judy, no one will know. We can sneak back into the dormitory and—"

"Desert Aunt Katherine—never!" said Judy. "Oh—there she is!"

"Why, she's stopped," said Sheila. "My goodness, look at her."

Crossing a smooth residential lawn, the temptation was too much for Aunt Katherine. She dropped to all fours on the green, began to graze. In long dress and bonnet, she cut a quaint figure.

"Why," cried Judy, "she's eating grass! Now we know what to feed her."

"I know what I'd like to feed her," said Sheila callously.

Recovering the dragging leash, Judy urged Aunt Katherine toward Lynwood. Ahead, at last, loomed the haven of the dormitory. They were almost there, when the wail of a police siren stabbed their ears.

"The squad car!" breathed Sheila. "They're after us."

Dashing across the campus, they circled the dormitory, found a ground floor window conveniently open. All was dark and peaceful, except for that dreadful siren, growing louder and louder.

"You go first, Sheila," said Judy. "Then I'll boost Aunt Katherine in."

Sheila needed no urging. Aunt Katherine was across the sill, and Judy was half over, about to drop over into the pitch black room—when the quiet night was transformed into raucous chaos. There were hoarse shouts, a high-pitched yell from Sheila, assorted thumpings and bangings.

Clambering through the window, Judy stood blinking in a sudden flood of electric light.

For a Saturday night, the main office of Lynwood Hall was amazingly well populated. That only was clear to Judy at first. The rest was very confused. For instance, who were those two strange, tough-looking men lying on the floor by the safe—and what were they doing there?

Why was Sheila embracing Aunt Katherine? And lastly, was that—oh, unkind fate, could that be?—Miss Norton standing in the doorway, her hand on the light switch? Because if it was—Judy turned back frantically toward the window. Obviously, an exit was in order.

"Stay where you are, all of you!" barked a harsh voice.

Judy gulped. Two more strange men, but with awfully familiar uniforms, stepped through the window. Policemen. They'd caught up with her, with Aunt Katherine. What would

Chuck say? Would he ever write her any more V-mail letters? Judy shut her eyes miserably. She could hear handcuffs clinking. Any moment, the chill steel . . .

"Officers, I'm so glad you're here!" That was Miss Norton's trembling voice. "These men were robbing our school safe."

Judy's eyes popped open. Sure enough, a bag of burglar's tools and a sack of loot, money which probably included the operetta receipts which Sheila had brought down only this afternoon, lay beside the two strange prostrate men. So they were burglars—jeeppers!

Sheila said excitedly, still hugging Aunt Katherine, whose bonnet was askew, "And Aunt Katherine—I mean, this super kangaroo here, knocked them out. They rushed us when we came through the window, and zowie! what socks!"

Miss Norton, the policemen and the two dazed criminals—all stared at Aunt Katherine in fascination. Ears pricked, eyes gleaming, tail protruding from her voluminous skirt, Aunt Katherine stared back warily.

The policeman jerked a thumb toward her. "This—this here's a kangaroo, you say?"

"You know, from Australia," explained Judy hastily. "A friend in the Service sent her to me." Her eyes drifted guiltily to Miss Norton. "I was just going to keep her overnight, Miss Norton—honestly. Just until I found her a good home. I—I couldn't leave her down at the express station."

"Under the circumstances I hardly feel I can rebuke you for bringing that animal here—"

"Oh, Miss Norton!"

"I understand, from my reading, that kangaroos are supposed to make very good pets—"

"Oh, they do!" breathed Judy. "We can keep Katherine as a symbol, perhaps, of international goodwill."

"Oh, Miss Norton, thank you!" Judy looked at Aunt Katherine.

Auntie was calmly nibbling the choice plants lined up on Miss Norton's mahogany desk.

GIRLS ONLY

From Page 58

dears, shyness is usual in young girls. Far from being ashamed of it you must realize that shyness is naturally a part of your youthful charm. I was a terribly shy girl myself and I know the agony it can cause a teen-ager. She thinks she is being criticized for it when as a matter of fact, shyness, which is nothing but a form of diffidence, is to her credit. A shy girl is merely one who is not yet used to the world she lives in. As she goes about and meets more and more people the shyness, or the temptation to be a smart-aleck show-off out of sheer self-defense will wear off and vanish. Remember that these strangers you meet are only human beings like yourself, with the same weaknesses, appetites, fears, and other emotions. Once you convince yourself of this fact, you're on the way to a cure!

* * *

Solid Social Stuff. Elane V. My dear, it is perfectly proper for you to write the first letter to your boyfriend. In fact, the first letter, the first suggestion for a call or invitation to a party or dance can come with equal propriety from either the girl or the boy, provided it is impersonal in tone.

* * *

Pretty Miss Department. A number of very young girls have asked me when to wear make-up and when not to. That is a very sensible question and the answer is simple. Never wear any make-up when engaged in outdoor games of sports. Never wear it in the morning. But I can see no harm in even a thirteen-year-old girl using a very light lipstick and a dash of powder in the evening, especially to a party. However, I would suggest *no rouge* or eye-make-up, and *no foundation*. A fresh young skin should not be subjected to either heavy make-up or heavy creams, if it is to remain fresh and young. And *please*, girls, wash your faces with soap and warm water at least once a day! I am going to keep on telling you this until you believe me!

* * *

Aunt Nina's Party Recipe. Now that spring is in the air, salads are the order of the day. For a girl's luncheon party, have a "Chef's Salad Bowl". To a head of crisp lettuce, add ½ cup of cold chicken cut into thin strips: an equal amount of cold tongue cut the same way and ½ cup dried cheddar-type cheese. Toss all together with a plain French salad dressing. Garnish with hard boiled egg and tomato slices, and serve with whole wheat sandwiches filled with cream cheese and jelly. Minted tea makes a fine added touch. One leaf of fresh mint floated on each cup of hot tea. Yum! Ask me over!

★ ★ ★ Miss America

Why Paper Is Our No. 1 War Material Shortage . . .



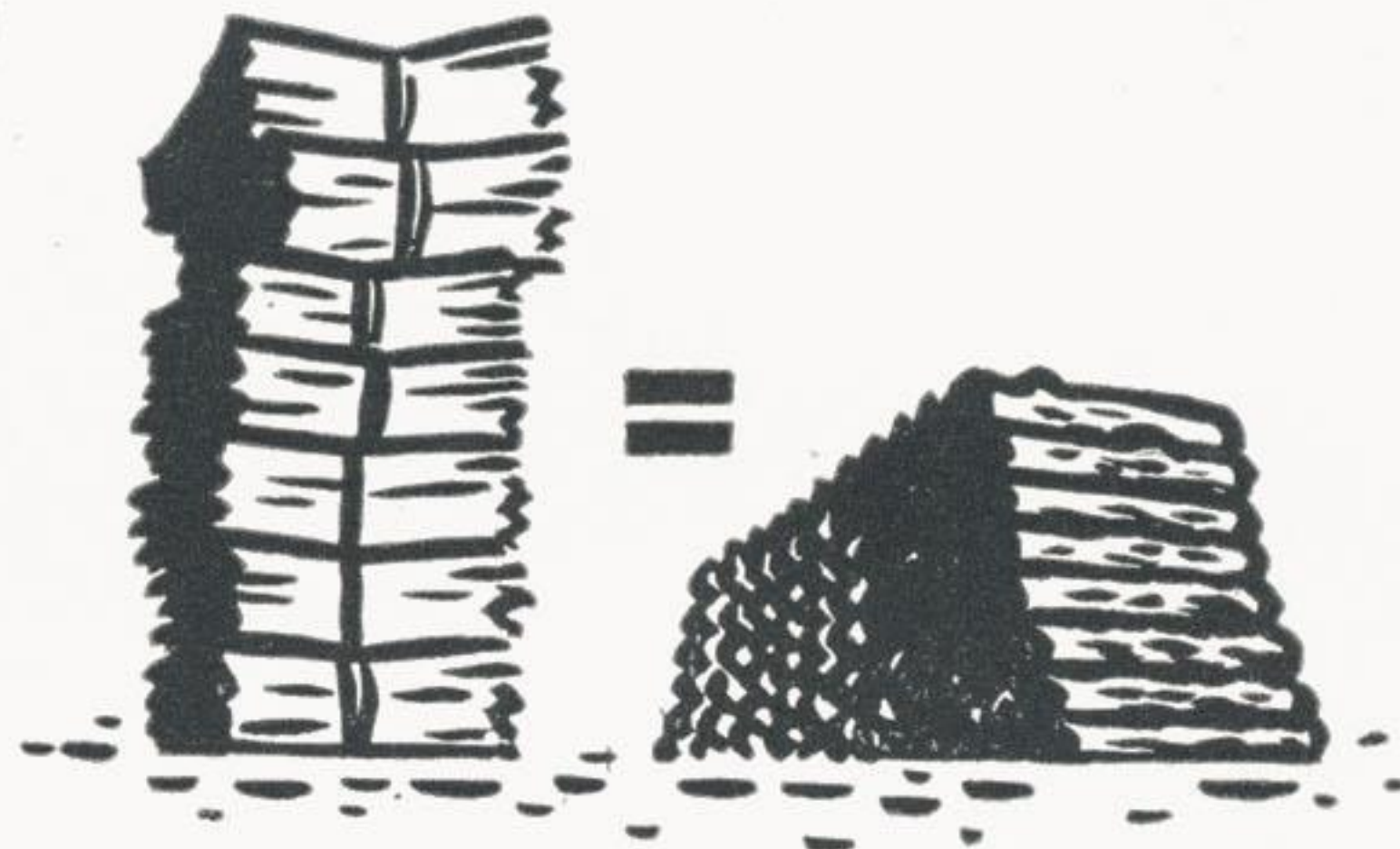
1. Lumberjacks go to war . . . cause pulpwood shortage.



2. Meanwhile Army and Navy use vast quantities of paper to make or wrap 700,000 war items.



3. We must collect 8,000,000 tons of waste paper a year to help replace pulpwood.



4. 1,500 pounds of waste paper replaces one cord of wood.

*No matter what happens in Europe, every girl and boy is needed to save paper. Soldiers and starving populations must be fed. War materials must be *double-packed* for shipment half around the globe. *You* can save paper for your brother or your Dad. Remember, when it comes to paper, *every ounce counts!**

Separate and tie in bundles: wastebasket scraps, corrugated boxes, brown paper and bags, magazines and books, newspapers.

U. S. Victory WASTE PAPER Campaign



Sweet \$tuff...

Hi 'ya  so you want to be a slick ,
but that  of yours needs mending and
you don't know what to do about it, 
huh? Oh, me what a predicament to 
in! But lend an  Be a wise  You don't
have to play second  when it comes to
 bait not with a copy of  handy.

For  you can have 12 copies of MISS
AMERICA; for \$1.50 (save ) you can
subscribe for 2 years (24 issues) that
will put you in the know on vital,
personal things.

I am enclosing ~~\$1.00~~ \$1.50 (cross out one) for a
subscription to MISS AMERICA.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE

350 Fifth Avenue New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 5

ACT NOW!

**12 ISSUES FOR \$1.00
OR 24 ISSUES FOR ONLY \$1.50**